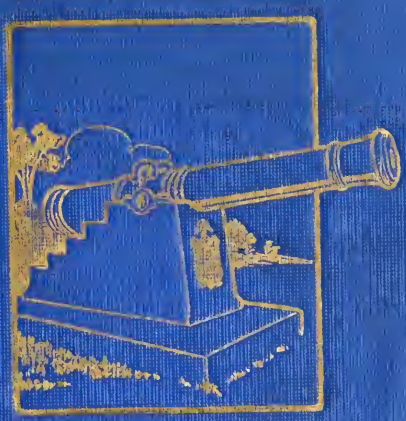

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FROM THE WORCESTER GAZETTE

DEPARTURE OF COMPANIES A, C, AND H, MAY 3, 1898.

WORCESTER
IN THE SPANISH WAR

BEING THE STORIES OF

COMPANIES A, C, AND H, 2d REGIMENT
AND COMPANY G, 9th REGIMENT
M. V. M.

DURING THE WAR FOR THE LIBERATION OF CUBA
MAY—NOVEMBER, 1898

WITH A ROSTER OF E. R. SHUMWAY CAMP, No. 30
SPANISH WAR VETERANS

FOLLOWED BY A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF
WORCESTER CITIZENS
IN AIDING THE SOLDIERS AND THEIR
FAMILIES

By ALFRED S. ROE
A Veteran of the Civil War, '61-'65

WORCESTER, MASS.
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PREFACE.

Readers of this volume will observe that in no sense is it a history of the strife rendered necessary by the struggle of Cuba for independence, it being a plain statement of the part borne by Worcester men and boys in the city's several militia companies.

The story itself is the outgrowth of a beginning made in the Worcester Magazine, November, 1902, when a résumé of the part borne in the Spanish War by A Company, or the City Guards, was undertaken. Later the same was followed by a similar narrative of the Light Infantry. The work of collecting and arranging material for one-half of the companies concerned in the war having been done, the engravings used being accessible and the type itself being, for the most part, still set up, what more natural than that the other two companies should receive similar treatment?

The double-column page and the somewhat peculiar shape of the volume are the results of facts already stated, with the additional truth that illustrations, whether groups of individuals, scenery or events, can be more conveniently employed on a magazine page than in a smaller book.

No story of this nature can be told without many conferences and comparisons with those who had a part in the events described. Every word in the volume was read to one or more members of the companies, that confirmation or denial might be had. The newspapers of 1898, with home letters, diaries, journals, and word-of-mouth recitals, have been employed to give to the story an air of direct contact not otherwise attainable.

In telling the deeds of those who served, one cannot suppress a feeling of regret for the others who had no chance. When the war rumors were rife, no one thought it possible that Battery B would remain at home and have no part in those stirring times, yet such was the case. There had been very few left in the Battery ranks had not the men supposed that Massachusetts Artillery would be as necessary as Bay State Infantry. Fate, however, was unkind, for, save a short tour of duty on Plum Island, the summer of 1898 was quite uneventful for the artillerymen, while their brothers in the infantry ranks were winning fame and honors in active service; hence this history cannot include a record of Battery B, much as the writer and the city would be pleased to have it possible.

Then, too, there is the long list of Worcester patriots who, failing in their efforts to enter the several companies, sought opportunities for military experience in the regular army. The number was as large or larger than that of the men in the home companies, and nothing would please the writer more than to give their names and services could the same be obtained. Captain D. F. Anglum, who had the recruiting station in Worces-

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ter, and who sent on such a fine array of the city's youth, did not retain his rolls, and access to them, now in the custody of the government, is denied. While reference to the daily papers of the period and the careful scrutiny of war histories might reveal some portion of the names desired, still the roll would be so imperfect that it is deemed best to confine the narrative to the work of Worcester militiamen.

This conclusion rules out the interesting stories of West Pointers: Geo. H. G. Gale, Roger B. Bryan, Marcus D. Cronin, Roger F. Gardner, Edmund N. Benchley; with Annapolis men, Charles Ward Bartlett, Austin M. Knight, Timothy S. O'Leary and Ralph Earle, all of them being representatives of Worcester in the army or navy during the war, and each one giving a good account of himself.

At one time it looked as though volunteer organizations would be called for instead of militia, and the quota of Massachusetts in such an event was four regiments, and among the colonels thus designated by Governor Wolcott was Major E. T. Raymond, who had won distinction during the Civil War. Had there been an opportunity, there can be no doubt that to his standard had rallied as valiant a body of men as responded to the call of duty in the trying days of a generation before. Among the companies of this central regiment might have been mustered the fine body of young men who gave in their names to Sergeant Harry S. Putnam in the hopes that a place might be found for them, but this plan, too, proved abortive.

Had the scope of the volume permitted, it had been a pleasure to enlarge on the concerted efforts of religious and secular bodies to further the great object of making happy, as far as possible, the homes which were lonesome on account of soldiers gone. Perhaps there was not a pulpit in Worcester from which was not heard repeatedly the request for funds to help on the good cause, and it should be stated that, invariably, the responses were quick and generous. Every charitable organization set at work all its activities to help. There were societies formed for the express purpose of aiding the soldier and his family, but the records are lost in the haste with which the past is obliterated. The Red Cross, world-wide in its usefulness, had its branches in Worcester churches, and in the last of August, a central organization was effected and considerable money was forwarded to Miss Clara Barton for distribution. Of this latter body scarcely more can be found to-day than that its President was Alfred S. Roe and its Treasurer E. J. McMahon, and that its contributions amounted to nearly three hundred dollars.

The book itself is the result of many favors rendered by those interested, and to them, one and all, thanks are returned. While the names of those who have aided in various ways are legion and thus hardly to be enumerated, it does appear desirable to mention specially certain ones whose assistance particularly furthered the enterprise; among these should be named Captain E. G. Barrett, S. E. Clapp and Joseph T. Laflamme of A Company, whose daily records accounted for their period of service; in C Company much help was had from Captain F. L. Allen, from the letters and diaries of Lieutenant A. C. King, Sergeant William E. Barton, Corporal C. T. Eldridge and Henry J. Greene; the active assistance of Captain C. S. Holden in H Company, with that of Sergeants H. C. Young and C. E.

Smith, along with the diaries and letters of Sergeants C. E. Monroe, F. B. Jordan, Corporal A. B. Scott, Willis Gleason and Allie Kimball, rendered the "Wellington" story possible; the faithful attendance of Captain Moynihan and Lieutenants Hurley and McCann of the "Emmets," at repeated readings, is remembered gratefully, while the Cuban letters of Musicians N. T. Skerrett and Peter F. Sullivan, along with the co-operation of Sergeant J. J. Corliss, in many ways helped along the project.

The profuse illustrations in the volume must excite remark. The same had not been possible without the assistance of many people, among whom should be mentioned H. C. Grover, whose war sketches are admirable; the cameras of Sergeant Young and Fred P. Dean contributed no little to the appearance of these pages, while the generosity of Colonel F. E. Pierce of the Second Regiment adds interest to the volume. Captain P. L. Rider, by the loan of cuts and data furnished, enlivened many pages. Thanks also are due to the Worcester Board of Trade for the use of half-tones, prepared when the first part of the work was running in the Magazine; to the Worcester Evening Gazette for plates made during the war period, and to Editor D. P. Toomey of Donahoe's Magazine, for the loan of engravings in his possession. Lieutenant McCann's collection of photos, with those of J. J. Corliss and E. R. Barker, aided not a little.

In preparing the sketch of the home work of Worcester, the writer is under great obligations to Mr. Halleck Bartlett, Mr. Carl Bonney and Mrs. William L. Robinson for the use of records in their keeping, the same chronicling in a faithful manner the untiring efforts of citizens, while the written and printed records of the "Emmets," as preserved by Mr. M. B. Lamb, in the writing of the late William J. Tansey, along with the priceless compilations of Mr. Richard O'Flynn, made the home efforts memorable. In arranging the matter preliminary to the story of the "Emmets," the writer acknowledges his obligations to Dr. George McAleer for valuable suggestions.

The roster of Colonel E. R. Shumway Camp is taken from the books in the keeping of Secretary A. F. Wheeler, and he, too, is entitled to the gratitude of all interested.

No one can regret more than the writer the fact that every member of the four companies is not represented in the following pages, that readers might know how their soldiers looked. Earnest efforts were made to secure the portrait of each man. Letters were written, many miles were traveled and all honorable means were taken to get the pictures, but in many cases without success. There is little doubt that some veterans will be disappointed at the non-appearance of their semblances here, but such will have only themselves to blame. The preparing of the story was play compared with the work necessary to obtain the illustrations.

Such as it is, the story with its embellishments goes forth to the friends and relatives of the men who faltered not in the path of duty, and in so acting reflected credit upon the city which nurtured them, and to these men, whether here delving in the callings of peace or having crossed the great divide are waiting in the realms of bliss, this account of their devotion, action and triumph is dedicated.

ALFRED S. ROE.

March, 1905.

Worcester in the Spanish War

CITY GUARDS, COMPANY A, 2ND REGIMENT, M. V. M.

[Though the origin of the company was owing to politics, all questions of politics in the composition and management of the City Guards long since disappeared. In 1840, when the campaign for the Presidency was run, on one side, along the lines of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and hard cider attained a prominence never before held, the rival Whigs and Democrats of the Light Infantry became almost belligerent towards each other, and, in the excess of their rancor, the Whigs withdrew, all save the Captain, D. Waldo Lincoln, and proceeded to organize a military company whose appreciation for W. H. Harrison and accompanying beverages knew no qualification. From the start the company won a popular position and has ever held it, though to-day not one member in fifty among the active, veteran and honorary members could tell the real reason for its beginning.

The first Captain was George Bowen, and his successors to date have been George Hobbs, Leonard Pool, George B. Conklin, L. Lincoln Newton, Edwin Eaton, Charles W. Longley, John M. Goodhue, George H. Ward, A. B. R. Sprague, R. H. Chamberlain, Joseph H. Titus, W. H. King, E. R. Shumway, George H. Cleveland, Wm. D. Preston, Wm. A. Condy and Edwin G. Barrett. When the War of the Rebellion came, the company, under the command of A. B. R. Sprague, went out in the three months' service as a part of the Third Battalion of Rifles. Later, nearly every member saw service in some capacity throughout the struggle. Few, if any, organizations furnished more commissioned officers for loyal troops, and the record from the beginning of the war is a proud one.

The organization of the company was in September, 1840, and on the 19th day of that month the first parade was made. Its first encampment was in the fall of the year 1840, in Worcester, and its second the year following, in West Boylston. Its reputation for proficiency in drill was early gained and has been ever retained. It was present at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1843, did guard duty on that auspicious occasion, and heard the words of Webster as he gave his immortal address.

Of the original roll, only the Hon. Julius L. Clarke of Newton and Mr. David J. Baker of Worcester survive.]

FROM the early days when the frontier town of Worcester was expected to return her quota to repel Indian attacks, down through French and Indian wars, that of the Revolution and later encounters, the town and city has ever been ready to render a good account of itself. The War of the Rebellion was not so far away but that memories of it were fresh in the public mind, and the militia of the Bay State was largely composed of men whose fathers had seen service in the days of 1861 and '65. Long before the final order was issued, the question of active service had been discussed in all the armories of Massachusetts, and there appeared to be only one sentiment, viz., that of a desire to take a hand in ending Spanish rule in America. Not a man in the militia could remember the day when there was not some trouble in Cuba, and the conviction was deep and widespread that the United States would eventually have to go to the rescue of the struggling patriots in the Pearl of the Antilles.

Capt. Edwin G. Barrett.
First Lieut. Moses H. Tisdell. Second Lieut. Wm. H. Plummer.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, COMPANY A.

It is just possible that the surcharged condition of the atmosphere added zest to otherwise monotonous drill, for the boys were beginning to think that something might come of the everlasting handling of firearms, the unlimited facings, marchings, and devotion to tactics generally. At the same time, it must ever redound to the credit of American soldiery that very few men were anxious to go simply for the sake of carrying guns with the intent of shooting some one. It was a distinguished Frenchman who said, more than one hundred years ago, "In America no men are soldiers by trade, but men of all trades are soldiers." These militiamen were ready to bear their part in helping rid an oppressed portion of humanity of its burden, even to the extent of risking their own lives in doing it.

However, while to the praise of our men the foregoing is true, there was needed some overt act, some blood-curdling deed, to kindle the fire which had been laid so long. The spark was afforded when, during the night of February 15, in the harbor of Havana, the United States ironclad, the Maine, was blown up. It was the crowning ignominy of the century, an act fitly supplementing the barbarous rule of Spain in the Western Continent, and one which immediately welded into a compact mass North and South, making every American desirous of wiping out a despotism which would countenance such a diabolical deed. Every man capable of bearing arms seemed like a greyhound straining at his leash, needing only its severing to spring upon the foe. While some people might flatter themselves that the outcry was wholly owing to the desire to fight for Cuba, in their heart of hearts they knew full well that from the murky waters of that island harbor there was a never-ceasing moan, "Avenge me," and the cry, "Remember the Maine," after six years filled with their own history, has not ceased to re-echo.

> "When the splendid Maine went down,
> And we saw our brothers drown,
> Then a flood of sudden tears
> Changed the smould'ring wrath of years;
> And, above their Cuban grave,
> We vowed to see our banner wave."

April 19, a momentous day in Massachusetts history, saw Congress pass an act warranting the declaration of war by the President, and the same was signed the following day. Then followed, on the 23d, the call for 125,000 troops, of which number the quota for Massachusetts was four regiments of infantry and one of heavy artillery. April 28 Governor Roger Wolcott called out the militia of the State, and preparations to comply were immediately afoot. Worcester was the proud possessor of four companies of infantry and one of artillery. The Emmet Guards constituted Company G of the 9th Regiment, while the other three companies belonged to the 2d. Those were stirring times, and to many a home the call came with all the emphasis that Byron depicts in the immortal night before the Battle of Waterloo. Playing war was done, and our boys were soon to know what the actual was like.

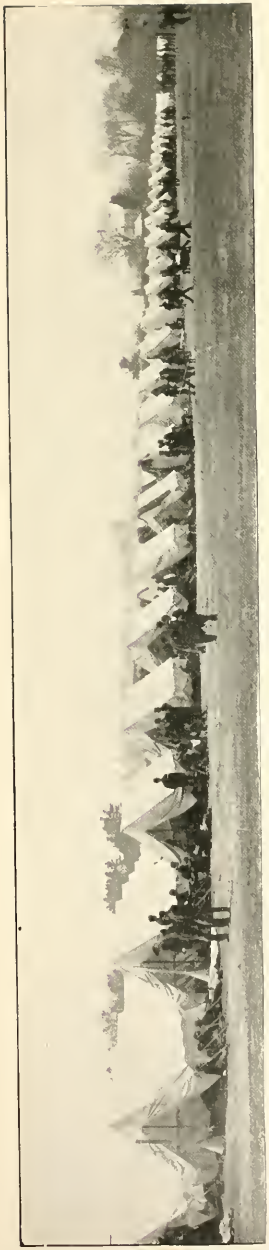
In obedience to a regular summons, the members of Company A assembled in their Armory rooms Friday evening, April 29, to ascertain what the attitude of the men would be in regard to the call. It was a well-attended meeting, and, long before the nominated hour had arrived, the rooms were crowded by the soldiers and their friends, and one spirit seemed to actuate the crowd. At precisely 8.15 p.m. Captain Edwin G. Barrett called the gathering to order,

and requested the withdrawal of all those not belonging to the company. After a brief setting forth of the purpose for which the meeting was called, remarks from others were asked for, and the first to respond was Sergeant W. H. Plummer, who, in a ringing speech, urged the men to volunteer as a company and to follow the flag wherever it might lead. He touched the right chord, for his words were received with cheers, and the men were ready to volunteer at once. However, words from others in a similar vein followed, after which the Captain called for a rising vote upon the great question, and, be it said to the everlasting credit of the members, every man rose in the affirmative.

So much for the altogether, the vote when men are inspirited by each other; then followed the more trying ordeal, as each man was called into the private room of the non-commissioned officers, where, in the presence of the Captain, and Company Clerk, Corporal R. L. Allison, he was asked to make his personal decision, and again there was no flinching, for every man was ready to put down his name. The moments, as the interviews progressed, were anxious ones to the men, and it was a long breath of exultation that followed the final announcement. For reasons which seemed sufficient to himself Captain Barrett refused to accept four men, reasons in no way reflecting upon them, but which were obviously worthy of consideration. Not till 11.35 p.m. did the meeting end, and then the time was none too long, for it was the most important assembling of the Guards since 1861.

Sunday, May 1, the members assembled again to transact further business, looking to the near departure for scenes of hostility. A committee of veterans was appointed to look after the company property during its absence, and the further order was read directing every man to report at 7.30 a.m. Tuesday, May 3, in heavy marching order. Following adjournment, each man proceeded to look after his own belongings, and to discuss the probable disposition of the regiment on its departure. Monday followed with about the same situation, for the victory of Dewey, the day before in Manila Harbor, had not then been heralded, but the next day was all aflame with the wondrous story of Dewey and the results of the first naval battle fought with modern appliances.

There was no one in Worcester who did not wish a bright, beautiful day in which to see the boys depart, but with characteristic weather fickleness, Tuesday dawned rainy and dismal. Only the glorious news from Manila saved the day from downright gloom. Many a time has the city risen above temporary troubles, and this case proved to be no exception. Red, white and blue bedecked the buildings, and Main Street looked as it must have appeared so many years before when the sons of Worcester were departing for the Southland. Every available inch of standing room was occupied by those who were bound to see their boys march by. Moisture, not even rain, could dampen such ardor, and the programme of departure was carried out just as if the sun had shone his brightest. The Armory at the appointed hour was filled with the members of the three companies who were that morning to say "good-by" to it for they knew not how long, it might be forever. It was quarter past nine when into the drill-shed walked His Honor Mayor Dodge and the Rev. Almon Gunnison, D.D. An earnest and



SECOND REGIMENT, U. S. V., CAMP DEWEY.

touching prayer was offered by the latter, and remarks of an appropriate character were made by Mayor Rufus B. Dodge, Jr. Interested onlookers of the incident were Generals A. B. R. Sprague and Robert Chamberlain, both of them veteran members of the company.

The line moved away, led by a squad of policemen, each one of whom had been a soldier in the Rebellion. Then came Battery B Band, and the grizzled ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic followed, for Post 10 had been assigned the honor of the right of the line. Sons of Veterans, and survivors of the Old 6th Regiment of 1861, marched next. There were carriages containing infirm veterans of the G. A. R. and of the several companies; then came the Polytechnic boys, and finally the chief part of the event, viz., the departing companies, A, H, and C, in order, with Lieut.-Col. Edwin R. Shumway and Major Harry B. Fairbanks riding at their head. They had been seen in march and drill many and many a time, but how numerous were the beholders who were willing to affirm that they had never really seen them before. Such is the difference between the actual and the seeming.

So adown Main Street, with scarcely moving space, the gallant companies marched, the band playing Auld Lang Syne till, for very pity's sake, the strain was changed to the more lively one of Yankee Doodle. The southern limit of the parade was Myrtle Street, just beyond the Post Office, and thence through it and by Southbridge the loop was made back to Main Street and by the City Hall, where the grand review was had by the Mayor and many conspicuous citizens. In honor of the day the no-school signals had been rung, and Young America of both sexes was

everywhere in evidence, determined that nothing that could be done should be lacking to make separation memorable.

The crowds thronged to the station and up to the very car doors, where the good-bys were spoken, and the train moved off for the familiar camping grounds of South Framingham. The trip was a short and uneventful one, and the transferral from the cars to the ground was soon effected. Owing to the deeds on the first of May the new camp very fittingly assumed the name of Camp Dewey. No time was lost, and after a dinner provided by Caterer Yeaw, the Guards were the first to appear before the surgeon for his examination. The tests to which the men were subjected proved to be unusually severe, hence many failed to reach the standard, and many a would-be patriot was obliged to fold his blanket and depart for home. In Company A no less than eleven men were rejected, though on a re-examination three of these men were taken back. The inability of 2d Lieut. F. H. Lücke to pass the ordeal, on account of his eyes, was particularly regretted.

Then came the first night in camp. The weather was cold, and rain a sorry comforter. Not all the dreams of that long night are recorded, but it is safe to say that many of them pictured scenes of pleasure and happiness on which waking eyes were not to rest for many a long day.

The roster of the company as it left Worcester was as follows:

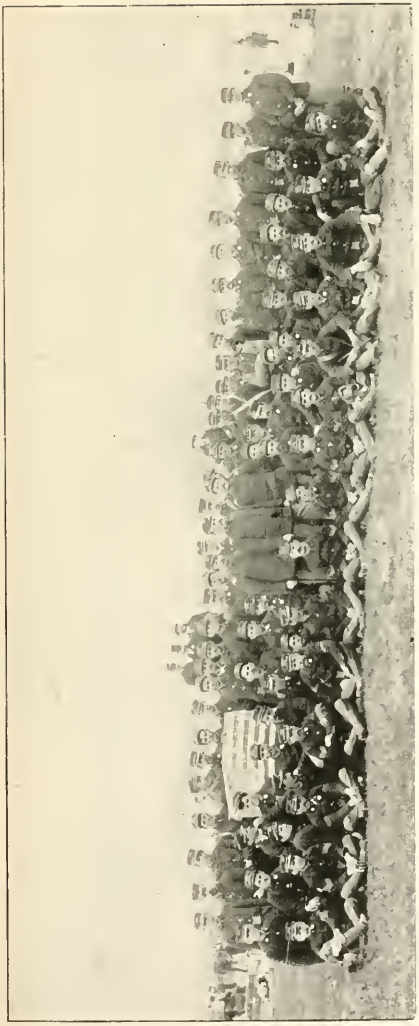
Captain, Edwin G. Barrett.
First Lieut., Moses H. Tisdell.
Second Lieut., Frederick H. Lucke.
Sergeant, Herbert W. Woods.
" Wm. H. Plummer.
" Walter H. Allison.
" Edward R. Riedl.
" Charles A. Poland.
Corporal, Elbridge B. Sawyer.
" James T. Cruikshank.
" Horace L. Ware.
" Archie F. Murray.
" John G. Hagberg.
Musician, Frederick C. Gagnon.

PRIVATES.

George E. Allison,	George Jones,
Hubert E. Austin,	Robert A. Lohnes,
Herbert A. Ballou,	Julius H. Lowell,
Chas. A. Barton,	Jos. T. Laflamme,
Jos. A. Bergeron,	Chas. A. Lamberton,
Jacob Bieberbach,	David D. McTaggart,
Jos. H. Boardman,	Arthur C. McGee,
Walter Burkhardt,	Wm. E. Moody.
Wm. E. Cardin,	Wm. H. Morse,
Samuel E. Clapp.	Edward J. Power,
Jas. A. Cole,	William W. Rice,
Benj. Cooper,	Wm. E. Sherman,
Wm. G. Cornwell,	W. E. Schofield,
Thos. R. Dand,	Wm. G. Standish.
Frank L. Fairbanks,	Quincy F. Thomas,
Chas. A. Fischer.	Alex. G. Thomson,
Geo. L. Forest,	Geo. M. Thomson,
Ernest B. Hall,	Ingwald E. Torkelson,
Fred R. Hayes,	Reinhard A. Torkelson,
Arthur L. Heyward,	Wm. A. Traver.
Wm. A. Hinchley,	Samuel A. Wallace,
Leroy C. Hinckley,	Peter N. White.
Horace K. Hobbs.	

Reveille sounded promptly at 6 o'clock in the morning of the first day in camp, and little else than the results of the physical examinations occupied the minds of the volunteers. The tests were finished this day and resulted in the rejection of three more men. To serve on guard detail, Company A furnished sixteen men. The rain of the preceding day had cleared away, but the air was cold and raw. There was no drill, and Captain Barrett left for Worcester to secure recruits for the vacant places, since the full complement of seventy-seven men must be had.

The Captain returned on the 5th with recruits who, with a single exception, passed the examination, and in the afternoon a vote was taken by the company to fill the vacancy made by the rejection of Lieutenant Lücke. Ser-



City Guards, Company A, in Camp Dewey.

geant W. H. Plummer had reason to be proud of his standing among his fellows when the election resulted in his unanimous choice. The first drilling in camp was done on this day. The weather was not ideal for camp life, since rains were frequent and the winds were decidedly Arctic in their temperature. All were pleased at the new Lieutenant's successful passing of the tests leading to his commission, while the realities of life appeared in a sudden attack of illness on the part of one of the privates, and he was sent home to Worcester; though Private Austin recovered he did not go with the company. With warmer air and a dress parade on Saturday, the 7th, a degree of cheer began to pervade all hearts.

Camp Dewey's first and only Sunday, so far as the Second Regiment was concerned, was observed as an actual day of rest. Chaplain J. C. Wellwood held a service in the mess hall, but the greater part of the passing hours was given to consideration of the probable disposition of the regiment. Massachusetts being on the ocean, and a large part of her coast-dwellers suffering from the severest form of Spaniardphobia, it was deemed probable that all the forces of the Commonwealth would be retained for her own defense, in which case the Second would doubtless be happily located in some one of the exposed cities; and what fancies the boys had of the possibilities of a summer by the seaside! Little did they know of what was already written on the near-by pages of the volume reserved by Fate.

Monday, the 9th, ushered in a regular round of drill parade and camp duty. On this day the complete descriptive list of every man was made out, and the whole company signed the

W. A. Teaver.
Benj. Cooper.
Sergt. John G. Gowan.

Henry G. Coley.
Wm. E. Moody.
Corp. Ralph L. Allison.

Wm. E. Sherman.
Wm. G. Cornwell.
Walter E. Schofield.

United States Volunteer muster-roll. The soldiers didn't know it, but matters were coming to a head rapidly.

Tuesday proved to be the greatest day yet in this new chapter of Guards' history. At 9.50 a.m., the company ceased to be a part of the State Militia and was mustered into the volunteer service of the United States by Lieutenant E. M. Weaver, detailed by the War Department for this duty. An earlier order had assembled the company in its street, whence it had marched across the parade-ground to the immediate vicinity of the flag-staff, from whose tip was flying the Star-spangled Banner. Under its folds, with uncovered heads and with up-raised right hands, each man repeated the oath which bound him to two years of faithful service to the national government, unless sooner discharged. If there had been any lacking of appreciation of the importance of the step which the men were taking, this act revealed the full magnitude of the part they were about to play. It was no round of camp frolic upon which they were to enter. In the afternoon, Captain Barrett read the Articles of War to the company, and upon Quartermaster-Sergeant C. A. Poland were laid also the duties of commissary. The day closed in a memorable manner, for at the head of each company street had been placed piles of wood, which the boys proceeded to use for camp fires, around which they gathered, and with songs of home, love and war, passed the hours away.

With entrance upon the U. S. service came a change from rations prepared by a caterer to the more soldier-like manner of having a company cook. Accordingly three days' rations were given out, and it was understood that the next day would put them on their own resources. Already, under instructions, the caterer had been narrowing the range of table display. Table-cloths and napkins disappeared and the menu was shortening up gradually, that, when the change came, the shock might not be too rude.

On the 11th, reveille moved up a half hour, disturbing soldierly dreams at 5.30. Caterer C. S. Yeaw served his last breakfast, and then came the weighty responsibility of selecting men for the kitchen squad, and the lots fell upon Privates Mills, Lamberton, Hays, Green, Standish and Schofield. The new cooks prepared their first meal at noon and were ready to offer their hungry comrades beefsteak, fried bacon, baked potatoes, fried onions, bread and coffee. The afternoon brought from Worcester Mayor R. B. Dodge, Jr., and the military committee of the city government. Supper's bill of fare dwindled to hash, with bread and coffee, for the dinner lavishness could not be expected at every meal. It is fully time for taps when an order is received directing the regiment to be ready to leave camp on the following day. This news banished all thoughts of sleep from the camp, and letter-writing to friends at home is the order of the night. A summer by the sea-side gives place to the knowledge that

"Away down South in Dixie"

is the regiment's immediate destination, and no one knew how much further he might go.

Though reveille came an hour and a half earlier than the day before, it awakened very few. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," had not shut many eyelids during the preceding hours, and, for once in their soldier lives, the resounding bugle disturbed them very little. There was much to do in packing up, eating breakfast and

Capt. Edwin G. Barrett.
Second Lieut. F. H. Lucke. First Lieut. M. H. Tisdell.
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, CITY GUARDS, 1896.

making final arrangements for departure. At 8 o'clock the tents were struck, and then followed till noon an opportunity to visit with friends, who were present in large numbers. The telephone wire to Worcester was kept hot by officers and men in their anxiety to say "good-by" to listeners more than twenty miles away. Strange that science and war should so kindly blend! At 2 p.m., in obedience to the assembly call, the regiment fell in and was reviewed by His Excellency the Governor. Roger Wolcott, always an impressive figure, never looked better than when he appeared on this occasion. Following the review, a hollow square was formed, and in a most effective manner the Governor gave each officer his commission. That

little march from his station to the Governor's hand was the most important that many of these officers had ever taken. Certainly the most that was possible was made of the opportunity.

Time flew swiftly, but it was not till 5.40 p.m. that the line was formed for the march to the station, and the last sight of the "old camp-ground" was coupled with the figure of Caterer Yeaw, who was actually in tears over the going away of his boys. Again the Grand Army of the Republic acts as escort for the later generation of soldiers, since it is Middlesex Post, No. 163, that takes the right and leads the way. The whole township of Framingham could not furnish the many thousands of people who crowd and jostle that they may catch just a glimpse of the departing volunteers. These masses of beholders have come from distant points, that they may once more see their loved ones and take the parting, possibly the final, farewell. Leave-taking of soldier boys on their way to actual warfare has ever been the saddest of partings, and it is no mark of weakness if tears dim the eyes of the man in uniform as well as of those of the friends who remain. The good people of South Framingham had erected, near the station, so that the line would pass under it, a beautiful arch on which were the appropriate words, "God be with you till we meet again," a sentiment to which even the most thoughtless could not resist responding "Amen."

The station itself beholds a vast array of humanity, military and civil, but all intent on the departure of this regiment of Massachusetts men and boys. The soldiers themselves are especially jubilant over the thought that theirs is the very first regiment of volunteers to be thus ordered away, and many are noting the happy coincidence with the great event of April, 1861, when the Massachusetts Sixth was the first equipped organization to place itself between the government and its foes. Once more the bared arm and firmly-grasped sword, ever visible upon the escutcheon of the Bay State, were significant. Naturally the boys had hoped that their way southward would be via Worcester and Springfield, so that the folks at home might see them in their regimentals and that more of the loved ones might say "good-by;" but it had been ruled otherwise, and the route selected was that by the way of Newport and the Sound.

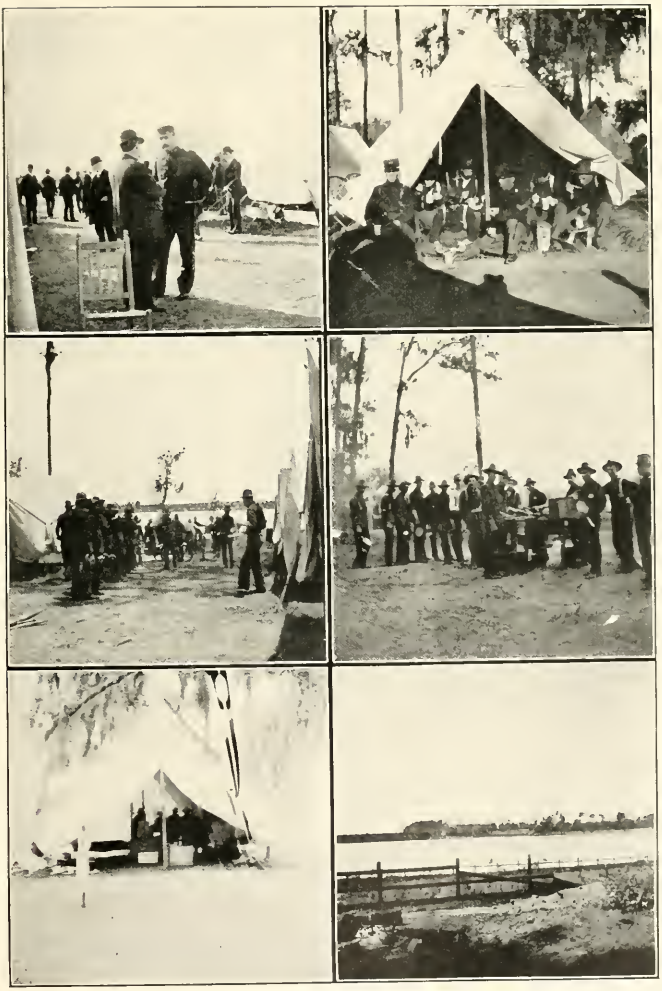
The last farewell is spoken, and at 7.45 p.m., amid cheers and waving handkerchiefs, the long train moves out and takes its way towards Rhode Island. Those parting words and tender embraces had produced a quieting effect, and many a loyal heart, beneath his coat of blue, realized, as the man had never done before, just how father and mother felt when they separated so long ago. Thus do we all get by actual experience what otherwise we should never know. Then, too, the night hour had its effect, and the leave-taking was sadder than it would have been at noon or in the early morning. Supper, consisting of hardtack and canned roast beef, was served en route. All along the way every village was astir to see the soldiers, and with welcoming shouts and red fire galore, the people attested their admiration and regard. Not till 10.30 p.m. is Newport reached, but even at this late hour the people are out to see the first regiment arrayed to combat the Spaniard. It is the magnificent steamer Plymouth of

the Fall River Line that is to bear the boys to New York, and if these same soldiers could have had their choice they would not have chosen otherwise, for there was a significance in the name that appealed to every loyal Massachusetts heart.

At 11.30, or just a half hour before midnight, the staunch vessel moves away from the dock, and the men, weary from the excitement and events of the day, early seek convenient places in which to bestow their effects and their tired bodies. Many of these same soldiers as civilians had often gone over this route in former days, finding repose in the finely furnished staterooms; now they were glad to take their rest upon the soft side of the floor with scant covering, though some lucky fellows had the privileges of excellent staterooms after the officers had all been placed. Evidently the boat was the regiment's for the night. Fair weather, though somewhat windy, allowed the trip to be made in good time and with no untoward incident. The morning of the 13th came early, for the steamer is moving along one of the most fascinating routes in America, and to a large proportion of the men the scenes are entirely new. Evidently, the mission of the Plymouth was well understood, for every passing tug and steamer gave three greeting whistles, and the shores appeared black with people whose voices and handkerchiefs proclaimed their interest. While under the famous Brooklyn bridge, so intense was the sound, it verily seemed as though every whistle valve in the harbor were held wide open.

The Plymouth reached her slip, or Pier No. 18, on the Hudson River side of New York at 8.15 a.m. Two hours are given to the unloading of baggage upon the wharf and then the next move in the play is awaited. On the arrival of the transport Saratoga the men go aboard, and again pass around the foot of New York Island and touch at Pier 17, East River, where six companies, under Colonel Clark, land, leaving the remaining six under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Shumway, and the balance of the day is given to taking on board supplies, as directed by Captain Barrett. At 6 o'clock the Saratoga moves out and drops anchor near Bedloe's Island, on which stands the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The Seventy-first New York was near by on board the City of Washington and the Seneca. The long wait here of forty-eight hours is remembered with anything but pleasure. Bunks arranged between decks were not exactly luxurious and the air was something to breathe light if possible. Evidently, no more preparations had been made for the reception of the men than would have been taken for a load of cattle. Those who could crowd out on the deck slept there in the open air. No particular fault was found with the food. It was while lying here that the men learned what a boat steward could do for the comfort of men if well paid. Men paid as high as 15 cents for a glass of ice water, and pie—well, it ranged from 50 cents upward. Familiar faces were not unknown even on the transport, and while at Pier 17, Harry Merritt, a former member of the Guards, came aboard to see how his old comrades looked when on their way to real war. All were glad to see him.

On Saturday, the 14th, a change came over the spirit of the soldiers' dreams, for then the plan of going south by water was abandoned, and, on steaming to Jersey City, the men were soon transferred to the trains in wait-



Captain Barrett and Caterer Yeaw —Camp Dewey.

Fall in for Rations—Lakeland.

Hospital Tent—Lakeland.

For the Stomach's Sake—Lakeland.

Drawing Rations—Lakeland.

Lake Morton—Lakeland.

ing, and the journey south was begun. Anchor had been weighed at 2 p.m.; the landing was effected at 4.30, and the boys who had kept quick and observing eyes out for the Seventy-first New York rejoiced that Massachusetts still had the preference and the right of the line, for the Second landed and rolled out of the station first. There was the usual crowd of enthusiastic people shouting their approval of the proceedings, and at 9.30 p.m., in three sections, the regiment was off. Colonel Clark, with Companies K, G, B and D, had the first section; Major Whipple, having L, E, M and I, was with the second, while Major Fairbanks took charge of A, C, F and H in the third. They were not sleeping-cars to which the men were assigned, and close, cramped seats, though each man had one to himself, were not exactly the thing for comfort, but all managed to get some sleep, enough so that they had little idea of Philadelphia and Baltimore, through which they passed during the night. Massachusetts was in better favor with the dwellers in that latter city than she was in 1861.

Washington dawns on the sight of the travelers at 5.20 a.m., and it did not take long to disembark, for near at hand was a bakery, which, with passing milk wagons, makes an exceedingly happy combination. Fresh bread, pie, cake and milk afforded a breakfast good enough for any one. It is on record that one milkman, unwilling to sell any of his stock, not only tried to drive off, but, in lashing his horse to get away, actually whipped some of the hungry blue-coated boys. Just how it happened no one has told, but, strange to say, that milkman's cans appeared on the train after its departure. Possibly the science of foraging had been transmitted from Rebellion sires to Spanish War sons. The rations on which the journey was progressing were not up to the standard for hungry, vigorous young men. They were fair in quality, but the quantity, ah! there was the rub. The authorities had forgotten what hungry business railroading is. What might have done for a seasick, ocean trip was not sufficient for the land excursion. However, the stop at the capital soon ended, and at 7.50 a.m. the trains pushed along southward, over the same way taken by the soldiers of 1861, viz., the Long Bridge, and the first stop was in Alexandria. Here, too, Southern people are ready to give real live Yankees the heartiest kind of a greeting. At Cherry Hill there was a wait of sufficient length for those who wish to take a bath in the nearby creek. The stop is to enable the second section of the regiment to come up. At Portico bouquets are received in exchange for hardtack, each one giving that of which he had the most. If only some veteran of the Rebellion could have been along to describe the country through which the train was passing! For every stopping-place is fraught with memories of the fierce struggle of nearly forty years ago. Fredericksburg, Summit, Milford, Clayton and Stony Creek in Virginia, with Weldon in North Carolina, are historic names. In the latter city, supper was had, but the most enthusiastic reception was received in Selma in the old North State, where refreshments were served and bouquets were given, many of which had scraps of paper attached, bearing the words, "Remember the Maine." Fayetteville, N. C., is noted in passing, and Florence, S. C., where in the earlier days Union men suffered so horribly in the detestable prison

located there. Old issues were forgotten in the supreme thought of the subject on which both North and South were agreed. No thoughts of former sufferings prevented the heartiest of greetings at every stop. The Potomac had marked the dividing line between home and Southern weather, and from that point downward the cars were hot and filled with dust, but even the latter could not hide from vigilant eyes the beauties of the passing scenery. Amid so much that was new few remembered that the day was Sunday.

The morning of the 15th finds our Worcester boys in Savannah, Ga., where hot coffee is served. Watches had to be set back one hour, owing to the difference in standard time. Still progressing steadily southward, the train passes through Marion, Dupont, Forest and Alexanderville, in Georgia, and Baker's Mills, Jasper, Livoar, High Spring, etc., in Florida, till Lakeland, the destination, is reached, at 11 p.m., and the remainder of the night is passed upon the cars. The following day revealed scenes peculiar to the Land of Flowers. The soil looks like white sand. Long, gray moss hangs in great masses from the trees, while the forests seem to be composed of scrubby pines. To many of the soldiers the prospect was as strange and weird as it was, hundreds of years before, to Ponce de Leon, when he here sought the fountain of youth. Lakeland, located in Polk County, in the western side of Florida and at the junction of two railroads, well deserves its name, for a large part of the country, apparently, is under water.

Though the earliest volunteers to arrive, the regulars were ahead of the Second, and the men of the Tenth Cavalry, with their horses, were much in evidence. Men of all shades of complexion crowded the streets of the small though bustling village. Soldier and citizen jostled each other in their respective occupations. It was not till 9 a.m. that the men left their trains and marched a short distance from the town, and on the shores of Lake Morton pitched their tents. The trees, moss-laden, were tall, and thick enough to keep out the sun by day and the dew at night. Recognition of the changed climate was had in the substitution of brown canvas uniforms for the regulation blue. Scarcely had camp been arranged than the boys sampled the clear waters of the lake in the way of much appreciated baths. They had not as yet thought of alligators, but when, one day, a big ten-footer showed his ugly jaws, swimming across the lake, till then a favorite pastime, became decidedly unpopular. Colonel Embury Clark recalls the home State in giving to the newly-tented field the name, "Camp Massachusetts."

Till May 30th this was the regimental home. Hard work was not put upon the boys too quickly. There was a bit of delay, that the new-comers might become acclimated and used to their surroundings; but regular camp hours and regulations were established. At first many letters were written home and much talking was done as to the future of the regiment. There was some drilling on the first day in camp, and Captain Barrett was the very first officer of the day. May 19th brought the latest news from home in the shape of the "Worcester Telegram," and the boys cheered tumultuously at the sight of the "Gram," "Worcester's Only," whose pages had never looked half so attractive before. Later, resolutions of thanks were adopted for the daily gift

E. I. Christenson.
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Arthur G. Mills.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY A.

of fifty copies. Camp is a favorite place for the townspeople to visit, and they never tire of making comparisons between the Seventy-first New York and the Second, and somehow the Empire State appears to suffer by the contrast. Gradually, the men settle down to a routine of drill and study and such variations as fatigue and other duty may afford. The cooking department is in the hands of Privates Mills and Lamberton. The former had been a prospector in Montana and is no novice in his responsible position. All are loud in their praises of the bread, biscuits, roast beef, mashed potatoes and coffee which they receive at stated intervals. Luxuries, however, come high, and 10 cents is the regular price for a cube of ice four inches square, though eggs may be had at from 9 to 40 cents a dozen, the cost evidently ranging along the line of age in inverse ratio.

The scarcity of fruit is a matter of considerable remark, and it was popularly thought that all that could be sold North had been sent there. But if there was no fruit, the same could not be said of bugs and insects. They abounded in all shapes and sizes. Laundry operations were had in the river hard by. That the Bay State might maintain its long-deserved reputation for well-informed soldiers, there was early established a school of the company and also one of the soldier.

The first death in the regiment was that of Private Wesley S. Brass of Company I, on the 21st. Naturally, the sad event made a deep impression on the men, who recognized thus how near they were to the grim destroyer. On the next day, funeral services were held by Chaplain Wellwood at 9.30, and, with a detail from each company, the remains were escorted to the station, where they were placed in care of the express company for shipment to Westfield, the late home of the deceased. After taps sounded by Chief Musician Richardson, the men marched sadly back to their camp. With willing hearts the boys chipped in to help pay the expenses home of the body of their comrade.

The following is the first promulgated order for the day's observance:

	A. M.		P. M.
Reveille,	4.25	Dinner,	12.00
March,	4.55	Guard mount,	
Assembly,	5.00	1st call,	5.40
Breakfast,	5.15	Assembly,	5.45
Surgeon's call,	6.00	Retreat, 1st call,	6.00
1st Sergeant's call,	6.45	Assembly roll call,	6.05
Drill, 1st call (Saturday and Sunday excepted),	7.00	Supper,	6.15
Assembly,	7.05	Tattoo,	8.30
Recall,	9.30	Taps,	9.00

The first dress-parade came May 26th, and won deserved praise. It was had in the street adjacent to the camp and was followed by a short street parade. In the evening the band of the Tenth U. S. Cavalry (colored) gave a very enjoyable concert. On the 29th came remembrances from home in the shape of a box of food for A. G. Thomson and C. A. Fischer, also the announcement that camp would be broken the next day. Thus it was at 5.30 in the morning of the Northern Memorial day that tents were struck and preparations for departure claimed every hand. The next camping place for the Second is in Ybor City, a suburb of Tampa, and the train is left at 4 p.m. Then comes a march of about one mile through the sand, a fatiguing and disagreeable trip. The sand was really ankle deep, and the water, brought through pipes laid on the top of the ground, though not at the boil-

ing pitch, sometimes seemed to be not far from it. No dinner was served, and supper did not come till 7.15. The new camp is pitched on the edge of a wood, and on either side are regiments of regulars. June 1st gave the boys a taste of a Florida rainstorm, which flooded the streets and tents. No retreat was sounded. It was not necessary. June 4th was noteworthy, as on that day Uncle Sam paid a month's wages to his Massachusetts boys—$15.60 per man—and they were happy. Orlo W. Davis is detailed for service in the U. S. Ambulance Corps. The next day Ybor City was placed under martial law on account of a riot the night before. Many of the company obtained passes and went to Tampa to make purchases, or to send their money home. Though the day was Sunday, everything was running wide open.

After a day of drill and regular round of duty, at 6 p.m. came the orders to break camp and be ready to leave at 9 o'clock. The order was quickly obeyed, and in an hour all were prepared to march. Knapsacks were discarded and the necessary under-clothing, with blankets, rubber blankets and shelter tents, a so-called horse collar was formed which was readily slung over the shoulder. Ammunition boxes were opened and solid food for the enemy in the shape of forty-five rounds per man was issued. But there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, for 9 o'clock came, and there was no sign of departure. Hour after hour passed, till finally the night haltingly went by and yet the men waited. They had packed up all their appliances for comfort. They dared not unpack lest forward commands should find them unprepared. The night was very cold and the air full of moisture. However, it takes a deal to completely phase a Yankee soldier, and these boys of Company A were not without resources, for they proceeded to use certain wood which they found, in building a roaring fire, around which they disported themselves, keeping, at least that side nearest the fire, tolerably warm, and through it all the men kept their temper. They were growing philosophical.

The sun of the 7th of June was shining upon the broken camp. There was no reveille, for the men were already up. Breakfast's bill of fare was short, only hardtack and coffee, and nothing was so much desired as the command, "Forward." Everything has an end, and there came at last an end to tedious waiting, and at 4.30 p.m. the long-expected came. At 5 o'clock ranks are formed and the regiment marches away from Ybor City to the train, which transports our boys to Tampa, reaching the latter place at 10 p.m. The boat for the reception of the soldiers was not in readiness, hence another uncomfortable night followed, happily the last on Florida soil. Sleep was had as best it could be found, on docks and in warehouses, in some cases the men accommodating themselves not only to bales of merchandise, but to the presence of army mules as well. While military life lays stress on many fine class distinctions, it effectually erases others. Still as these young men had not left comfortable homes with the expectations of luxuries, they were by no means cast down.

There was no necessity of telling the boys when the morning of the 8th of June arrived, for their slumbers had not been of that luxurious character that they were disposed to repose in

WORCESTER GAZETTE

First Lieutenant Tisdell. Captain Barrett. Second Lieutenant Plummer.

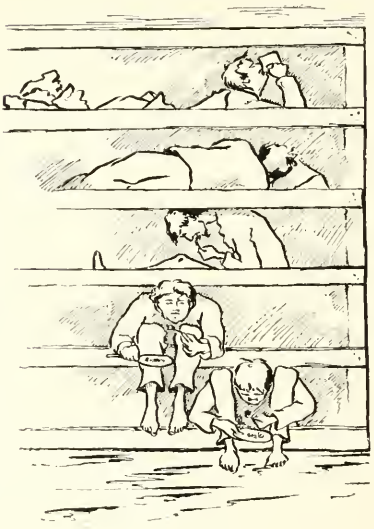
YBOR CITY, FLORIDA.

the arms of Morpheus one minute longer than darkness lasted, hence they were up with the sun, and in many cases some time before. Tampa Bay, always beautiful, never looked more lovely than under the rays of this morning's sun. Added to the beauties of nature, were the works of man in the shape of many transports and warships at rest or in motion, but all there for the purpose of furthering the cause which has brought these Massachusetts boys and thousands of others from their far-away homes. There is the accustomed round of early duties, and the full complement of "falling in" and "right dressing," marching hither and thither, till there finally comes the welcome order for the 3d Battalion to go on board the Concho, No. 14, at 2 o'clock p.m. The boat must have been rated as an omnibus, always capable of receiving more, for already on board were the 4th U. S. Infantry and the 25th (colored) Infantry. "First come, first served," was the rule here as elsewhere, and for the latest comers there remained only the hold, which was below the water-line, and it was oh! so hot! For once in their lives, the soldiers realized what the Black Hole of Calcutta meant. Fresh air was scarce, and what little there was soon fouled. The old law of self-preservation prevailed here, and it was a common thing to find some gasping private with his body thrust into the opening of the great canvas tube down which the wind sails were supposed to furnish needed air. The impression one had at the sight was that of a human being entering the jaws of some giant constrictor. Of course, he couldn't stay there long, for some other equally suffering man would yank him back, that he might get his place. Till that day, many had had no adequate notions of Dante's Inferno, nor of the heat of Sheol, as rendered in the modern version. The bunks, extending from the floor to the ceiling, were three and five deep, according to location, and

the alleys, between tiers, were so narrow that two men could pass each other only by crowding. General Shafter with his immense figure would have stood no chance there.

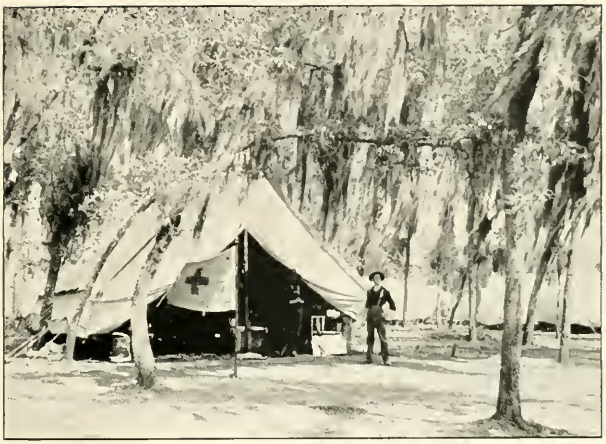
But before the full force of this heated hole was realized, there was much to do in the way of loading the transport with provisions for the trip. Also there had to be put on board all the outfit for Cuban camps. It was a long and tiresome task, for some of the cars were quite a quarter of a mile away. As usual, when there was work of this kind to be done, Captain Barrett was in charge, and before the same was over his Yankee ingenuity and nerve stood him and his men well in hand, for, mounting a locomotive that appeared to be leading an aimless existence, he directed the engineer to move up and draw the cars down to the wharf. The driver at first demurred, saying he would just like to know who was running things there anyway, for first he was ordered to do one thing and then another, till he was all mixed up, but our Captain, in his convincing way, made him believe that the change of position was the proper thing, and the cars were brought where the trips became much shorter, and New England's labor-saving ability was exemplified. Where all work with a will, much can be done, and the matter was all finally loaded and perspiration and backaches were speedily forgotten.

With men and rations on board, the Concho steams out into the harbor, and as she moves away there are long and hearty rounds of applause from the shore and from the other transports, loaded or waiting. The brass bands on the vessels play popular airs, and war does not seem to be such a terrible affair after all. Well out in the bay at anchor, the transport waits while darkness settles down on the Guard's first night upon the waters. Bad as the quarters were, they were enjoyed at first, so wearied were the men from their marchings, lack of sleep, and the labors incident to the loading of the craft. Sleep closed every eyelid till 1 o'clock in the morning of the 9th, when there came a report that a Spanish fleet was at the entrance of the bay. The Armada of old could not have thrown the dwellers of southern England into greater consternation than did this baseless rumor the sleep-



Concho Comfort.

ers in the dingy depths of the Concho. By the dispatch boat Fearless came an order directing the vessel back to the dock. Back she went, and that she might enter the slip without wrenching off the coverings to the port-holes, they were all carefully closed. The effect upon the interior may be imagined. What had been dreadful, now became unendurable.



WORCESTER GAZETTE HOSPITAL TENT, LAKELAND.

All efforts to reach the deck were prevented by a stalwart colored sentinel, who, with his bayonet, had orders to keep all below. So intense and stifling was the heat that men lost their senses and were driven into delirium or unconsciousness. Again, Yankee wit helps out, for by connivance between surgeon and officers, it takes ten or twelve men to help each man, overcome by the heat, to the deck for recovery. By judicious management, the sufferers are all allowed again to breathe the free air of heaven. On further inspection, the surgeon declared the lower quarters unfit for occupancy, and the men were permitted to bestow themselves on the upper deck, above the space allotted to the officers. The loss of bunks was not thought of in the luxury of air—just air, that is usually considered the most common and the cheapest of all necessities. All day the boat lay at the dock, and at nightfall came a batch of U. S. mail, ever welcome. The day's routine as ordered was as follows:

	A.M.		P.M.
Reveille, 1st call,	5.45	Guard mount, 1st call,	3.45
Roll call,	6.00	Assembly,	4.00
Breakfast,	6.15	Retreat, 1st call,	6.00
Surgeon's call,	7.00	Roll call,	6.05
First Serg't's call,	8.00	Supper,	6.15
Co. inspection,	11.00	Tattoo,	8.00
Dinner,	12.00 M	Taps,	9.00

One of the features of the inspection was the novel one of considering the feet of the men. Some of the old "soretoes" of the Civil War would have looked upon this as the rankest tyranny, but be that as it may the Massachusetts 2d started away with the John Wesley maxim, that cleanliness is next to Godliness, firmly fixed in mind and practice. Barefooted, the men were ranged in line, and literally, from head to foot, they were inspected. What would have happened to the unfortunate whose patterers could not pass muster is unknown, for no underpinning were found so untidy as to necessitate an order to "go soak your feet," though a frequent quiz among the boys was, "Are your feet clean?"

WORCESTER GAZETTE

LEAVING LAKELAND.

The rations consist of hardtack, canned baked beans, "prime roast beef," and coffee. The beans were good, and their only failing was their scantiness; the roast beef was "prime" only by name, like the "hot mince pie" of the western restaurant, which was neither hot nor mince. It will be remembered that, to the indignant guest who, with appetizing memories of his early days, had ordered it, and finding himself confronted with a nondescript bit of filled pie crust had protested, the burly waiter said, "You needn't get so cocky, that's just its name." Water for drinking and culinary purposes is distilled sea-water, and a little of it goes a long way. Cold, it could be used, but warm, it was positively nauseating. In the "canteen," on shipboard, there are two or three hundred bottles of lager, kept upon ice, and though they are held at 25 cents each, it does not take a boat-load of several hundred men a great while to unload the entire supply, and when the alternative of nauseating hot sea-water is considered, the most pronounced total abstainer could hardly blame these young men if they imbibed anything of a cooling nature. The recorded tribulations of Dives differed only in degree from those of these heat-famished boys, and they bought not only lager, but were willing to pay the demanded price of from ten cents to twenty-five cents for a drink of ice-water. Though long anxious to reach the ship's deck, the boys were not finding life on "the briny" any too halcyon.

June 10 was noteworthy in that at 5.45 p.m. came an order to move away from the wharf, all danger from Spanish fleets having vanished. Also it is on record that the cook undertook the difficult feat of making coffee with salt water. The strength of the berry was not sufficient to overcome the saltness of the sea, and hence the men went coffeeless, a hardship difficult for the average layman to appreciate. The 11th brings a bright morning, and the glorious appearance of thirty transports, cruisers, gunboats, and other craft at rest or moving about the bay. It gives the men a buoyant feeling to realize

that they are a part of such a vast array which will soon launch itself against the nation's foe. In the forenoon comes the brigade commander, and a thorough inspection of the quarters assigned to the 3d Battalion, and said aggregation is not very unhappy at the announcement that the quarters are not fit for their use, and that they are to go on board another vessel. At 10.25 the Concho moves further up the bay and drops anchors.

June 12th, in the morning, comes the welcome order to pack up, and the men had long been ready when the Knickerbocker, at 12 m., ranged alongside the Concho. The new boat could not offer any worse accommodations, for any kind of a change was an improvement, and the name was decidedly reminding of Washington Irving and his immortal story of early New York. At 3 p.m. the work of transferral of baggage from the old to the new quarters begins, and takes the entire afternoon. Being first on board, the boys of the 3d Battalion had their pick of location, and they chose the bow of the boat, a choice that they maintained, though, later, efforts were made to dispossess them. The old adage of possession and the nine points of law fully applied. Evening brought a characteristic Florida shower, in which the rain came in torrents. The drinking-water provided is direct from the Mississippi river, and though somewhat muddy it is a great improvement on the Concho's distilled sea-water. Changed and improved quarters produce a marked elevation in the spirits of the men. The next day, or the 13th, the Knickerbocker dropped down the bay and east anchor near the Orizaba for the purpose of taking on board the 1st Battalion of the Second. Following the transferral of our compatriots, the vessel steamed up to the wharf, and proceeded to take on board necessary supplies for the projected trip. The task took the entire night, and, on account of the noise, no one got a wink of sleep. The supplies consisted of hardtack, potatoes, coffee, bacon, beans, tobacco, etc., and it was a noteworthy fact that the most perishable of all these articles were placed furthest away or in the most inaccessible places. Apparently the stevedore-in-chief had little comprehension of the needs of the larder. While the lading was in progress, a steam-pipe leading from the boiler to the derrick burst, and a great excitement followed. Added to the noise of the explosion was the blinding steam, and a stampede was only narrowly averted. As it was, one of the gangways was broken, and several men were tumbled into the water. The worst result of the entire affair was the loss by Lieutenant Fish, Company H, of his eyeglasses.

Eight o'clock in the morning of the 14th came the orders to move at once, but the moving out into the bay at 8.30 and the dropping of the anchor at 12 m. is as near as we came to compliance. A military "at once" is a queer thing. Four o'clock comes, and with it an order, borne by the dispatch boat Hornet, to take our place in the line of vessels. Over waveless waters the Knickerbocker steams to her position, and the long line of black-hulled crafts moves slowly out through the winding channel, bearing what was to do their part towards ending four centuries of Spanish misrule in America. There are thousands of people upon the wharves, and every one is cheering. From the decks come responsive shouts, while each one of the twenty boats is doing its best to keep up the glorious harmony. The rigging is black with soldiers, who have clambered there for

A. T. Squires.
F. C. Gagnon.
Wm W. Rice.

R. C. Green.
Corp. J. G. Hageberg.
F. L. Fairbanks.

B. E. Wheeler.
S. A. Wallace.
W. T. Bruso.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY A.

a farewell look at native land. Soon the outer waters of the Gulf are reached, and the ships are formed in three columns, 400 feet apart, with the flagship, Annapolis, at the head, flanked by the Castine and the Helena. A fleet of torpedo boats patrols the outer waters and acts as dispatch boats between the transports and the navy proper. Reaching the waters of the gulf was the signal for many cases of seasickness, for the surface was rough, and few of these lads were possessed of sea-legs. Though the sight of the long lines of steadily-moving steamers was one to be remembered, the arrangement was not unfraught with danger, as was evident when the one ahead of the Knickerbocker suddenly stopped, thereby narrowly escaping a collision with the Irving named. With the exception of those who were paying involuntary tribute to Old Neptune, the men are happy and serene, many of them sending final letters home by the pilot on his departure. While the day has been fair, it is followed by rain at night. Early in the morning of the 15th, a craft crossed the bow of the Knickerbocker, just escaping a crash, and the boys begin to think her number, 13, a hoodoo. Naturally, excitement followed, and many a dream of home and mother was ruined by that "close shave." At 6 a.m. a distant light is pointed out as that of the Dry Tortugas, and any old soldier of the Rebellion could have enlightened the lads about him with stories of how the desolate islands were used during the strife of 1861-'65. The day is clear and warm, and more men are convinced, through troubles of their own, of their possessions in the way of stomachs. The 16th brings rougher weather, and consequently a larger throng by the rail gazing down into the sea. This day came the orders that each man of Company A must sleep in his bunk, seemingly a harsh and unnecessary command, for the deck was so much cooler and more pleasant. Perhaps in later months, the relief from severe malaria that these men enjoyed, as compared with others, may have reconciled them to the seeming hardship. To unacclimated people, southern night air is unhealthful, whether on land or sea. Food, such as it was, came at regular intervals, but the men as a rule were not craving their rations. The so-called "roast beef" was a study in itself. On the top of the newly-opened can was a layer of something like jelly; when this was cleared away there was displayed a watery mass in which apparently floated bits of beef, stringy and flabby. The sight was not alluring then, and the memory is nauseating now. Even beans, without vinegar or other relish, had lost their charms.

June 17th, in Massachusetts recognized as Bunker Hill's day, was not celebrated as such on the Knickerbocker. At 9.30 land is sighted, and at 12.30 is seen what is said to be Point Mulas light on Cuban soil. Very likely the event had no connection with the day, but in this forenoon, at 9.30, the bugle blew an alarm, and every man came tumbling up from his middeck regions armed with his full equipment, and it was to the credit of the regiment that the line was completely formed in five minutes and twenty seconds. How surprised each man looked as he projected himself through the hatchway and sought his place in line. Every face seemed to be asking, "Well, what's up now? Have we at last sighted Cervera, and is it a boarding squad that we are to form?" To add seriousness

to the scene, a cannon shot is heard in the front, and even those who had ordered the formation had reason to think, for a few moments, that possibly they had builded better than they knew. The shot, however, proved to be one fired at a strange craft, which, on being overhauled, was allowed to go on its way unharmed.

It was on this day that the officers' mess lost their dinner, or at least a part of it, through the theft of certain hungry enlisted men. Though the roasts of beef afforded by the cook were not of strictly first-class order, having been kept entirely too long, still it was eat this or nothing. So while at noon day they were awaiting the entry of the roast, the cook came in, exclaiming in a desperate way, "My G—, the men have stolen the meat." It appears that the surroundings had been carefully examined, and the plans were well laid, for at the auspicious moment, they had with a boat-hook deftly lifted the roast to their deck, and had speedily made it play the grand disappearance act. Certain pleased and satisfied countenances in the later hours indicated where the meat had gone, but suspicions would not convict. Hence the marauders went scathless.

At 1 o'clock p.m., land is again seen, and in the early evening a range of mountains appears to arise from the sea. However anxious the men were to get away from Florida, now they were equally desirous of stepping on dry land again. The rear of the three columns is brought up by several transports towing lighters, and, sometimes, the latter become unruly and are managed with difficulty. At such times the whole fleet has to pause long intervals, frequently hours, while the trouble is righted. The 18th is Saturday, and so far as outside matters are concerned is quite uneventful. The officers do not find their quarters so good as those afforded them on the Concho, being close and stuffy. The Knickerbocker is an old, condemned Mississippi steamer, impressed into her present vocation, but the knowledge that the men are so much better off is some compensation for their own inconvenience. To the end that cleanliness might be maintained, the officers had arranged a kind of bath, where with a line of hose and something like an old-fashioned garden engine, the men gave each other shower baths each day. The officers had the same from 7 to 8 a.m., while the men had washed each other down from 5 to 7 in the morning. Some, unknowing to the difference between ordinary soap and that adapted to sea-water, at first resumed their uniforms with their bodies thoroughly larded with soap, and with no great opinion of salt-water bathing any way. It was on this day that all were afforded the rare sight of a water-spout in motion. Luckily the experience was confined to sight only. Sunday brings continued visions of land in the distance, but no prospect of setting foot upon it. There is no religious service, and the entire day is given to speculation and conjectures concerning the passing landscape. Each vessel carries a signal officer, hence communication between the different members of the fleet is possible, if not too far apart. In these later days of wireless telegraphy, the signal service bids fair to become a lost art.

Monday, the 20th, brought the fleet to the entrance to Santiago harbor, seven or eight miles away. It is early in the morning that the goal is reached, and to energetic young America there seems to be no reason why they should not go ashore. Alas for their expectations, there were long hours yet to be

spent aboard their floating prisons. It was a long and hot day that the vessels passed under that tropical sun. At 5.45 p.m. orders were received by the government tug Osceola to steam out into the Atlantic a distance of ten miles or so, that the different ships might thus avoid collision. By steaming a certain number of hours in a given direction and then tacking at right angles, and repeating this course twice, each tack taking the same length of time, the crafts were brought back in the morning to pretty near their starting-point. On the 21st the course of the 20th was pursued, only Captain Betts of the "Old Knick." sailed so far out into the ocean that in the morning his vessel was alone, and it took him hours to find his associates. Daiquiri, Siboney and Santiago appear to be undergoing simultaneous shelling, the shores are blazing with flames, and the air throbs with vibrations.

At last there comes a change over the spirit of the dreams of the Second, and it comes none too soon, for rations are getting low; even the officers are living on two meals a day. While lying off near Daiquiri, at 1 p.m. on the 22d, headquarters boat No. 12 steams alongside, and an officer tells Colonel Clark that they had been looking for him all the morning, and that he was to steam within a quarter of a mile from the shore, a command that was received with cheers. That afternoon all the men of the Second got off, except those of the 3d Battalion, who, it will be remembered, were the first to board the steamer in Tampa Bay. The towering and apparently rough and rocky mountains developed, as they were neared, into heights richly covered with the rankest tropical growths, and it is to the credit of the old Bay State that the first volunteer regiment to set foot

Col. Embury P. Clark.

on hostile soil was her glorious Second. There were regulars before us, but no volunteers. At 5.30 on this day a transformation scene was beheld, rivaling anything ever seen in Black Crook wonders. From the top of a blockhouse, surmounting a steep height at the right of the landing at Daiquiri, was floating a Spanish flag. Some soldiers with a commendable sense of the eternal fitness of things had climbed to the spot, and, the garrison having absconded, they had no trouble in hauling down the foreign emblem and in substituting the Star-spangled Banner. Not since Hooker's men threw out the flag of the 8th Kentucky from the nose of Lookout on the 25th of November, 1863, had the glorious ensign been received with such acclaim. The valiant deed is ascribed to Major Lamothe and two of his men from the Rough Riders.

The landing itself was effected with difficulty on account of the roughness of the sea. A steam launch from the cruiser New York, with a line of small boats in tow, comes to the side of the transport, and the men had to climb

SKETCHED BY HENRY C. GROVER, CO. A. LANDING-PLACE AT DAIQUIRI.

down a rope ladder and thus tumble in as best they could. There was no standing on the order of their going, but they had to go at once or not at all. When the boats were filled they were drawn off towards the landing, where new dangers awaited them. Constant care was necessary to prevent the dashing of the boats against the iron pier. Just the moment that the boat and the landing were on a level, must be seized to jump for it. All military precision of movement was lost sight of in the effort to get out of the boat and to the wharf with whole skins. Sixty or seventy boats might be seen at once thus engaged in circling around and trying to land their men. Notwithstanding the utmost care several boats were shattered, and two colored troopers were drowned.* From Co. A on this day landed Captain Barrett, Lieuts. Tisdell and Plummer, Sergts. Allison and Riedl, and Privates Clapp, Bruso and Traver. The remainder of the company were doomed to one night more with "Old Knick.," which steamed out about two miles from the shore.

The last day on shipboard is not without incident, for in the excitement of the morning of the 23d, the captain of the ship just misses running into another vessel, also steaming for the shore. The prospect of such violent landing is not relished by the men or their officers, and when the excitement has subsided, Captain Allen of the Light Infantry speaks his mind to the chief officer of the ship in unequivocal language, very much to the delight of those listening. However, the getting off was effected finally, and a happy lot of men they were as they again trod *terra firma*, even though it was foreign soil; and how good it seemed to be able to stretch one's legs again. Very little delay is had, however, and under the command of Lieut.-Col. Shumway the 3d Battalion starts to effect a union with the other two. Daiquiri is more

*Corporal Edward Cobb, of Richmond, Va., and Private John English, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Brave Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, who, a few days later, was to fall at San Juan, did his best to rescue them, but without avail. Their bodies were recovered.

in name than in fact, only a few scattering shacks of houses,and even these have been sadly shattered by the fire from the gunboats. On the march, at the top of a hill, near a roundhouse, are seen two wounded Spaniards, the first bloody evidence of warfare ever seen by the great majority of the men, and it were not strange if the sight had a somewhat sobering effect. Here, too, was seen the first starving Cuban family. Having halted for a few moments, from a near-by rambling structure appeared to come a cry of human distress. Investigation revealed a mother lying helpless upon the floor, and near her was a wailing infant. Also there were three little girls and a boy, all more resembling skeletons than humanity. Openings through the roof and side of the house had been made by shells from the ships. Generous hands speedily offered the contents of haversacks to the starving sufferers.

The roads are only trails or paths, and through the crookedest of such the march is made. The Second is ahead, till it drops in behind the 22d Regulars. Just before reaching Siboney there is a slight brush between the enemy and the troopers in advance, but it lasts scarcely more than ten minutes, the Spaniards giving way and retreating beyond the town, which is as God-forsaken a place as eye ever looked upon. The bombardment had ruined everything, an iron bridge had been cut and slashed by shot and shell, and filth apparently here reigned supreme. A fitting place for a camp was hard to find, but one was found in which tents were pitched, and from the abundance of a certain kind of shell-covered life it was called "Crab Hollow."

Company A's first night camp on Cuban soil will not be forgotten soon. New experiences were found every hour. Hardly were the tents pitched before rain began to fall in torrents. During the sleepless hours which followed it was easy to review the march and scenes of the day. It was not far from Daiquiri that a small brook was encountered, and the boys learned that neither bridge nor pontoon was in stock and that they must wade, and wade they did, with resultant water-filled shoes. Some of these embryonic soldiers, wholly unused to wet feet, and remembering early maternal injunctions, halted long enough to exchange their wet socks for dry. Of course they were comfortable till they came, a quarter of a mile further along, to another runlet, and thereby, to another change. But the third stream put an end to all prudential pedal provisions, and, wet or dry, they trudged along. It was a new world that was opening to these Massachusetts men, and their eyes widened at the sight of cactus and chaparral, both distinguished for their thorny, bayonet-like projections, warranted to pierce and cut like a knife. Cocoanut palms were everywhere conspicuous, and, ere long, the soldiers learned that the liquid contained in the green fruit was both cooling and palatable. Likewise they early discovered how to climb these same palms.

It was at the noontime halt for dinner that Private Wills, for obvious reasons ycleped "The Bug Chaser," discovered in the leafy heights of a tree a gorgeously colored serpent. True to his proclivities, he proclaimed his intentions of capturing that snake, and actually climbed the tree and brought the reptile down with him, a crawling ophidian fully four feet in length, and of the brightest hues—rather a venturesome proceeding in a strange land, and wholly ignorant as to the charac-

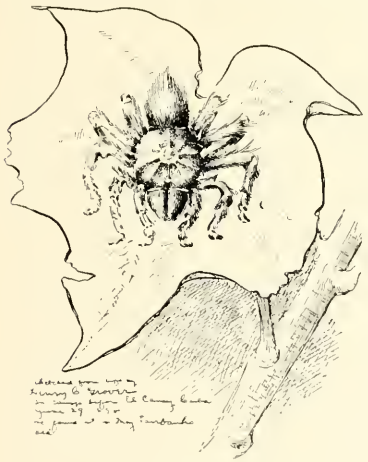
teristics of the object; but as all is well that ends well, the private was not bitten, and the tragic part was confined to his snakeship.

All sorts of reasons conspired to murder sleep in this first night, prominent among them being the unloading of vessels in the offing of Siboney. Stripped to their skins, volunteers worked through the entire night getting out the rations and munitions necessary for the expedition; all this under the rays of search-lights from the gunboats. Perhaps no one circumstance contributed more to the men's discomfort than the abundance of land crabs, whose presence, indeed, had gained for the camp its uneuphonious name. If the Spaniards ran away and left the coast clear for the Americans, the crabs did not; rather did they come in large battalions to see and taste just what these new comers were. Nor were they the tiny objects familiar to the northern schoolboy who on freedom bent plays hooky along some purling stream, but great big fellows with long pincers and staring eyes. How were these boys to know but that they were as poisonous as their cousins, the tarantulas? To crown all, Lieut. Tisdell had a severe attack of insomnia, and, wholly unable to woo the drowsy god himself, he evidently determined that none other should. It was a nightlong race between the Lieutenant and the crabs, but it will never be known to which party the honors belong. The antipathy and disgust of a Worcester boy at the contact of his flesh with the claws of a crustacean were intense, and aroused the keenest merriment in everybody except the one touched.

While Lieut. T.'s orgies were at their height, and he was happy as a crab-chasing officer could be, there came from a nearby tent the horror-burdened cry, "A light, a light!" What could it be! Nothing like it in agony had ever smote the ears of those lads before, and they hastened with the light-giving taper to investigate. Following the ever-resounding call, they found the same proceeding from the tent of their popular Captain, who, apparently, had struck either a nightmare or a severe attack of the colic. They found their beloved Captain lying on his back, and, with distressed eyes, looking at one of his shoulders, on which had recently been perching something, what he knew not, but afraid of tarantulas he preferred to have a light before he brushed him away. The varmint, unfavorable to light, quickly scuttled off, disappearing under the edge of the tent. Whatever disposition to sleep there may have been up to this moment, the foregoing episode effectually destroyed, so crawling out the boys stood around the camp-fires, sang songs, smoked, and talked of far-off Massachusetts and the folks at home till morning.

June 24 is the date of the fight at Las Guasamas, where Colonel Wood and his Rough Riders had their first encounter with the enemy. It has been stated that this engagement was not contemplated by General Shafter, but was the result of the Wood-Roosevelt over-eagerness to win renown, in a measure contributed to by the acquiescence of General Wheeler. Be this as it may, it is certain that the fight was on within hearing of the volunteers, and naturally they wondered when and where they were to go in, but there were duties near at hand before they could march to the sound of the guns. Rations were to be drawn and distributed, and it was while cooking his breakfast that Private Grover contributed no little to the mirth of his

fellows. Always fond of well-cooked food, on this occasion he had planned for an unusual dish, in fact, it was a beef stew that he was contemplating, of which the first essential was some of the "prime roast beef" already referred to. The soldier had chosen the site for his fire with great care, and everything was progressing finely, and his mouth was beginning to water for the toothsome combination when, presto! up went fire, cup, stew and all. It appears he had made his fire just over the hole of a crab, which, under



A Native Cuban—Tarantula.

the provocation of excessive heat, leaped up and away, scattering brands and breakfast in his flight. The mingled looks of astonishment, disgust and disappointment which overspread the private's face had made the fortune of any one catching them in a snap shot. Alas! as usual, the kodak fiend was not looking.

The surf-bathing was fine, and officers and men were not slow to improve it. One party included A's commissioned officers and Major Fairbanks. They found the shore shelving rapidly, hence a very abrupt descent, but the temperature was genial, and no fear of sharks marred the pleasures of the dip. Every one who indulged was better and cleaner for the rinse. The hasty departure of the enemy had prevented the complete destruction of their stores, and among them were several casks of wine, which inquisitive Yankees were not slow in finding and no fear of poison prevented sampling. Luckily, officers who knew the harmful effect of indulgence in such stuff in this climate, quickly ordered the same turned out upon the ground, much to the displeasure of some who hated to see so much good liquor wasted. A very small portion was saved for subsequent hospital use. At least one canteen in the ranks of A was found whose contents tasted of the casks, but the fluid had been so thoroughly diluted that no evil results were felt nor apprehended.

No feature of the unloading of the transports gave more pleasure or awakened more interest than the manner in which the horses were brought ashore. As at Daiquiri, ranging alongside the piers was impossible, and the letting of a horse down into a small boat was impracticable, hence the only way was to force him upon a platform and then run the same out till the weight of the animal overbalanced it and the steed dropped down into the water, when he must swim for it, something which he lost no time in doing. There was as much difference, however, in horses as in men, and some of the poor beasts, in their confusion, swam for a long time in circles, and a few went directly out to sea and were drowned, among the latter one of Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt's saddle-horses, Rain-in-the-Face. For the encourage-

ment and guidance of the horses, as they were given their involuntary plunge, buglers were stationed upon the shore to sound the stable-call as the animals reached the water, and in most instances the measure was effectual. The sight of horses with erect ears changing their course in response to the familiar call was provocative of reflections upon the value of discipline among all creatures, bipeds as well as quadrupeds.

While the rumble of the guns was heard, there came over the hills whence the sound seemed to proceed, a rider on foaming steed, with arms and body torn and bleeding from contact with nature's weapons, galloping to the commander of the brigade, then Col. E. P. Clark of the 2d, and in breathless tones cries, "I have been sent for aid. Send reinforcements. For God's sake send 'em quick!" Though the Colonel queried for a moment he soon ordered the 8th and 22d U. S. to advance, while the 2d Massachusetts was retained to guard the landing. The tents of those who were to march went down like magic, and in a trifle more than two minutes the troops were ready to move. Was there ever a time when troops in the field did not have trouble with their rations? Before the same could be distributed at Siboney, the boys were on short commons, and had it not been for some foresight on leaving the Knickerbocker, certain of the A boys had suffered. As it was they had none too much, but they were enough better off than their Major Fairbanks, who was driven to sharing the rations devoted to his horse.

Rebellion recollections of Annapolis and the deeds of the Massachusetts 8th were roused in the ingenuity of our Worcester men, who, finding a dismantled locomotive, set to work to secure and put together its component parts, in which effort they were so successful that they soon had it running up and down the tracks. Again, the iron bridge, which had been destroyed during the bombardment, was effectually repaired, under the direction of Capt. Frank L. Allen of the Light Infantry. The Worcester battalion could not only repair locomotive and bridge, but they could have constructed the same *de novo*, and could have undertaken any other little job of skilled workmanship which public exigency might have necessitated. Their soldiering was only an avocation; their true calling was using their wits for upbuilding rather than destroying.

As rations galore were on the shore an equipment for four days was given out, and the boys soon realized what too much of a good thing meant. Each man was to carry 150 rounds of ammunition; under his left arm he had a four-quart can of tomatoes; upon his right shoulder was his gun; hardtack and bacon distended his haversack, while his roll of clothing crowned all. What a sight for the folks at home, and how small a figure his real implements of war cut in all this outfit. The quantity of hardtack was so great that each man could not carry all of his share, and not wishing to lose any of the precious staff of life, for no one knew when he would get more, all sorts of artifices were devised to retain it. To compass this end, long poles were secured and by means of nails, taken from the loosened covers of the tack boxes, with stones the poles were attached to the sides of the boxes, and the boys essayed the grand porter act, taking turns in the attempt to keep the thing going. Notwithstanding their efforts, only a few of the boxes were thus carried safely through; the draft upon nerve and strength was too great.

It was at 4 p.m. that the line of march was taken by our volunteers, and they had not proceeded far before indications of the fight ahead began to appear in the shape of wounded men. There was one man who had seven bullet holes in or through him, but the courage and good spirits of the men who had been hit were marvelous. The march is around rather than over the hill, and in column of twos, at times reduced to single file on account of the narrowness of the way, thereby in part to escape the lacerating edges of the omnipresent cactus. Our impressions of the Cuban patriot are not heightened by this trip, for while Americans are straining and toiling in his behalf he is feeding and resting. As Massachusetts passes by, he is eating our "prime roast beef," and is wearing our clothing, which the forced character of our marching has compelled us to throw away. In a word, the being whose misfortunes have brought us from comfortable northern homes, before our very eyes has become a scavenger, and is disputing with turkey buzzards the refuse we have rejected. Truly the Cuban is not a noble creature ! ! ! Fighting seems to be furthest from his thoughts. They are the individuals against whom precautions must be taken when we are compelled to throw off haversack and rolls, for they would quickly possess themselves of every item. Such grateful beings are they for the service the United States is rendering them ! !

The march is a hard one and tells upon the men, but they plod manfully forward, up steep mountains with boulder-strewn trails, with ever-increasing traces of the fight. Volunteers are enduring the forced march quite as well as the regulars, and this gives a deal of satisfaction, for every-

Lieut.-colonel E. R. Shumway.

thing in army lines is rated on or by the regular army standard. There was everything to make the marching hard and tiresome: mud, rocks, pitfalls and crowding cactus, but through it all the Second forged ahead. The shades of evening are gathering when the men reach the "sun-dial house," where the Rough Riders are performing the last rites over the bodies of their slain. 'Tis a gruesome sight; the blanketed forms, lying so stark and still, are somebody's darlings, and northern eyes are to grow dim for this day's work. Did any one wonder if the game were worth the candle? Who knows? The quavering notes of the chaplain as he intoned the service for the dead fitted well into the descending darkness, and "taps," ever the saddest of army calls, sent many a chill through bodies that were not wont to ear. Here is the real in war; the enlistment, the parade, the departure are only the glamour.

But this is not our camping place.

since the Americans had driven the enemy some distance farther, and with added weariness the line is taken up again. For fully three miles, through difficulties like those of the earlier afternoon, the advance is made. If possible the later way is even harder than the earlier, and baggage, cheerfully borne till now, is thrown off and left behind. During the last half mile of the march, some can endure the pace no longer, and fall out, to come halting in at a later hour. Out of a slimy, dismal gully the line of men at last emerges, and on a grassy plateau encamps. Willingly would the men have thrown themselves upon the ground without tent or food, but Company A is under stringent rule, and the tents have to go up, and the men are taught the value of personal care. They had passed through their first forced march and they had covered themselves with credit, but they were not pluming themselves just then—they were too tired.

The morning of the 25th brings increased sense of weariness and the sight of some of yesterday's work, for here are the bodies of some of the slain, among them those of Captain Capron and Sergeant Hamilton Fish, both of the Rough Riders. As breakfast is in preparation there come to men of the Second many of the fighters in yesterday's fray, craving some of the food brought with so much labor from Siboney. The Rough Riders had been ordered to throw off their extra baggage, and as a consequence had been hungry since. Our boys would have been unnatural comrades if they had not quickly and willingly contributed of their own stores. The Cubans might have exhibited their patriotism by guarding rather than stealing the food of their defenders.

At noon a fresh start is made and the Second advances about three miles nearer the enemy. The march is made cautiously and with flankers and scouts, of which work, as the Second is on extreme left, the Massachusetts men have their full share. The 26th sees a further advance towards the enemy, and in the same careful manner. During the day's march Captain John Bigelow, Jr., of the 10th Cavalry, a West Pointer, remarks as follows of our boys:

I remember seeing the Second Massachusetts go by, and being impressed by the improvement of the men in appearance since I saw them at Lakeland. They were about as brown and looked almost as hardy as the regulars. They went through mud and water, well closed up, at a good swinging gait. Our volunteers in Cuba, as a class, did themselves credit. They had not the respect for shoulder-straps that is desirable—nor had the regulars—but they were much better soldiers than volunteers of our Civil War with the same length of service. I am bound to say that they did better on the march and in action than I had expected them to do.

Even half praise from a West Pointer, to whom a soldier is little better than a thing, is something, and figuratively the Second takes off its hat to Captain B. and remarks, "Thanks, awfully, Captain! You do us proud!"

Monday, June 27th, there is a march of a few miles towards Santiago, and the camping place is near the top of a sightly hill, wood surrounded. The outlook is fine, and the day is made memorable by the coming of a letter from the States directed to Private Hayes of A Company, bearing a North Grafton postmark, "June 10." Some of the men thought that combination of letters never could look so good. The 28th is given to camp duties, and

a realization that time and the Rough Riders have sadly depleted our rations. Each day brings its thunder-storm, and the men are becoming almost amphibious.

On the 29th there was a conference of the commissioned officers of the Second to consider the shortness of rations, which were reduced to one tack and a piece of pork, the size of a small walnut, per man. Three officers, including Captain Barrett, were designated to visit Colonel Clark, commanding the brigade, and to set forth the situation. As a result all the horses belonging to the officers, some eight or ten in number, were sent down to Siboney, under the direction of Lieutenant Vesper of Company B, to pack back to camp as many provisions as possible. The outcome of the expedition was a ration of six hardtack for each man. Also on this day arrived Sergeant G. A. Poland, who had been left at Daiquiri in charge of the commissary stores. His coming was most opportune, for in addition to the want of food, the men had run short of tobacco, a condition particularly disagreeable to the soldier, and his stock of Navy plug and other delicacies was soon exhausted. The day before $5 had been given for a paper of Mayo's smoking tobacco. Some of our acquired appetites are stronger than the natural ones. Just now there is nothing wasted, and each bit of food is most jealously guarded. No crumbs are thrown away, and each dish and platter is licked clean. Hardtack can not be bought at any price. If only some of the superabundance that is moulding in the storehouses in Siboney could be brought up, and it is not so very far off! Some one has blundered, leaving men hungry, when great quantities of provisions have been provided. "So near and yet so far!" Rain again, and seventy-five rounds of ammunition, of which there seems to be no lack. For the Captain's comfort and company headquarters, the men put up a shack, consisting of four upright posts with cross-pieces and long grass laid over them, after the manner of a thatch.

The last day of June came and with it orders to cook one day's rations and to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Before leaving camp rations for seventy-seven men were distributed, as follows, viz.: one box of soap, one-half pound of tobacco, fifty pounds hardtack, two cups of beans, and one strip of bacon. There was little danger of a surfeit from that layout. Small and ridiculous as the ration of beans was, it was amusing to note the eagerness of the men for an equable division of the same. Actually, they had to be counted out. Some of the best accommodations so far as the camp was concerned were had here. The water came down the hillside, and was fairly good. Bathing was the most longed-for privilege, but of course it could not be tolerated in the stream whence also came the drinking water. However, Yankee wit soon supplied the necessary facilities, and they were had in this way. Just a little ways from the stream a hole would be dug in the soft earth, and in this was fitted the rubber blanket of the bather. Then, with cup or canteen, he would pass water from the stream to the receptacle, and when the necessary amount was secured, he would take his improvised sitting bath. When the water had served its purpose, two men, seizing the corners of the blanket, by a quick and dextrous movement would throw the contents back from the stream. In this way there was not the least danger of pollution.

The men relate with some gusto that

Sergt. E. B. Sawyer.
Fred'k G. Newell.
Corp. A. F. Murray.

Jas. W. Smith.
Samuel E. Clapp.
Peter N. White.

Howard K. Hobbs.
John T. Brusky.
Chas. A. Fischer.

Captain Barrett had just had his bath and was deep in the mysteries of a washday struggle when the orders to move came. The article that he would like to don at once was in the suds, as were several other items of apparel. There was no time to dry them, and the very best he could do was to wring them out and to hang them over his shoulder instead of a line, and in this decidedly *en déshabillé* manner he directed the advance of his company. It was on this day that the war balloon was noted. It appeared to hang motionless in midair. Though used in the Rebellion and in the Franco-Prussian War, it would seem that ballooning has not yet become a successful adjunct of military operations.

At 3 o'clock p.m. the advance was begun, and was continued for possibly six miles, and as rain had been falling the roads were simply horrible. It was nearly night when the regiment passed through El Poso; seemingly all the troops were in motion, and sometimes at right angles to the route taken by the Second. Then there was halting by first one and then the other of the clashing bodies, a poor way to get anywhere. Finally, the San Juan River is reached, and along its side the soldiers march for a time, and thence turn to the right and proceed to climb a hill. Six-pace intervals are taken, wads are removed from the guns, and the utmost pains are taken to prevent any kind of noise as the march proceeds. Through rain and wading streams the men are completely wet through. No talking is permitted, and every now and then a man finds himself tangled up in barbed wire, whereupon the words, "barbed wire" would go along the line. At a late hour orders to bivouac are given, and the men eat uncooked rations because fires are forbidden. No tents are pitched, and each man rolls himself in his blanket and consigns himself to his couch of mud and water. Guards and pickets are demanded, and from A Company the detail consists of Corporal Fay, with Privates Lamberton, Mills, Laflamme and Boardman.

Those who cast their eyes about them are rewarded with seeing at their left the lights of Santiago, while from the city come the regular chimes of cathedral bells as they note the advancing hours. To sleep on their arms has a business flavor, but the announcement by a courier that the coming day would doubtless bring on an engagement, with the suggestion that each man should direct what he would like to have done with his effects in case he failed to respond at the following roll-call, sets many a man to thinking.

The first day of July found our Worcester boys getting such comfort as they could from their damp surroundings, sleeping or listening to the barking of El Caney dogs, or to the more distant tolling of the great bell in the Cathedral of Santiago. It would appear that some soul were passing constantly, or that pious friends were paying fabulous sums for the repose of the dead, since that was the interpretation of the solemn sounds, which through the entire night recalled the full significance of the funeral bells of Poe:

"Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!"

There were no ringing notes of bugle-call to rouse the men on this fateful morn, but at 3.30 a.m. the word was passed which drove away all thoughts of sleep. A frugal breakfast

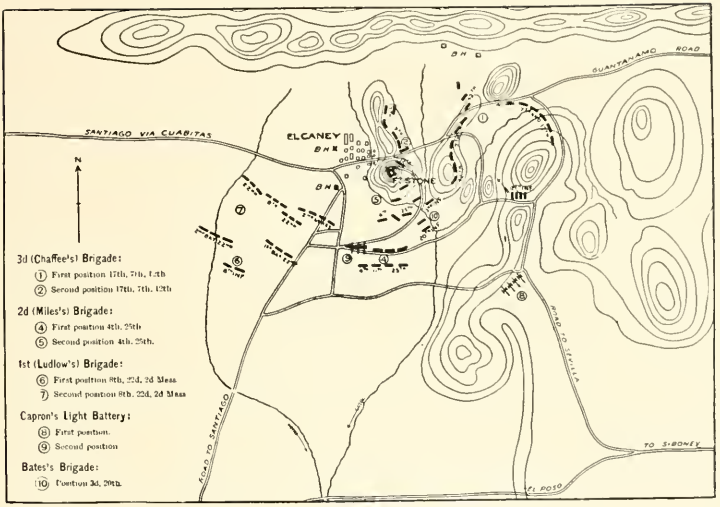
of hardtack, bacon and water was taken cold, and long before our nearest neighbors, the 22d U. S., fell in, the 2d Massachusetts was ready to advance. Capron's Battery, which accompanies the division, is getting into position, and is screening itself with brush. El Caney lies quietly in the distance, and soldiers can be seen plainly as they march about. Each man evidently knew that at last he was to face the fire of the enemy, and that was all that he or his officers knew. The plan of battle, if plan there was, no one has ever seen. Later, it has appeared that the intent was to carry El Caney early in the day, and then with a swing to the left move on San Juan, and so carry all the defences of Santiago, but "there's many a slip," etc.

"Forward" was at last heard, and after the 22d our boys followed, struggling along the devious and cactus-gnarded trails, which came as near being roads as anything in this misruled country could be. Tortuous and narrow, they were muddy besides. It was at 6.43 that the first gun was fired from Capron's Battery, and the Captain of A was hard by when this awakener was sent over towards the Spanish town, and its reception produced a decided sensation among the inhabitants. Other shots followed, but owing to the distance, 2500 yards, the results were not all that could be desired. This location of the battery had necessitated a division of the regiment, and Companies A, C, F, H and I found themselves severed from their own fellows, Major Fairbanks being in command. For some time the whereabouts of the other companies was unknown, they having gone on.

At 7.45 a.m., owing to a cessation of the artillery firing, the companies were allowed to proceed, advancing down hill through a tangle of underbrush and barbed wire, arranged to impede progress. Striking a more level stretch of surface the pace increased, though there are still vexatious delays awaiting orders or to investigate mysterious clumps of bushes, etc. Little effort is made to avoid mud, bayonet-pointed cactus and other obstacles, for the firing-line is nearing, and the leaden danger becomes more imminent. Soon the march brings the line to a small and sluggish stream, across which the men go without delay, and many will remember that it was here they saw their chaplain filling his canteen, and it was a common remark that the job appeared to be an uncommonly long one. A short distance beyond the stream, the main road from El Caney to Santiago is reached and a sharp turn is made to the right.

The roar of artillery and the rattle of rifles have become so uniform that the men are losing their nervousness and await orders for their own participation with eagerness, for the heat of the battle begins to glow in each man's breast. Again there is a deflection to the right, and, advancing, the battalion finds itself under fire. The enemy's range, however, is too high and branches of the trees suffer more than the advancing lines. Wounded men are seen by the roadside, in varying degrees of suffering. Owing to the increasing danger, cover is sought in the edge of a wood. It was at this point that Private Peter N. White was struck by a spent ball, the same striking him upon the shoulder, and he went down at once, only quickly to rise again, as he found that the stroke was in no way serious, the bullet having hit the canteen strap.

It was during this separation that Major Fairbanks added to his reputa-



Map of El Caney Battlefield.

tion for coolness and the boys ever sing his praises as they discourse on the way the "Dandy Major" kept things in order. That he might know just where they were, he called for a couple of men to accompany him as orderlies on a reconnoissance which he undertook. He advanced far enough to find the regimental adjutant, and also to be so much exposed that on their return, Private Fischer vowed he didn't wish to be orderly any longer, being quite willing to forbear any and all honor connected with the position, but he continued to serve, just the same.

The impatient waiting was to have an end, and it came when an orderly rushed up with orders for Major Fairbanks. Immediately follows the command, "Form for attack!" Company I, under Captain Williams, is the firing line. Company A, Captain Barrett, supports, and the other companies are in reserve. Soon the order, "Form line of squad!" and "As skirmishers!" was given, in which formation the advance on El Caney was made. That the attack may be the more effectual, the rolls borne by the men are laid off under a tree, and Corporal Hobbs, with Privates Hall and Smith, are detailed to guard them. The first man wounded is a private in F, whose arm is traversed lengthways by a bullet, inflicting so painful a wound that he set up a howl which was calculated to dispirit the stoutest heart. The excitement and nervousness incident to the event were quickly allayed by the tact of Major Fairbanks, who, as usual, was where he could do the most good.

The advance started in the hope and expectation of finding the regiment, though the same was not found till later. The pioneer corps, under Sergeant Jordan of Company H, was encountered, and from him the location of the other companies was learned. From an elevated position the town of

El Caney is seen some 800 yards away. Large and small block-houses are discovered at intervals where they can best protect the aggregation of houses and shacks which constitute the village. Here the companies were ordered to the right flank, to a position near the stone fort, with directions to hold the position and await further orders. Company formation is had as regularly and as effectually as if on parade, showing the result of drill and discipline. Nothing in the story of the Cuban campaign gives the Worcester boys more regret than the fact that their ammunition was of that old-fashioned character that every shot revealed the presence of the one firing. This was all right in olden times, when every combatant was thus armed, but the Spaniard was using smokeless powder, and was practically invisible. The general commanding early discovered the danger incident to this black smoke and ordered a cessation of firing, and to not fire again unless to prevent the escape of the garrisons in the block-houses. This was a bitter dose for our boys. They had come all the way from their Massachusetts homes to fight the enemy, and now they were held in reserve, all on account of ancient munitions which should have been discarded years before. However, their disposition was good. They had not flinched an inch, and even then were quite willing to take all risks if only they could use their archaic weapons.

In some unaccountable manner, the battalion is so ranged that it is practically at right angles to the main line. The heat is terrible. Any kind of shade is like the rock in a weary land. Private Rice thinks a small tree near by is just the place for him, and accordingly seeks it. Hardly had he gained the place when a bullet strikes so near that it would seem that it had started for him. He loses no time in getting back under cover, declaring that shine was preferable to shade. Pickets under Corporal Allison look out for both flanks. The situation is peculiar. In front is an artillery-swept zone. From the right and front the fire of the enemy is coming, and, to crown all, back of the companies the 4th United States is forming for an advance, and they fire as they move forward. They are to do just what the Second would like to do, and what they would be doing were it not for their ancient outfit. Fortunately, the range of the Fourth is so high that no action arises, but great credit attaches to Private Boardman of A, who, standing upon a knoll, swings his hat and shouts till he attracts the attention of the advancing line, and so lets them know that there are friends between them and the foe. This act had been rewarded by special mention had not the early death of the brave boy prevented.

The soldiers of the Second are loud in their praises of the colored soldiers, to whom should go many of the honors of the campaign. They knew no such word as fear, but swept up the hill like a legion of demons, clearing the way of every obstacle. They rushed over trenches, up to the block-houses through leaden hail, and thrusting their guns through the iron-barred windows, shot the cowering occupants. When, on their return, they were asked why they didn't take some prisoners, one big trooper replied, "What you talkin' 'bout, boss; we didn't come here to play basketball!" And so the fight went on. The taking of El Caney, which was to be accomplished by one brigade in an hour, really took a whole

division eight long hours of steady fighting, but it was done at last.

Owing to the extreme heat of this July day, under a Cuban sun, the canteens were soon emptied, and a detail was made from A to go back for a supply. The squad, consisting of Privates Lamberton, Mills, Allison, Laflamme and Magee, under Sergeant Gowans, taking all the canteens they could carry, went back over a distance of fully a mile, and in the midst of bullets flying in every direction. Though they accomplished their mission and had started on their return, they were permitted to go no farther than the field hospital, as it was stated that a general advance on the town was in progress; thus it was not till 4.30 p.m. that they rejoined their thirsty comrades. It was at this time that Major Fairbanks ordered A Company to deploy as skirmishers, to see that the field over which the firing had been done was free. Reporting the same clear of Americans, Captain Capron trained his guns on the remaining block-houses, and in three well-directed shots demolished them.

The last shot was fired at 5 o'clock, and the privilege of returning to where the extra baggage had been left was appreciated, but there was not to be the opportunity for supper that the men desired, though they had eaten little from their early cold repast of the morning. Corporal Hobbs and his aids had kept away the buzzards and Cuban patriots, for our boys had grown to put them both in the same class. Scarcely had the longed-for haversacks been found, and before their contents could be sampled, came the command, "Fall in!" and the march towards San Juan hill had begun. The Second had about-faced, and was now marching, with El Caney in the rear. The night is dark and the way muddy and as prickly as ever. It would appear that the Dons had prepared an ambuscade, but their plans were revealed by the newness of the wire which glistened in the dim light. The boys must have had some queer reflections on the part which one of the chief industries of their city was playing in this campaign, for go where they might they could not get out of sight or touch of barbed wire. Now Worcester's busy and noisy mills made lots of trouble for Massachusetts men in Cuba. Many reflections were due upon the government for the inadequate utensils which were furnished for cutting this obstructing wire. The pincers were more archaic than the guns, and that was quite needless.

Blood-stained and mud-stained, the night's march was made, generally in double line along roads cut deep with artillery and commissary wagons. Some of the discomforts of "Our Armies in Flanders" are apparent, and possibly some of the language which rendered those armies famous was not lacking, but at last the welcome command to bivouac is heard, and, supperless as well as dinnerless, our boys sink to rest and to sleep, equally indifferent to the past and future.

The halting place was near an old stone bridge spanning the San Juan River, where those who sought found a drinking fluid, good for this country, but the large majority were too tired to seek anything but rest, and sank at once into a condition akin to stupor. There had been no orders to bivouac, but the ever vigilant Captain was determined that every man should go under his blanket, as a protection from the deathly night air of Cuba, a task, however, in many instances exceedingly difficult to per-

form. During this "in place rest" period, a train of mules bearing supplies came up, and Company A's appreciation of this much abused animal's intelligence grew amazingly, for he had to pick his way over the prostrate bodies of the men, a feat that he skillfully accomplished, though in some cases he trod so closely to the heads of the sleepers that long hair kept the mule's feet out of the mud.

It was at the extremely early hour of 2.30 a.m. that the Company was roused, so early, indeed, that many were willing to affirm that they had not been asleep, but as the boys were not taking this excursion for their health, they responded with the least complaint possible. Rations, somewhat meagre in quantity, were dealt out, comprising a bag of sugar and roasted coffee per man, and one box of hard-tack for the company, and there were just two minutes in which to open the latter. The contents of the box were soon appropriated, but much of the sugar had to be left behind. As the movement was a retrograde one, the reversing brought Company A in the lead, whereas, the day before it had brought up the rear. Evidently the advance had met some sort of an obstruction, and this about-face was to offset it. The march began in darkness so dense that each man had to place a hand on the one in front in order to keep in line. The dew, always thick and heavy, made the ground as slippery as ice, while the men themselves were too sleepy to sense where they were going or what they were trying to do. Had they been wakeful and the light sufficient they would have seen the rank undergrowth of a Cuban forest, but all this is lost in the night movement. The regiment is within the zone of Spanish fire and block-houses are abundant.

This retrograde is, in reverse, along the route of yesterday's advance till the San Juan road is reached near the "Bloody Bend." Great numbers of wounded men are coming in to the field hospital. At 6.30 p.m. "Halt" is ordered and the command goes down the line to lay aside the rolls and to be ready for action at any moment. Spanish sharpshooters, from positions in mango trees and elsewhere, are making themselves dangerous to the Americans. Using smokeless powder and being effectually hidden in the leafy tops of trees, they plied their death-dealing vocation with impunity, though occasionally they were detected and brought down without ceremony. The enemy had little respect for the laws of civilized warfare, and even fired on the Red Cross representatives, who were about their mission of mercy. Several lost their lives in this way. The company's position is on the extreme right and the advance is very slow. Congratulations are exchanged over the apparent passing of danger, when orders are twice received to halt and lie flat upon the earth to escape the bullets through low cuts in the hills. Nothing, however, dampens the spirits of the men, the same having risen with the advancing sun, for with faces buried in the grass and with bodies hugging the sod, yarns were spun as if at a camp-fire, and jokes were passed along as though this were every-day work.

At a lull in the firing, the advance was resumed and was continued for about two miles beyond the captured block-house, getting there late in the afternoon, whereupon a squad was sent back for the rolls left behind earlier in the day. Supper was prepared over

small fires, made under the range of hills. There was no command necessary to drive the men to sleep, and the veriest roisterer in the Company was soon seeking "tired nature's sweet restorer." But blissful dreams were rudely broken at 10.30 p.m. by crashing volleys of musketry and the loudly shouted orders of the officers, who dashed up and down the lines pressing their men into position. The music of the bullet was evident as it sang through bush and grass, or "spat" against the trees along the river's side. The intense darkness added to the horrors of the night, and made the occasion seem even worse than the battle of El Caney. The attack lasted fully an hour, when the Spaniards retreated again, through their lack of system, drill or knowledge, having effected very little.

The saying is an honored one that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but Company A men are still wondering that the only man in their ranks to be hit at all was struck twice. Peter N. White got his first stroke at El Caney, and in this night attack he was apparently reserved by fate for the only blow that A received. Lieut. Plummer was the officer of the guard when the firing began, and the men were advancing under orders when White went down. Corp. Hagberg was the first to discover him, and bent over the wounded man to ascertain the trouble. This time, the private, having learned wisdom from his late experience, was not so certain about his condition, but the running of Capt. Barrett's hand around his neck revealed blood; then the cutting away of his clothing indicated the entrance of the bullet. Complaints on White's part as to some trouble near his hip brought out the fact that the missile had come out there, thus accounting for what the Captain had thought a breach of discipline. Strict orders had been given not to fire except as directed, but Captain Barrett was much disturbed at hearing what seemed the discharge of a gun in his ranks, and he had been using some of the language which the occasion called for, when it appeared that the sound was owing to the explosion of three cartridges, produced by the Spanish bullet as it left the wounded man's body. The wound might have been a mortal one, since it entered the left shoulder and, after traversing the trunk, left, as stated, from the left hip. How it managed to escape the vital organs, only the chances that accompany gunshot wounds can tell. A gun stretcher, made from two guns and a partly rolled blanket, was used to carry the private down the exceedingly steep hillside to the temporary hospital. Tenderly as a baby his comrades bore him along with the utmost care, driving their heels into the ground lest a slip might throw him off his blanket.

July 3d was ushered in by a false alarm at 3 a.m., and again at 6 o'clock the men were roused, but those approaching were found to be Cubans rather than the foe. During this day, Private White is borne back to the division hospital, six of his comrades, Cornwell, Hammond, Schofield, Torkelson, Abbott and Heywood, having been detailed for this purpose. As the entire journey of three miles was under the enemy's fire, no little credit is due the men for the manner in which they discharged their duty. They were more fortunate than some in their labor, for in several instances fatalities arose, bearers as well as those carried going down in a common calamity. It is the consensus of opinion that Private

White, in case of another war, had better not take any more chances, having entirely too striking an affinity for bullets. He was shortly taken aboard one of the transports and carried to Georgia, where, in Fort McPherson hospital, he convalesced, till he was able to be sent home.

On this day began the long continued labors of the regiment in digging entrenchments, using knives and plates in lieu of picks and shovels, just as the fathers had done in the days of '61-'65. The firing was light during the forenoon, and at 10 o'clock a flag of truce was run up, the same flying more than twenty-four hours. The day is also memorable in A annals, since it was on the 3d that Private Fischer, in his rambles, found and appropriated a native burro or donkey, which became exceedingly helpful in the toting of water, and on the march he was a burden-bearer of no mean capacity.

America's great day, July 4th, beholds our boys in the trenches, submitting to alternate sun and rain, both in the severest form. Parboiling is a word not inappropriate to represent their condition. The flag of truce is still up, and a further advance of possibly two miles is made towards Santiago, which now lies in plain sight, not more than 2000 yards away, so near that people can be plainly seen as they go to and fro, while America's national colors, red, white and blue, are conspicuous in the stucco-covered sides of the houses. The picture is an impressive one, and not even the possibilities of danger from the nearby city can dim the lustre of the scene. Again rations are growing short. The abundance at Siboney is not helping these hard-working, suffering men, and with one voice they cry out against those who needlessly leave men in hunger when plenty is so near. One-third of regular rations is not a good support for trench-making.

The next day, or the 5th, brought its own surprise, for long lines of people were seen moving out of Santiago, and at first they might easily be taken for columns of fours on the march, but they were quickly resolved into unarmed citizens of all ages, conditions, and of both sexes, moving out to El Caney that they might escape the threatened bombardment. The Company had practiced considerably in silent passing of commands, from commissioned officers to non-commissioned, and they to their men, so that when the non-combatants appeared the word of alarm was given through Lieut. Tisdell, who happened to be the officer of the guard; and the result was all that could be asked for, since in less than four minutes every man was in place. In these crowded days each battalion had its own officer of the guard and officer of the day, hence each officer had to be on duty every alternate day.

As hitherto, digging trenches is the chief calling of the First Brigade, and the Second Massachusetts is by no means slighted. The chain of earthworks is a long one, extending from General Shafter's headquarters in the centre of the line, a long distance to the right, terminating in a swamp made by the shallowing of Santiago Harbor. If the men had been permitted to hold and occupy the trenches they had dug, they had felt better about it, but when they had, after great labor, fixed their defenses with all that the occasion demanded, including gunnybags, filled with sand, placed for embrasures, to be obliged to give them up as they did in one case to the Seventy-first New York, there was a draft upon the raw

Frank E. Gale.
Rufus J. Martin.
Philemon Brulé.

Chas. F. Lamberton.
Chas. A. Barton.
Arthur C. Magee.

Sergt. Jas. T. Cruikshank.
Albert Johnson.
Herbert A. Ballou

material that they were hardly able to supply. The inadequacy of entrenching tools may be seen when it appears that the entire regiment of above 900 men had four shovels and only one or two picks, while the near-by regulars were well supplied. The query will ever continue, "Who did sin?" that these honest soldiers were compelled to work at such great disadvantage?

Lucky the man who had one of the coveted regulation tools, for the others must improvise their working material from haversacks and pockets. Case and pocket knife, plate, spoon, and even, as the last resort, fingers, nature's first weapons, were called into use.

Under the fiery sun men must be relieved every ten minutes. Perspiration fairly pours from the bodies, which have been divested of shirts, the men working naked to the waists. Blistered hands are the rule, till callouses appear; bloody fingers, under their primitive ordeal, are not uncommon, and many a boy wonders what the home folks would say if they could take a look at the scene. Something of a contrast from a drill-shed parade or an inspection on the Framingham camp-ground! Night-work, too, is necessary, and this is done without lights and with only whispered words. When the welcome rests occur, the men throw themselves upon the ground with bared breasts, grateful to the heavy, cooling dew, utterly careless as to what the results may be. The nights are dark, mists appearing to hide the very stars. At such times, as the men with naked, glistening skins labored in the trenches, fancy not unreasonably pictured them as ghosts rising from their graves for a midnight revel, and whatever Scotch blood there was in the company recalled Alloway Kirk and its display of "cutty sarks."

The dawn of day would send the men, dripping and muddy, through the parallels to their camps, where, with a hastily eaten morsel of food, they dropped into sleep and forgetfulness.

The 6th of July brought with it entrenching for Company A until noon, when the men are ordered to prepare for an attack, but none came. At 3.30 p.m. the colors of the Second are planted on the breastworks. Later at their call, the officers assembled at headquarters and were there informed of the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago Harbor. Nothing but extreme weariness prevents the enthusing which such an announcement merited, but these men, like all makers of history, little realized the magnitude of the victory on that memorable Sunday. To crown all their misfortunes, the men had run against a wood poison, similar to the poison ivy of our northern states, and what was equally bad, they could find no antidote till someone found that common salt relieved the discomfort, but salt was as scarce as tobacco. The source of the evil was found to be a poison oak, the under side of whose leaf was covered with prickers which easily punctured the skin, and were the prime cause of the misery.

The record for the 7th is a short one, viz.: only trench-making and the receipt of mail from home, the latter contributing its part towards the second half of the proverb, "Short and sweet."

On the 8th it would appear that there were no more trenches to be dug, and accordingly at an early hour Lieut. Tisdell with enlisted men, Thomson, Clapp, Hall, Wills and Laflamme, leave camp for a trip to El Caney and the battlefield of July 1st. The village, so often named in these columns, is a

small place of possibly 300 inhabitants, and it is difficult to imagine 20,000 people crowded into its streets and houses, yet that is its condition under the influx from the threatened city of Santiago. Here is no distinction of person; proud Castilian is pressed by the lowest type of Cuban negro; here are all shades of complexion and every rank of society. Costume shades down from the richest fabric to rags, and from them to naked nature, but all are alike starving. Before reaching the hamlet our observers had seen the refugees trying to secure food from mango trees and such other sources as the forests and fields afforded. The appeals of these famished people were heart-rending, and no American haversack was proof against the cry.

The plaza in front of the church is densely crowded, as are all the rooms in the town, and the incoming masses even dot the hillsides with their improvised camps. That there are still governments on earth is apparent in the banners of different notionalities which are flung out from several places, indicating the presence of foreign consuls. There are no sanitary provisions and filth reigns indescribably. The stench is horrible, while the water for all purposes is taken from a stream in which children are bathing and women washing clothes. Such sights make our boys part with their rations all the more readily, for they were rapidly losing their appetites. Added to the foregoing sources of discomfort must be named the partially buried bodies of the Spanish soldiers slain in the fight of July 1st, whose reeking corpses were producing a condition that seemingly would speedily breed a plague. The stay in the filth-reeking village was none too long, and thence the boys sought the old stone fort east of El Caney, thence across the brook and so over the ground held by the Second in the fight. They visit the graves of the men of their regiment killed in the encounter, and, at a late hour, make their way back to camp.

Captain Barrett in the Field.

The 9th of July is remembered on account of the visit received by Company A from Captain Moynihan, Lieutenant McCann and several enlisted

men of the Worcester Emmet Guards, then serving in another part of the field as Company G of the 9th Massachusetts, U. S. V. The handshakes, so far away from home, were hearty and sincere, and the interview was a green oasis in the desert of every-day camp life. The first man to go to the hospital from A Company on account of illness was W. G. Cornwell, who went this day suffering from rheumatism.

Sunday, the 10th, brought very little of the quiet home familiar to the most of these boys, but at 4 a.m. the reveille sounded, and an hour later the march began again to the right, apparently nothing less than the circumambulation of the city being in store for the regiment. The orders for this start had been given at midnight in the most quiet manner to the Company officers by the Adjutant, and the mysterious way of imparting them gave the impression of something out of the ordinary impending. However, the march was continued till a railroad track was passed, when there was a slight swing to the left, near an old sugar-mill, and there intrenching began once more. The Cubans had been there before the Second's arrival, but their work was scarcely better than the stirring up of the earth with sticks, but even that start did not fall to the lot of A and F, which companies had to start anew. Firing began at 4.45 p.m., before the trenches were completed, but the men stuck to their work without faltering; indeed so careless had the men become that it was necessary to order some of them down from the top of the earthworks, where, in their desire to see how the shells struck, they were needlessly exposing themselves. Captain Barrett had the very sensible notion that a live soldier is vastly more efficient than a dead one, however brave he might be. While the excitement is at its height groans are heard from the bushes in the rear of the line, and the cause is anxiously sought with a fear that some one has been severely wounded. Something akin to disgust supplants solicitude when it is found that the sounds proceed from one of the boys who is suffering from an exaggerated case of stomachache, which his comrades aver he might have had at home or anywhere.

The firing, which had died down last night at 7 o'clock, was resumed on the 11th, but the enemy did not respond. There is a slight shaking up of commands to-day, on account of Major Southmayd's being invalided home, and Captain Barrett becomes the temporary commander of the 3d Battalion, and Lieut. Tisdell goes to the head of A Company. This is only for two days, when the Captain returns to his own, but the old battalion is now numbered two. Once more the regiment is moving to the right, and on the way passes the conduit which furnished water to the beleaguered city. The Spaniards had been guarding the same with considerable care, for they realized the value of the water-supply to the people; however, fleeing on the approach of the Americans, the Cubans had rushed in and very quickly broken the cement pipe through which the water ran. The result was a small water-fall, at which the soldiers were not slow to fill their canteens and to enjoy the unusual opportunity. The route is over hill and through dale, with the city of Santiago plainly in view a large part of the time. The red cross, conspicuously displayed from so many of the houses, would lead the observer to think that the place was one vast hos-

pital; that the display was one big piece of duplicity were the safer conclusion. At one time, rolls and haversacks were laid off and the impression was that business was impending, but nothing came of it.

A halt is at last called and camp is pitched in a hollow, whence the city is visible, but hardly were the tents up before the severest thunder-storm as yet experienced set in. The depressed condition of the camping-ground rendered the situation all the worse, since the space became little better than a catch-basin, wherein the falling rain was detained. Meantime rations had been brought up to a place some two miles away and there dropped. Five men were sent off for the Company's share, but they returned too late for distribution that night. In the Company annals no more uncomfortable night is recorded. The thunder came like reports of artillery just at hand, and the bolts of lightning fell so near and so constantly that it seemed that no one could escape. Lieut. Tisdell, with lower limbs swollen by rheumatism, found it impossible to remain under his tent, and so sat the long night through on a cracker-box with back against a tree. Captain Barrett had to spend a part of his time trying to hold up the ridge of his covering, and the earth became so thoroughly soaked that it would not hold a tent-peg. With no rations, soaked to the skin, it is not strange that even the stoutest hearts among officers and men were for a time considerably discouraged. In this disconsolate condition, orders to pack up came, and the rolls of tent and blanket, made all the heavier by rain, were taken up and the march proceeded. It led through roads, always bad, now ankle deep with mud, and so slippery that regimental orderlies sometimes measured their respective lengths in the slime as they hurried to their destinations. Notwithstanding the discomforts of the situation, the boys had no difficulty in cracking smiles at such discomfiture. While the road seemed to be the very worst possible, even muddier fate awaited the boys in the swamp through which they waded, a sort of terminal of Santiago Harbor, for this day's doings ended the circuit of the city. General Ludlow and an engineer came up and designated where earthworks were to be thrown up, and again the soldiers were doing the digging act. The Spaniards were in plain sight, and it did not seem as though they would permit trench-making so near at hand without, at least, a protest, and the work was started with no little apprehension; but for some reason they were silent, and the excavating went on, day and night. Rain fell so constantly that in some places the boys dug in water nearly waist deep. By some means candles had been found, and under their flickering light the direction for night-work was gained. Just one Spanish gunboat had been left in the harbor, and it was the constant wonder of the men that it did not open on them, for it had been the easiest thing in the world to blow them out of their trenches. Possibly there was fear of retaliation on the part of the batteries which General Miles had brought, and which were now admirably planted in positions to effectually shell Santiago on the least provocation; or possibly the enemy had done enough fighting to satisfy his honor, and he was only waiting for the convenient moment to give up. At the right of the Second are the 8th and 22d, and at the left, on a high hill, the 4th Regulars.

Rain falls every day, so that special

Capron's Battery at El Caney.
Stone Block-house, El Caney.
Cubans in Yankee Garb.

Co. A Relieved by Co. C
Field Commissary.
Camping in the Field.

mention is unnecessary, and when the sun shines between whiles the earth fairly reeks. The upturning of the earth appears to release malarial germs, and the dreaded fever begins, but extra precautions are taken against surprise. Parallels are run out to the main works, so that the same can be reached without too much exposure. On the 14th, there was the usual service in the water-filled trenches, waiting for attacks which never came. On the contrary, at 3.50 p.m., it was evident that something unusual was approaching from the left, and soon an orderly appeared stating that the city and its surroundings had surrendered. To shout and yell was the first thought of the

hearers, but with the announcement came the request to make no demonstration lest the enemy should reconsider his giving up. However, there must be some kind of a vent, and seemingly the covers blew off, for each and every hat went into the air, and swinging arms had to express what the voices lacked; but so apprehensive were all concerned of treachery that all the outposts were considerably strengthened that night. However, the most of the men felt that their work was just about done.

With the cessation of enforced toil and the lessening of the strain came a physical letting-down which soon told on the men, and responses to the surgeon's call became more numerous. The non-coming of mail also had a dispiriting effect. The 17th was noteworthy in that the men were ordered to mount the earthworks and thus constructively participate in the formal surrender of the city. At 12 m. the flag was supposed to go up on the Governor's palace, and a salute of twenty-one guns announced the auspicious fact. Immediately thereafter the company marched to regimental headquarters, where a letter from President McKinley was read by Colonel Clark. Early in the evening seven transports came steaming into the harbor, and "what next?" was in everybody's mind. Many thought a trip to Porto Rico was on the tapis, and, as the sequel showed, it had been money in our boys' pockets if they had gone, for then they would have escaped that long period of fever and partial starvation.

On the 18th came the Worcester Telegram, latest date July 3d, and its advent was hailed with cheers. Three men, Bruso, Torkelson and Hayward, were detailed to go over to El Poso and get the delayed mails. Nine men are on the sick-list. The next day, the diversion of digging being over, drill was resumed, and there were few days in which A Company didn't get some part of this essential feature of a soldier's life. So near is the camp to the city, the stroke of the public clocks can be distinctly heard. Captain Barrett has the distinction of being detailed as a road commissioner with the power to select his workmen at will. He enters upon his task with so much zeal, repairs and builds so effectually that in three days he reports his work accomplished. General Ludlow can hardly believe the statement and sallies forth to inspect. After he had passed over one bridge so well made and so effectually concealed that he did not recognize it in passing, his incredulity was ended, and he at once complimented the Captain on the thoroughness of his work. Some of those bridges are yet in service in the swampy land. Notwithstanding unfavorable criticisms from some officers and many men, the setting-up drill continues, and possibly the remarkable condition of this company in the matter of health as compared with other companies of the same regiment may be ascribed to this same enforced exercise.

On the 20th, Lieut. Tisdell is detailed to sit in a court-martial at brigade headquarters. The 21st brought rations of fresh beef, which were highly appreciated. Also sugar was issued as the result of economy in the company fund, the second expression of this sort, the first being small quantities of rice and salt. Sickness is on the increase, and many of the poor fellows are seemingly losing their minds. It is difficult to rouse some of them from their stupor. When summoned for particular duty, they may rise, salute with a vacant stare or grin, and

then immediately lie down in their tents. The homesick feeling is getting in its work also. Less than half the Company responds to drill-call on the 22d, and those who visit the surgeon begin to think that his pill-box contains quinine only; thus does history repeat itself, for such was the experience of these boys' fathers in dark Rebellion days.

For the first time since leaving Ybor City, fresh bread made its appearance on the 23d, but the way it came was not particularly appetizing, since the seventy-seven loaves were unceremoniously dumped upon the ground. The under loaves in this case were not under alone. The fresh-beef rations having so far lost their freshness that suspicions of age were all too rife, they were not taken with favor, but were forthwith buried. A hospital is improvised from an old railroad depot a quarter of a mile away. It has neither windows nor doors, and the floor is mother earth, but it does have a covering. Death, which had so mercifully spared amidst the battle-shock, now became a constant visitor, though he took none of Company A. Taps over a soldier's grave with following volleys of musketry became so common that the men grew horribly depressed at the sound, and it seemed that honors to the dead were likely to destroy the living, till orders were given to bury the departed comrades without sound of gun or bugle. It was no uncommon sight, in near-by companies, to see a non-commissioned officer peering into a tent and then with hurried step to seek his captain or lieutenant, who would quickly visit the same tent, and then after a hasty glance, with sad face, tie down the flap, indicating that another spirit had been released.

To what must be ascribed this Company's immunity from actual death? Not luck, surely! To begin with, it had the advantage of a full list of commissioned officers. These men had been in command or service a long time and were excellent disciplinarians. At the time many exactions seemed harsh, and possibly worse; nor did they escape severest criticism, but when the results of abstinence, drill and self-denial became evident, those who decried loudest were equally decided in their approbation. Much, too, must be allowed for the brotherly spirit which pervaded the company. Anything that any one could do for his fellow was none too good. Never will the boys cease to remark on the devotion of their comrade Israel, who, when he began to convalesce from his own serious illness, kindly volunteered to remain and to try to soften the rigors of the situation. The dishes that he prepared from potatoes and condensed milk quickened many a failing appetite and perhaps saved lives, for the hospital was utterly destitute of every luxury. There was no lack of sincerity when the sufferers voted him an Israelite indeed, one in whom there was no guile.

It was at this time that the Captain learned that Clara Barton, the Red Cross angel, was in Santiago, and knowing her place of nativity, he conceived the brilliant notion of writing her a letter, which he sent in the hands of Private Higginbotham. As the latter tells the story, the scene was one for an artist when he communicated his mission. Tears were in her eyes as she said, "Do you mean to tell me that Massachusetts boys are suffering thus in our very vicinity?" For Clara Barton to realize a need was to set about filling it, and it was not long before the messenger drew up in front of

Camp of Company A Before Santiago.

the company with a two-wheeled Cuban vehicle, carrying all it would bear, viz., a barrel of Quaker oats, a 250-pound bag of corn meal, two boxes of malted and one of condensed milk. After leaving a fair portion for those on duty, the remainder was sent to the hospital. Cots were sent later. There is an impression that the philanthropist drove by quite near their camp, but the Worcester soldiers had no opportunity to express to their fellow county-born the gratitude they felt for her kindness.

Also the company was fortunate in having in its ranks two druggist clerks. Private Morse was the very next thing to a doctor and he was always to be found. Very soon after the surrender, he made a prescription, or several of them, for the Captain, that the latter might have on hand a list of most needed specifics. Captain Barrett went into the city and had his lists made out and then demanded the cost. Having been told that the whole outlay ought not to be more than ninety cents, he was nearly paralyzed at the reply "Five dollars." Evidently this was not a case of the invader spoiling the land, but quite the reverse. Says the Captain, "What do you mean by charging me such a price when you know it should not cost one-fifth that sum? Now you can take one dollar or I will order in my men who are close by and they will clean you out." Though there was many a shrug of displeasure, the Don preferred his dollar to dispossession.

There are those who remember how funny that khaki blouse of Captain Barrett looked. It was pocketed all the way round. No one knows just how many it contained, but there seemed to be nothing in the way of supplies that it was incapable of furnishing. One man who had accused the officer of marching in light array had occasion to lift the garment once, whereupon he remarked, "I'll never accuse you of carrying light weight again." On occasion he could produce from the mysterious depths of that

same coat rhubarb and quinine pills; doses of castor-oil; arnica, ammonia, cholera medicine; and there was a precious pint flask of brandy whose contents could be sampled only as a final resort, and then only under the strictest surveillance. So carefully and judiciously were the brandy drops dispensed that when the boys reached home there were just three swallows of the liquid left. The company also possessed a stretcher which it had no occasion to use for itself, but it was frequently loaned. Moreover, there had been prepared a number of small bottles with close-fitting stoppers, and within were bits of paper upon which the names of any member dying could be written, and the same, placed with the remains, would afford indubitable identification when efforts should be made to return the body to Massachusetts.

Monday the 25th brought the Worcester Telegram and measurements for new suits of khaki, and the valuable fact that Company A had the lowest percentage of illness in the regiment. The next day, Captain Barrett and Lieut. Tisdell went into town and also paid a visit to the transport Knickerbocker, the one on which the trip to Cuba was made. While on board, the Captain was attacked with violent illness, and for a time it seemed as though he could not leave the boat. Knowing full well how his absence might be misinterpreted, he determined to get back to his company some way. The Lieutenant had gone on, and when the shore was reached Capt. Barrett was so ill that he was wholly incapable of walking. In this strait he luckily descried the Colonel's colored cook, who had ridden a mule into the city. Wishing to remain for a time he was particularly anxious to get the animal back to camp. Fortune favors the brave, and by an exchange of services, the Captain rode back to his own and the cook had his animal safely restored. Twenty men are reported ill.

The 27th, Privates Allison, Hall and Laflamme were sent over to the commissary headquarters to buy tobacco and canned goods for the Company, and late in the same day, Allison with Private Young was detailed for five days' duty in the city. The month of July dragged its weary length along with few variations save as new men went to the hospital and a less number of convalescents returned, and wherever such a case was noted, due credit was given to Comrade Morse and his invaluable medicine-chest. The non-commissioned officers of the Company were efficient men, and all agree that 1st Sergeant Allison, though small in stature, was large in deeds, and, though his own brother was in the Company, so absolutely impartial that the latter thought, in the matter of detail for extra work, he would have fared better were some other man orderly. Then there was Corporal Ralph Allison, who was also company clerk, and he was as steady as a clock in the pursuit of duty; but he was badly sold one day, when demands were made for the crack shots of the Company and the impression was had that the nicest kind of work was needed. When the Corporal returned from his labors he remarked that the next time shooters were wanted diggers had better be sent, since it was a shovel he had to use instead of a gun. Commissary Sergeant Poland, in the Cuban days, was sometimes regarded rather unfavorably by the boys, particularly if special favors were wanted in the way of rations, but a retrospect shows how absolutely just and impartial he was in all of his distributions. He saw his

duty, and he did it. The very last day of the month brought small bits of ice for the hospital inmates, secured by the Captain, and a degree of comfortable weather quite unusual for Cuba.

Had the boys of Company A been aware that August, whose first day came in fair and warm, would end their service in Cuba, there had been more smiling faces than there were

Our Artist Afield.

when the rumor was circulated that peace had been declared. So many times had they been deceived by Dame Rumor, they declared this, too, was only a "Jojo" story, devised to keep up the spirits of the homesick soldiers. Apparently there were some who could find no better amusement than in devising yarns which might catch the ears of the unwary. As this story was preceded by a deal of cheering, even the most incredulous began to fancy there might be something in it. However wrong in principle, there can be little doubt that these fake rumors had a beneficial effect, for hope, which is said to spring eternal in the breast of man, had well nigh died out of the hearts of many of these Massachusetts lads. The fever which reigned in their veins had seemingly burned out the better part of their minds, and they would lie helpless upon the ground, or, if able to stand, would reel like drunken men. Their eyes were sunken, their cheeks hollow, and one might doubt if his best friend, thus suffering, knew him on meeting. What a blessing it was that not every one was thus sick at the same time, else there had been no one left to tell the tale. Going down to the very brink of the dark river with almost a touch of its lethean flow, they would slowly come back to take up the duties of a soldier's life, and to bear a part in the care of those on the downward slope.

Rain or shine, sick or well, there were few days when the Company did not have a taste of drill, which the old German Colonel thought was the real end of a soldier's existence. This necessity of doing something had its part in the Company's escape from the actual presence of Death. Idle hands are provocative not only of mischief, but of other ills as well. For several days no rain is had, and its absence is agreeable, but the sun shines with increasing fervor. Postal facilities improve, and almost every day something in the mail line gladdens the eyes of the men. Nor are rumors wanting that the departure is at hand. While the Guards do not succumb to the grim destroyer, almost every day sees some

poor boy's remains laid away in the grave. Some doubtless thought of the rhymes, familiar in boyhood's days, from "The Burial of Sir John Moore":

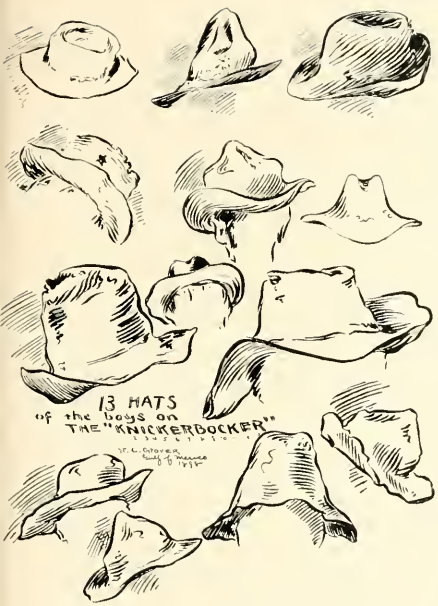
> "No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
> Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
> But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

At the best, only a blanket or half of a shelter-tent is devoted to enwrapping the clay now to molder back to kindred earth.

August moves slowly along with few variations. Men are going to the hospital and returning thence, and all are wondering what they are staying for. The eighth day brought the paymaster, and compensation for two months. Then the chief lacking was a place where the pay might be profitably spent. The surroundings afforded nothing, and there was not even the old-time solace of a sutler with his high-priced commodities. One might wonder where the chaplain of the Second was during all these trying hours, but the records appear singularly silent as to the offices of this gentleman. If he were the ministering angel that army clergymen are supposed to be, nothing of his deeds reached the ears of Company A, but over in the Twenty-second Regulars was a chaplain who had the ears and hearts of his men, irrespective of creed. The priest, Father Fitzgerald, though his faith was foreign to that of most of the men in the Second, his coming was hailed with applause and gratitude, for they knew how faithfully he had ministered to the boys in their suffering.

"Ye Brave Orderly" and General Ludlow

It was during these days that Col. John F. Marsh of Springfield, and later Halleck Bartlett of Worcester, visited the camp on Good Samaritan errands, but somehow the former's ministrations did not appear to reach many of those supposed to be interested. Indeed, one soldier of A Company says: "All the lemons and other viands we got, we stole." There is nothing so direct nor commendable as military frankness, though this extenuation may be offered, that the soldier usually discriminated in his reaching after things. On the 10th day there came to Colonel Clark an order that was better for sick men than any medicine possible. It was to the effect that on the next day or that following the Second would start for home. The bugle-call summoning the officers to headquarters gave added weight to the news. This day came the khaki uniforms, for which measurements had been made in July. That they might be well off with the old before they were on with the new, orders were given that all the cast-off clothing should be burned. If this order had been literally obeyed,



Some of the Hats that Went up at the Surrender.

from 9 a.m. to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the men had been all but naked, for the clothing did not appear as early as expected. One of the absurdities, in this enforced burning, was that all under-clothing was retained so that fever germs were still on hand. However, consistency was ever a jewel that very few possess. When the new khakis did come, there was a general stripping, and bonfires were started, into which war-worn garments were thrown. This destruction of apparel was not on account of the presence of the peculiar curse of army-life, viz., vermin, for the rule of cleanliness had been quite too generally enforced for this calamity, but that there might be carried to the States no trace of yellow fever, the dread of all hot climates. Though the Second was encamped for some time in its final location, the camp was so thoroughly policed and the tents so constantly aired and stirred up that the *pediculus corporis* found no lodgment—a fact which the fathers of these young soldiers claim renders their army experience much less varied than that of 1861-'65.

The departure from this land of the palm should not be made without further reference to the sufferings of the men from causes which seemingly might have been avoided. For instance, was there not some way to give the sick men better accommodation than the old railroad station afforded? Windowless, with leaky roof, it kept out very little of the wind and rain. As for doctors, there were scores, hundreds of men in the States anxious to help here, but they had no chance. Both Surgeon Bowen and Assistant Surgeon Hitchcock were themselves in hospital, where Bowen died, and Second Assistant Gates had been detailed for duty in one of the regular regiments, so that for two days the Second was without any medical attendance. When Surgeon Gates did return, he did all that mortal man could do, and for his work the men can never be grateful enough, nor will they forget the contract surgeon, who also seemingly thoroughly sensed the situation. Officers and men did all they could to have the luxury of a bath, but places had to be sought with diligence. Guards were stationed to prevent the defiling of those streams whence drinking water was secured, so men would go off in pairs to find some trickling rill, and, collecting the drops in canteens, would take turns in pouring the contents over their respective persons. All the time, from any elevation the sea or harbor was in sight, and why were they not permitted to take reviving dips therein? As with Lord Dundreary, this is one of the things no "fellah" can find out.

The famous Round Robin episode is recalled wherein the heads of regiments protested against certain action, and the difference between regular and volunteer officers became apparent when the former would say, "I hope you will do all you can to prevent the sending of the men back into the hills. With you it will make no difference, but with us it means the loss of position in our way upward. If the men go to the hills, few if any will ever return." Fortunately the men did not make the trip to the interior, and the epidemic of yellow jack was avoided.

Co. A's Don Quixote and His Rosinante.

If Company A at any time had a mascot, it was when the boys came into possession of a burro which, like all beasts of her order and sex, was known as Jennie. She was the most useful and patient of animals, and, under the care of Private Mills, became a marvel of helpfulness. Water had to be brought some distance, so with characteristic ingenuity the manager of the caravan had fitted up a saddle, upon which the boys could hang their canteens, and thus caparisoned the procession of donkey and driver would set forth to the watering-place. While the soldier was filling the canteens, Jennie was allowed to roll, crop the herbage, and disport herself as she chose. When again loaded with her watery burden, she would return to camp in the steadiest of jogs, with the loss of never a drop. In camp she was a general pet, and would eat hardtack like an old campaigner. As the currying of her hairy coat was a general diversion, she became exceedingly sleek and fat. Had there not been an order forbidding the taking on board of all animals, save officers' horses, the boys would have devised some means to bring their Cuban friend home with them. As it was, she became an invaluable adjunct to Lieut. Plummer in his subsequent stay, and, finally, she was given to a Cuban boy who had been helpful and useful about the camp and hospital. The boys tell, with great gusto, the story of Jennie's failure to show up one morning and the consequent consternation. The disappearance of Santiago itself could scarcely have disturbed them more. Had some envious company or regiment stolen the beast? Search-parties were organized at once, and most diligently was the neighboring region scrutinized. It was the Captain's good fortune to find the lost animal closely wound up in her hitch-rope, and so interlaced with bushes and undergrowth that she had inevitably starved had not the discovery been made. The hurrah which announced Jennie's return was similar to that which accompanies the home-coming of a search party with the joyful shout, "The child which was lost is found."

August 11th saw the camp in all the bustle of preparation to leave. How happy the boys were over the thought of seeing home again. Every heart

pulsates more rapidly and appetite quickens with visions of Worcester and her well-spread tables. As the Captain and his lieutenants see the sun go down, they remark, "It is the last time we shall see the sun disappear over that cursed hill." But at that very moment there was in the Captain's possession an order commanding one of his associates to forego his home-returning, and to remain in Cuba to look after the wants of the sick who could not then be moved. Thinking the Lieutenant would rest better with the thought of going home in his mind, the special order was withheld till the morning of the 12th prevent the introduction of yellow fever into the United States. As the days went on, his horses died, and he could get no more; then Jennie, the donkey, worked in and she was very, very useful. The Lieutenant had a small pocket Bible, which became very much like a prayer-book in his ministrations over the dead. Graves were dug by the Cubans, who would accompany the officer in his placing the departed in the ground, but being very superstitious the least rustle of a leaf became to them the presence of disembodied spirits, and they were off at once, leaving the lone soldier to his gruesome

Wm. G. Standish. Geo. E. Allison. Jos. T. Laflamme.

after breakfast. Then Lieutenant Plummer had his fate announced. Like a true soldier he took his orders without a grimace, and only said, "If ordered to remain, I shall stay and do my duty." That he did his duty most effectually, every one at all conversant with the facts agree. Before the regiment had departed, he had appropriated all the regimental and hospital tents, and had the poor fellows from the railroad-station apology for a hospital carried into them. The design was to have those too weak to go on the transport detained, that they might follow on the hospital boat; also to carefully task; but he, stout of heart, would read over the grave words from his holy book, and then return to his quarters, which each day grew more lonely. Certain men were detailed from other companies to remain with Lieutenant Plummer. The torture to which these soldiers were thus subjected was akin to that which Tantalus and Sisyphus underwent. From all sides, both in his own company and from others, come continuous praises of the way our Lieutenant did his duty. Like Jim Bludsoe in the rhyme—

> "He see his duty a dead sure thing,
> And he went for it there and then."

It was early in the morning of the 12th that the command was given for all to fall in who thought they could stand the trip home, and it must redound to the credit of Company A that not a man was missing from the ranks except Private Fairbanks, who was absent on duty, and certain ones who had been sent home. Though many had been on the sick list, and even then were very shaky on their legs, not a man had yielded to the arch enemy, but each and every one could still answer, "Here." They march over to headquarters, where they are inspected by the surgeon, who finally decides that Fischer should remain for the better appointments of the hospital boat. Still there are men who can not endure the march to the docks, so they are carried in army wagons, and even then some of them faint in transit. It was a sorry looking lot of men who marched away from the camp of so many days. Hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, and limping along, they must have excited the astonishment of the inhabitants as they went through; and there would be little wonder if some Spaniards, among the onlookers, did not reproach themselves over the thought that they had surrendered to such a sickly-looking crew as these departing Americans were. Their way into town was over the road that their own ingenuity and industry had built, and over the roughly paved streets of the city, they come to the wharf, only to find that the lighters are not on hand, having had already the carrying of the other regiments of the brigade to the transport Mobile, which drew too many feet of water to admit of her approach to the dock. But everything comes to him who waits, and at last, by means of the "Laura and Bessie," Company A nears the vessel, but as usual there was something between the men and fruition, for a flat-boat is trying to get rid of its load, though with indifferent success. There was Lieut. Vesper, too sick to help himself, and his men, too feeble to help him. From Company A the cry came, "It's up to us to do this job"; and thus intrusting their guns to near-by comrades, men enough jumped on board the craft, tied the Lieutenant into his chair, and with two men ahead and two behind he was elevated up the ship's side, and the way was soon made clear for the contents of the "Laura and Bessie."

On board the Mobile, the story of the Knickerbocker was in a measure repeated. There was lack of preparation. The two regular regiments had had the pick of places, and there was left for the Second only second or third choice. Still Yankee ingenuity did not entirely fail them, and they finally, by purchase or otherwise, secured quarters not the worst possible. The sick-bay was on the first or upper deck in the after part, and its covering afforded scant protection from rain, which frequently fell in torrents, while the sun at times beat down upon the men most pitilessly. Hammocks were given out as far as they would go, and then men who had money, and all had been recently paid, made dickers with the crew, so that some had as good as the best. In the same way many improved their food-rations. The fare for the sick was not adapted to their wants, and they had to take the regular rounds of hardtack and canned stuff, or nothing. The men frequently had not strength to brush off the flies which settled over their faces. Those who cared for the sick were only a bit better off than their patients.

The grand start for home is made on the 13th, and dinner call is unheeded in the anxiety of the men to take a parting look at Santiago—"St. James" the word is in English vernacular—but there is

QUINCY E. FORTIER.

nothing saint-like in the reflections of the men of the Second as they steam away. Through the neck of the bottled-up harbor the Mobile passes, close to the sunken Merrimack, evidence of Lieutenant Hobson's bravery, near the wrecked Reina Mercedes, trophy of the deeds of July 3d, and on yonder frowning height is El Morro, grim reminder of days when such battlements were defenses. Now, armed with her guns of century make, the fort is scarcely better than a curiosity shop. The next day, as they steamed along towards home, there is seen in the distance a trace of smoke, which soon develops into a vessel, and, from the blackened clouds which come from the stacks, it is evident that she is making steam. The condition of peace negotiatons was not known on board, and the English captain had no relish for a Spanish capture, so he calls for help to crowd in the coal in his own furnaces. The same is readily given by the men, but the stranger has greater speed and rapidly overhauls, though he is in such a direction that his colors can not be made out. At last there comes from his bow a puff of smoke, but the Mobile does not slacken; then follows a solid shot, and, in firing it, the direction of the boat is so changed that the Star-spangled Banner is shown. The Mobile slows down as visions of a Spanish prison disappear, and as the gunboat "Yankee" comes near is heard the call, "Who is it?" When due answer is made the Mobile's company learns that their pursuer has on board a contingent of the Massachusetts Naval Militia, so with a hearty exchange of Bay State cheers the vessels separate. Company A had no intention of going hungry, and Captain Barrett gave himself entirely to the help and comfort of his men. A little judicious use of Uncle Sam's currency made him solid with the cook, hence when the boilers were not otherwise employed, they were making soup for Company A. To get the same to the boys without exciting the suspicions of other companies, was the chief trouble. When the proper time came, a couple of men would approach, and, covering their wash-boiler of soup with a rubber blanket, they would quietly get back to their own, bearing also a fresh biscuit for each man, all this being so much extra in their regular rations; thus much for care and foresight.

In this home-coming there was no sound so dreaded as that of three bells, when the vessel stopped, and all knew that some poor body was to be consigned to the deep. It was not a long pause, but chills ran through forms not accustomed to fear at the thought, "The next lot may be mine." In this way the Worcester boys saw the body of their staunch friend and comrade of Company C, Harry B. Wentworth, disappear. Could it be possible that his stalwart frame had wasted away till scarcely more than a skeleton was committed to the sea? On the fourth day out all that

was mortal of Lieut. Vesper, whom Company A boys had helped aboard, was given an ocean burial. With rations good and bad behind them, with their campaign on foreign shores ended, late in the afternoon of the 18th of August land is sighted, and our boys see again their native shore. Never did it look dearer, and it were not strange if there were some stern resolves to never leave it more. Peace settles down on troubled souls, and to Captain Barrett the sight is particularly consoling, for now he can lay aside his cares and take the first sound sleep that had fallen upon his eyelids since the departure from Santiago Harbor. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The morning of the 19th of August revealed the eastern extremity of Long Island, N. Y., known in geography as Montauk Point; and an unobstructed sight of any part of God's country gave satisfaction to the fever-stricken soldiers, but an immediate landing was out of the question, since a hunt for yellow-fever symptoms must be had before *terra firma* can be touched. As a preliminary all the men are drawn up in line near their respective quarters, and quarantine physicians carefully inspect each jaundiced voyager. Fortunately, Company A reveals no suspect, so all may go ashore as far as the yellow danger is concerned. While the inspection is in progress, Captain Barrett, realizing how anxious the folks at home would be to know how the boys had endured the return trip, wrote certain words upon a strip of paper and, wrapping the same around a silver dollar, threw the missile to an apparently honest party, with the statement that he might retain the change after forwarding the message by telegraph. This telegram was to Mrs. Barrett in Worcester, and was as follows: "Every one in Company A alive. Please notify papers." This message, received and given to the local press, was the very first intimation that Worcester had of the condition of the returning Company. On this day, only the sick left the boat, but papers and letters from home and the outside world were received.

The 20th brings the real debarkation, and as usual when anything of the kind was to be done, the Captain of A Company had the task of superintending the unloading. Selecting men from each company, and with forty stevedores, the work was begun, and progressed steadily till, at 4 p.m., every man was off the boat. Those unable to walk had been sent forward in wagons, and the transport itself was swept and garnished in an unusual manner. Recognizing the merit of the work, the skipper of the craft made a present to the Captain of a nice cane-seated deck-chair, a utensil highly appreciated in the following days of Montauk stay, though Captain Barrett had little time to occupy it himself. At 4 o'clock, the last load was started for camp, and "good-by" was said to the Mobile. Detention camp may have been a mile from the landing place, but in the men's condition the distance seemed much greater. Confusion ruled supreme, and few appliances necessary to camp life were at hand. The tents were small and insufficient, while the elevated site of the camp gave the wind full sweep, a liberty it was not slow to take, and, coming as it did at a temperature frequently as low at 65 degrees Fahr., it played havoc with boys acclimated to the torrid 100 degrees and over of Cuba. Had the government sent the transport to some southern port and thus accustomed the returning invalids gradually, very likely men

Corp. A. G. Thompson. Arthur C. Magee.

Thomas H. Hammond.

Sergt. E. R. Riedl. Simon Israel.

might be alive to-day who then succumbed to the strain. As it was, many of those who lived are, after these nearly four years, still hacking and coughing from the bronchial troubles engendered by the easterly winds of Long Island.

Remembering nature's first law in the matter of self-preservation, certain thoughtful members of "A" became the possessors of a complete Buzzacott outfit which had been dumped from the wagons. It was true that it did not belong to them, but what booted that so long as it was in use, and used it was constantly. Soon after arriving in camp, there was a distribution of beef, and the Captain, with Private Weixler, set about preparing a meal of toothsome quality for the men, so that before 7 o'clock every man in the company had had a piece of steak, a boiled potato, and a cup of coffee. They then set about the preparation of a soup for breakfast. In the midst of their work they were inspected by certain soldiers

not of "A," who, in whispered words, declared their belief that the cooking outfit was theirs, and also their determination to capture it when a good chance offered. To prevent any such calamity, the plant, when the soup was cooked, was moved into a tent, and a half dozen of the men stood guard over it, ready to "fight till the last armed foe expired," rather than surrender a drop of soup or an ounce of the apparatus. The name of that jolly old rebel, General Joe Wheeler, was given to the camp, and the men proceeded to make the best of their quarantine.

For four days they were detained in this place till, through their failure to develop the yellow scourge, it was deemed safe to let them pass out. During this time the Captain of the City Guards was appointed brigade police inspector, i. e., to look after the cleanliness of the camps, and it was no small honor for a captain of volunteers to be thus designated when there were two regiments of regulars in the brigade. Very likely General Ludlow remembered some of the Captain's work in Cuba, and knew that this duty would be done with the same faithfulness. However, his directions were received and executed with the utmost alacrity, requiring in only one instance a quotation of regulations to let the regular Major understand that the inspector knew what he was about. One of the tantalizing features of the detention was the nearness of visiting friends and yet their impassable distance. As with the southern prisons of the Rebellion days, there was a so-called deadline, across which only General Ludlow and the police inspector could go. Long-distance talking was indulged in, however, and kodak possessors shot over the line, the impression received through photography not being considered contagious. On the last day in this place Captain Allen of the Light Infantry, who for some time had been in Worcester on account of illness, came to the regiment, bringing with him a goodly array of both solid and liquid refreshments, which he shared not only with C Company, but with all the Worcester boys. Also this day there was another examination made by the physicians, and some men were sent to the hospitals and thus prematurely home, but at this date it is fair to conclude that they acted in accord with their best judgment.

On the 24th came the orders to leave quarantine, and the men were nothing loath to obey. Packing up was soon done, and then they marched away. The sudden change from the heat of Cuba to the cool air of Montauk did not produce the effect desired; on the contrary many men sickened quickly, and dysentery, malarial and typhoid fevers were very common. Captain Barrett had to look after his own men in the removal, and also see that the camp was left in a proper condition. To this he supposed he had given proper attention, when he was accosted by a young man, possibly a recent West-Pointer, riding a horse and proclaiming himself an assistant inspector. He wanted to know who had the policing in charge, and was informed that he was addressing that officer himself. Whereupon there was an exchange of civilities, in which our Worcester Captain lost none of his dignity nor standing, but the young Lieutenant did learn that even a graduate of the military academy may be at times just a bit fresh. The upshot of the matter was that the assistant informed the Captain that he should report him for dereliction and incivility. When General Ludlow inquired of Captain Barrett

William M. Severy. Arthur I. Hayward
Albert J. Reinbold.
First Sergt. W. H. Allison. Herbert B. Abbott.

concerning the interview, he was speedily satisfied that his young officer had displayed zeal without knowledge.

There are only two days of stay in the general infantry camp, but on the 25th come Lieutenant Lücke, D. D. McTaggart, George W. Hubbard and Luke Davis, all from Worcester, the last named being the father of one of the company, and Mr. Hubbard was known to all as the long-time caretaker of the Armory. There are so many rumors of departure for home that few can enjoy the really comfortable appointments of the camp, nor the food which by contrast seems to be actually luxurious. Mr. McTaggart, formerly one of the Guards, took pictures of the company, some of whose members had changed so much that he did not recognize them. Also the regiment marched before a biograph, and for aught the men know, in some far-away museum, they are marching still. All the arms and ammunition of the soldiers were turned over to the brigade ordnance officer, and those thus giving up their guns were not a little delighted at hearing the officer say that theirs were the only ones in the regiment returned in a fair condition.

If the departure of the Worcester contingent had been thus far the most momentous event in its history, then the story of the 27th of August was to crowd it hard, since this was the day of the home returning. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." As early as 4.30 a.m. some in the camp were astir, and for his breakfast each man had two boiled eggs, bread and butter with a cup of coffee. Then standing in front of the fire the Captain gave to each man a drink of porter or whiskey. Thus supplied it was with almost a springy step these malarial poisoned lads set out for the steamer Block Island, aboard which they went at 7 a.m., an early start, but necessary, if the close of the day were to see the men at home. Lieutenant-colonel Shumway and Captain Barrett attended to the loading of the boat, and at 7.45 she steamed away from the wharf with her prow directed towards New London.

The Connecticut city was fully alive to the situation, for a sea of faces greeted the arrival of the steamer, and among the dwellers in the city were many who had come down from Worcester to accompany the boys home, among them General Fred W. Wellington, whose stalwart proportions drew from an onlooking citizen the words, "By George! there is a man who stood the campaign well. He doesn't look as if he'd been in Cuba, does he?" Nor were the attentions of the good people confined to expressions of sympathy, for they knew that hearts are often reached through the stomach, hence the baskets well filled with the finest of food. One lady in particular had repeatedly flitted past the first officer of A Company, and he had noticed the presence of what seemed to be the nicest of chicken sandwiches, but not one did she offer to him. Finally he mustered up courage to ask her what she purposed doing with the contents of the basket. "Why," said she, "I am giving them to the poor soldier boys, just back from Cuba." "Well," says our doughty officer in his most melancholy tone, "What is the matter with giving me one, for I was in Cuba?" Imagine his feelings when the good woman responded, "Oh, no, you couldn't have been there, for you are too fat." How little sympathy rotund people receive on their way through the world! 'Tis said, however, that the Captain convinced the Good Samaritan that he had suffered with the boys, and so captured his sandwich. Boarding the northward-bound train, the Second Regiment was en route for home via Palmer. At the several stops through the Land of Steady Habits, the hospitality of many coming on the train, however well meant, was in some instances of that excitable nature that the dispensing of liquids had to be forbidden, though coffee and milk were not considered contraband. Generosity even reached the pitch of passing around cigars. At Palmer there came a separation of the regiment, part going to the westward, while the Worcester companies turned towards the east.

At state line, where the imaginary boundary separates Connecticut and Massachusetts, Governor Roger Wolcott came aboard, and it was a particularly pleasant thing for him to thus welcome home the survivors of those whom, a few months before, he had reviewed upon their Framingham campground. Passing through each car he gave the boys a chance to know that he had not forgotten them. At

R. H. Brigham. James A. Cole. H. C. Grover. C. S. Higginbotham. Sergt. C. A. Poland.

Palmer there was a large delegation of Worcester friends with more refreshments. It really began to look as though the people of the sister states had begun to think the boys hollow to their heels, and some of them were reduced to the condition of that newsboy at the charity dinner who could chew, but couldn't swallow. Among the visitors were Dr. A. C. N. Petersen, Dr. E. H. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Lücke, Harry Merritt, and others. Not only did they bring food, but they brought waiters as well, whose duty it was to anticipate every want of the returning soldiers, while the physicians looked after the sick.

It was at 3.45 p.m. that the train rolled into Union Station. Everybody in Worcester who could get there was present to see the boys come home. How pleased they were! Even the long-enduring lions, that for more than a quarter of a century have borne the burden of the wondrous arch, were observed to change countenance as the Worcester boys debarked. The multitude was in a rapturous mood, and was ready to cheer and take each boy to its heart, but when the yellow-skinned, emaciated forms appeared, the shouts died upon the lips of the crowd, and sound gave place to tears. Carriages had been secured for such as could not march, but Company A had decided to walk, cost what it might. On the way down from Palmer the Captain had mounted a seat, and, stating the situation, closed by saying, "Now, boys, I propose to walk; how

is it with you?" With a mighty cheer they voted to a man to follow their Captain. Thus when the train was deserted, the line of march was taken up through the familiar ways, never looking dearer than now as they are returning from the field of danger and honor. Again they are preceded by the dulcet strains from the Battery B Band, while, as of yore, the G. A. R. and the Sons of Veterans act as escort. At Salem Square, Battery B salutes them with twenty-one guns, and now, if never before, they are sure that they are of age. Of the sixty-seven men who on May 3d marched away, there are fifty-four now in line, all who are not in hospital or for some reason left behind. Lieutenant Plummer, with Privates Fischer and Fairbanks, were left in Cuba; Artificer Clapp, with Privates Forest and Torkelson, are at Montauk in the general hospital, while Sergeant Sawyer, with Privates Christenson and Israel, are in the detention camp hospital at Montauk.

It is a sympathetic mass of humanity that strives for just a glance of the returning brave. "Johnny" was truly marching home again, but he was not coming in the manner outlined in the song. The boys were ready to shout, the men to cheer, and the ladies had all turned out, but these parboiled, hollow-eyed, limping objects were not the beings they expected to see, and how could the throng "feel gay" though really and truly "Johnny" was marching home. Slowly and with halting step the march was made, and, though the flag was there and the music beat upon the air and the cannon thundered their greeting, somehow the return did not measure up to what had been written and spoken, over and over again, "when the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread." Yet every being in that welcoming crowd of citizens was rejoiced to his heart's core that the boys had reached home once more, and only regretted his inability to take each fever-racked body and breathe into it the fire and energy with which it was filled when, four months before, the men had departed. Though pressed upon by the multitude to the point of obstruction, though in many cases every step was fraught with pain, not a man fell out, but each one stuck to his place till the Armory was reached.

When the familiar structure was gained, each company was dismissed to its respective room, and soon Company A is in its own; then follow the greetings and the congratulations and the leave-takings, for Americans separate easily. The Captain, who had not been away from his men a day in their whole service, speaks a few words of good-by, till with broken voice, overcome by his emotion, he had to cease, though he did manage to advise his loyal followers to avoid immediately over-eating and drinking, and always a desire to live on their reputations. Then the boys gave their cherished leader three royal cheers, and the day was ended. Before departing for their homes, a brief meeting was held to arrange for the approaching anniversary, but as the men were without equipments, the annual observance was given up, and with propriety, for they had already a memorable celebration. Hacks had been provided to carry the wearied soldiers to their homes, but over the reception accorded each valorous son within the privacy of the domestic circle, the public has nothing to do.

A sixty days' furlough was the boon given to the men, and they made the most of it, though there were some who could not wait the end thereof before

embarking upon some enterprise, so inapt is the average American to a life of idleness. Though every man had returned alive to America, September 3d, one of those who had come back to Worcester passed over to the majority; too feeble for the Armory march, he was driven home at once. Henry Beaudoin, known in the company as Boardman, the soldier who had won distinction at El Caney, much to the grief and surprise of his comrades had sickened after reaching Montauk, and so survived his home-coming only a week. A deputation of the Company at the funeral was the least that the sorrowing friends could send in memory of one whom they loved. September 30 came news that George Leon Forest had died in St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, of typhoid fever. Over his remains, which were sent to Worcester, his comrades paid their compliment of presence and recollection. He had been a good and faithful soldier, and all lamented his early death.

A variation in the general trend of affairs is had when, furloughs having expired, on the 24th of October all hands are ordered to report at the Armory for a term of duty there. For ten days they are to resume the routine of a soldier's life, with the concession of a choice between sleeping there or at home, but all must be on hand for roll-call. Landlord Robert Kessell of the City Hotel has been employed to supply meals, and it does not look like a very severe round of duty to which they are introduced. For seventy-five cents per day for each man he sets an excellent table, and for the nonce the boys almost forget Cuba and its "prime canned roast beef." The duties imposed were not arduous, consisting principally in roll-call, standing guard within the Armory, and an occasional drill, the latter exercise counting as one of the cardinal virtues in the mind of the Captain. During the interval between the return and the muster-out, the officers adequately bestowed the time in making out the rolls, accounting for property, etc.

November 2d there was a meeting of the Company to consider varying phases of the proposed muster-out, as to pay, etc., but from the gathering nothing came, since the government took the entire matter into its own hands, and did with the men as it liked. On the next day came the momentous trip to Springfield. The train was taken in Union Station at 6.33 a.m. At 9 o'clock came a parade of the regiment, which was reviewed by the Governor and staff, the Mayor of Springfield, and the city government, thus gradually reaching the auspicious moment of final and effectual release, which came to Company A at 11.20 a.m. in the Howard Street Armory, our City Guards being the very first to receive their muster-out at the hands of Lieutenant Edmunds of the United States Army.

Thus ended the nearly six months of service for the nation. The men went to Springfield as soldiers, each and every one under authority; they returned as citizens, owing obedience to no one or thing save the general laws of the land, but very likely to be better men for the discipline of service. They took a stipulated morning train under orders; they returned when they chose. The City Guards had done their duty, had responded in the day of national peril, and while there was no long roll of casualties upon the battlefield, each man felt that he had done his duty, and that the campaign of 1898 in the Spanish War had added to the laurels of Worcester in war.

William E. Cardin. Joseph H. Boardman. C. W. Weixler.
George L. Forest. Corp. H. R. Fay. Lewis M. Fay. Q. F. Thomas.
Louis O. Standish. J. H. Lowell. A. M. Wills.

THE DEAD IN COMPANY A.

Though not a man in the Company succumbed during the Cuban campaign, tribute had to be paid, and he upon the white horse appeared among the Guards at last, though his work was not so severe as in the other companies. At this time, October, 1904, four men have answered the final roll-call:

Joseph Henry Boardman, son of Aimable and Mary Beaudoin, was in normal condition when the regiment came home, but he immediately sickened and died September 3d. He was born in Worcester, May 12, 1875, and at the time of his enlistment was in the employ of the Matthews Manufacturing Company. His real name, as indicated, was of French origin and was Englished on his enlistment for greater convenience, though the Gallic word recalls an early governor of the Commonwealth whose ancestors changed the same word from Beaudoin to Bowdoin. The funeral of the brave young man was had from Notre Dame Church, and was attended by a detachment of ten comrades under the command of Captain Barrett and by a firing squad from the Fifth Regiment, then in camp at Framingham. The burial was in St. John's Cemetery.

Lewis M. Fay was the son of William W. and Mattie A. Fay, a native of Brookfield, Mo., according to his enrollment. Both he and his brother were residents of Worcester when they enlisted, their home being on Chandler Street. After the war the family removed to California, hoping to stay the indications of pulmonary disease which had already made their appearance in the younger brother. But even the mild climate of the far-famed land of sunshine could not restore the health of Lewis, and on the very last day of the year 1901, he passed away in the city of Monrovia, and there his body is buried.

George Leon Forest. He was another young man of French extraction, the son of Hormisdas Forest, and his early days were spent in the town of Oxford, where he had the advantages of the public schools, including the high. Thence he came to Worcester, and after a course in Hinman's Business College, he worked for Johnson & Bassett; Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.; for the N. E. Telephone Co., and last for the Cereal Food Co. on Jackson Street. He had been in the Company two years when the war began, and naturally he was among the early ones to volunteer for the fray. When the Guards returned he did not come with them, having been sent to St. Peter's Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he died October 1, at the age of twenty-two years. When in the city he was conspicuous in several organizations, particularly the Y. M. C. A., in whose basketball team he was the star actor, being its captain and, in the language of the physical director, the best player in the city. His funeral, at St. Joseph's Church, was numerously attended, and among those there were twenty-five of his own comrades under the command of Lieutenant Plummer; also Lieutenant-colonel Shumway; Secretary C. A. Fenner of the Y. M. C. A. and Director Wilder.

Sergeant Edward Robert Riedl was of German extraction, though he was born in Worcester August 12, 1870, the son of Matthew and Louisa (Weidner) Riedl, both of whom had come from Germany; the father from Bohemia, the

mother from Wurtemberg. The son was reared in this city and had the most of his school life on Thomas Street, under the excellent care of Mrs. Wait, the long-time principal of that school. He had long been in the employ of Logan, Swift & Brigham as a shipper; also he was an old-time member of the Guards, and, as his position would indicate, was a favorite among his comrades. Seeds of consumption were sown during the Cuban sojourn, and on his return he did not rally, but grew steadily weaker, until death ended his sufferings October 21, 1900. At the time of his death he was staying in Westboro with Edward Fuller, in the delusive hope, as it appeared, that he might regain upon the farm the strength he had lost. A member of St. John's Episcopal Church, his funeral was held there, attended by many of his late comrades, and the burial was in Hope Cemetery.

AT PRESENT.

The following is a list of members connected with the company during the war, and, as far as possible, the present residence and occupation of each man. Unless otherwise stated, the state is Massachusetts; the place, Worcester:

Captain Edwin G. Barrett, boot and shoe merchant.

First Lieutenant Moses H. Tisdell, salesman.

Second Lieutenant William H. Plummer, First Lieutenant, Sixth U. S. Infantry.

First Sergeant Walter H. Allison, Torrey Razor Shop.

Sergeant Charles A. Poland, last factory, Church Street.

Sergeant John G. Gowans, paperhanger.

Sergeant Elbridge B. Sawyer, electrician, Everett.

Sergeant James T. Cruikshank, mechanic.

Corporal Ralph L. Allison, traveling salesman.

Corporal Archie F. Murray, machinist.

Corporal John G. Hagberg, Legislator, immigration inspector, St. John, N. B.

Corporal Howard K. Hobbs, registry of deeds office.

Corporal Herbert R. Fay, laundry, San Diego, Cal.

Corporal Alexander G. Thomson, clerk, Newport, R. I.

Musician Frederick C. Gagnon, clerk, drug store.

Musician Walter A. Traver, valentine factory.

Artificer Samuel E. Clapp, machinist.

Wagoner Walter T. Bruso, traveling salesman, Fitchburg.

Private Herbert B. Abbott, U. S. A.

Private George E. Allison, machinist.

Private Herbert A. Ballou, paints and oils.

Private Charles A. Barton, electrician.

Private Ralph H. Brigham, art store, Southbridge; Captain, Company K, 6th M. V. M.

Private Philemon Brulé, moulder.

Private John T. Brusky, steamfitter, Providence, R. I.

Private William E. Cardin, photographer.

Private Elmer I. Christenson, U. S. Army.

Private James A. Cole, blacksmith.

Private Henry G. Coley, clerk, boot and shoes.

Private Benjamin Cooper, carpet factory.

Private William G. Cornwell, machinist, New London, Conn.

Private Orlo W. Davis, trucking.

Private Frank L. Fairbanks, collector.

Private Charles A. Fischer, clerk.

Private Quincy E. Fortier, druggist, Charlestown.

Private Frank E. Gale, foreman.

Private Ralph C. Green, clerk, market.

Private Henry C. Grover, artist, Boston.

COMPANY A AT MONTAUK.

Private Ernest B. Hall, electrician.

Private Thomas H. Hammond, U. S. Army.

Private Frederick R. Hays, clerk.

Private Arthur L. Heyward, U. S. Army; was in China.

Private Charles S. Higginbotham, foreman, Ansonia, Conn.

Private Simon Israel, dry goods, Westboro.

Private Albert Johnson, machinist.

Private Walter R. Johnson, motorman.

Private Joseph T. Laflamme, printer.

Private Charles F. Lamberton, tinsmith.

Private Julius H. Lowell, baggage master, Cottage City.

Private Arthur C. Magee, Worcester Fire Department.

Private Rufus J. Martin, driver.

Private Arthur G. Mills, machinist.

Private William E. Moody, American Steel & Wire Company.

Private William H. Morse, druggist.

Private Frederick G. Newell, electrician.

Private Albert J. Reinbold, salesman.

Private Wm. W. Rice, motorman, Charlton.

Private Walter E. Schofield, U. S. Army.

Private William M. Severy, pool-room.

Private William E. Sherman, machinist.

Private James W. Smith, teacher, Porto Rico.

Private Arthur T. Squires, conductor.

Private Louis O. Standish, U. S. Army; one of those who scaled the walls of Pekin; machinist.

Private William G. Standish, machinist, Boston.

Private Quincy F. Thomas, machinist.

Private Reinhard A. Torkelson, U. S. Army.

Private William T. Turner, carpet factory, Denver, Colorado.

Private Samuel A. Wallace, shipper.

Private Carl W. Weixler, machinist, Quincy.

Private Bert E. Wheeler, driver.

Private Peter N. White, Worcester Fire Department.

Private Alfred M. Wills, machinist, Navy Yard, Charlestown.

Private William S. Young, stereotyper.

Could the Frenchman, De Rochambeau, who helped our people in the days of the American Revolution, read the foregoing list, all the more might he exclaim, "In America, no men are soldiers by trade, but men of all trades are soldiers."

MUSTER-IN ROLL OF COMPANY A, 2D REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR TWO YEARS, FROM MAY 10, 1898, UNLESS SOONER DISCHARGED.

[The data, in order, cover rank, name, age, birthplace and occupation.]

CAPTAIN.

Edwin Grant Barrett, 29, Springfield, shoe dealer.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Moses Henry Tisdell, 40, St. Paul, Canada, foreman.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

William Henry Plummer, 32, Lonsdale, R. I., clerk.

SERGEANTS.

Walter Henry Allison, 28, Worcester, razorsmith.

Charles Addison Poland, 26, Northboro, last-maker.

Edward Robert Riedl, 27, Worcester, clerk.

John George Gowans, 30, Dundee, Scotland, woodworker.

Elbridge Boyden Sawyer, 24, Orange, electrician.

James Titus Cruikshank, 28, Somerville, driver.

CORPORALS.

Ralph Livingstone Allison, 23, Wellington, Conn., shipper.

Aidrie Frank Murray, 25, Worcester, barber.

John Gustaf Hagberg, 24, Dayfush, Sweden, tailor.

Howard Knowles Hobbs, 24, Auburn, clerk.

Herbert Ruggles Fay, 23, Brookfield, Mo., laundryman.

Alexander Gray Thompson, 24, Fall River, clerk.

MUSICIANS.

Frederick Charles Gagnon, 24, Worcester, druggist.

Walter Allen Traver, 21, New York, N. Y., painter.

ARTIFICER.

Samuel Edward Clapp, 24, Athol, mechanic.

WAGONER.

Walter Tainter Bruso, 30, Worcester, shipper.

PRIVATES.

Abbott, Herbert Burr, 18, Bangor, Me., teamster.

Allison, George Edwin, 30, Worcester, mechanic.

Ballou, Herbert Arnold, 22, Worcester, clerk.

Barton, Charles Allen, 19, Worcester, electrician.

Boardman, Joseph Henry, 23, Worcester, pressman.

Brigham, Ralph Hubbard, 30, Worcester, salesman.

Brulé, Philemon, 22, Worcester, moulder.

Brusky, John Thomas, 20, North Brookfield, steamfitter.

Cardin, William Ellsworth, 21, Worcester, photographer.

Christenson, Elmer Ingomar, 19, Cambridge, machinist.

Cole, James Albion, 21, Worcester, blacksmith.
Coley, Henry Green, 23, Birmingham, England, clerk.
Cooper, Benjamin, 20, Kidderminster, England, weaver.
Cornwell, William George, 22, Holden, mechanic.
Davis, Orlo William, 24, Worcester, mechanic.
Fairbanks, Frank Lamson, 18, Worcester, machinist.
Fay, Lewis Montague, 20, Brookfield, laundryman.
Fischer, Charles Augustus, Port Henry, N. Y., clerk.
Forest, George Leon, 23, Oxford, bookkeeper.
Fortier, Quincy Edgar, 23, Waterbury, Vermont, shipper.
Gale, Frank Eugene, 22, Lowell, clerk.
Green, Ralph Clayton, 26, New Auburn, Minn., clerk.
Grover, Henry Crossman, 28, Brookfield, student.
Hall, Ernest Boynton, 28, Worcester, mechanic.
Hammond, Thomas Harry, 20, Tonganoxie, Kan., steamfitter.
Hays, Frederick Robert, 20, Worcester, clerk.
Hayward, Arthur Leon, 19, Concord, N. H., woodworker.
Higginbotham, Charles Samuel, 25, Waltham, diemaker.
Israel, Simon, 24, Svewelk, Russia, clothier.
Johnson, Albert, 24, Stockholm, Sweden, steamfitter.
Johnson, Walter Reynolds, 19, Worcester, electrician.
Laflamme, Joseph Toussaint, 31, St. Hyacinthe, Canada, printer.
Lamberton, Charles Franklin, 24, Worcester, tinsmith.
Lowell, Julius Henry, 27, Springfield, clerk.
Magee, Arthur Charles, 25, Montcalm, Canada, machinist.
Martin, Rufus Joseph, 22, Worcester, polisher.
Mills, Arthur Goodell, 35, Worcester, carpenter.
Moody, William Elvardo, 22, Redwing, Minn., clerk.
Morse, William Hoyt, 22, Hopkinton, druggist.
Newell, Frederick George, 22, Florence, electrician.
Reinbold, Albert Joseph, 20, Boston, chemist.
Rice, William Walter, 25, East Boston, conductor.
Schofield, Walter Edmund, 21, Worcester, woodworker.
Severy, William Mansfield, 31, Brandon, Vermont, tobacconist.
Sherman, William Edward, 21, Pascoag, R. I., mechanic.
Smith, James Whittemore, 18, Leicester, student.
Squires, Arthur Thomas, 24, Worcester, conductor.
Standish, Louis Odell, 25, Athol, motorman.
Standish, William George, 27, Athol, mechanic.
Thomas, Quincy Frederick, 21, Brattleboro, Vermont, mechanic.
Torkelson, Reinhard Augustus, 21, Christiania, Norway, boatbuilder.
Turner, William Thomas, 37, Kidderminster, England, weaver.
Wallace, Samuel Alfred, 22, Worcester, inspector.
Weixler, Carl Wallace, 20, Worcester, jeweler.
Wheeler, Bert Elmer, 19, Magog, Canada, machinist.
White, Peter Nelson, 22, Millbury, carpet-layer.
Wills, Albert Morrow, 22, Fall River, machinist.
Young, William Stewart, 24, Worcester, finisher.

L. M. Fay.—The following data were received too late for insertion in the proper place: Private Fay's full Christian name was Lewis Montague, those of his parents were William Wirt and Mattie A. (Wilson) Fay. The father was a veteran of K Company, 13th Mass. Infantry, and of F Company, 4th Heavy Artillery. The body is buried in Monrovia, Cal.

Second Lieut. H. H. Warren.
Capt. F. L. Allen. First Lieut. A. C. King.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS COMPANY C.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

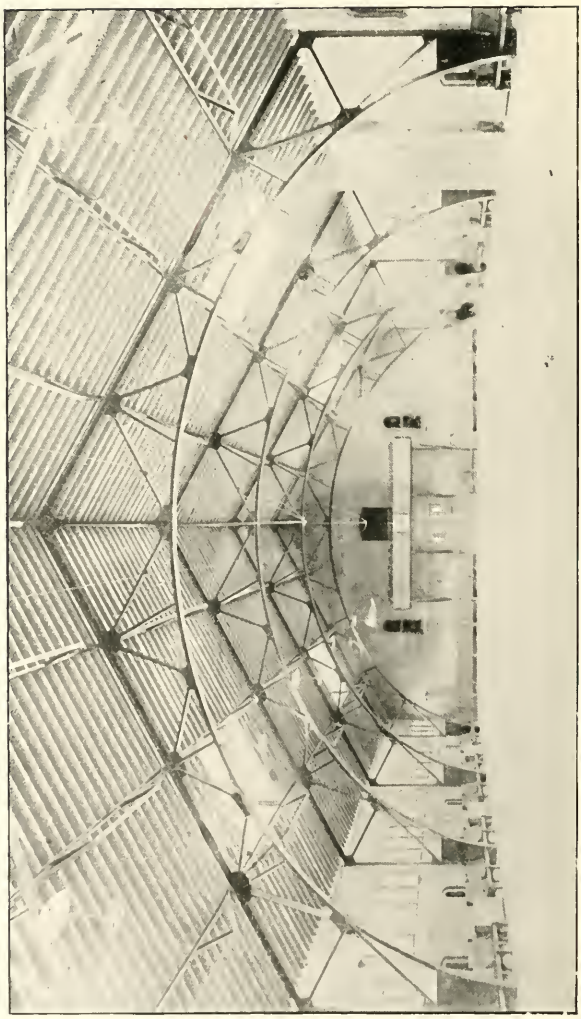
LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M.V.M.

ASIDE from the First and Second Parishes, or the Old South and the First Unitarian Societies, the Worcester Light Infantry is the oldest active organization in the city. There are two or three nominal bodies which occasionally awake sufficiently to partake of a dinner and then lapse into their accustomed comatose condition, but the Light Infantry has been up and doing for very nearly a century. It was away back in 1803 that Governor Caleb Strong appended his name to a charter warranting the organizing and maintaining of a military company in the then remote and not overpopulous township of Worcester. The application was written by the late Governor Levi Lincoln while confined to his bed by a broken leg. As the first public parade of the Company was on the 6th day of the ensuing June, it does not require any great stretch of fancy to tell just when the Light Infantry of to-day purposes to celebrate the end of its first hundred years.

Organized for the purpose of helping defend and advance American interests, the Company has ever been upon the alert to volunteer whenever there has been an opportunity to act. Accordingly when, in 1807, there were mutterings of complaint against British arrogance and oppression, forerunners of the War of 1812, there was sent to the Governor an expression of the Light Infantry's readiness to help in any way possible to repel foreign aggression. This action must have been received by His Excellency James Sullivan with a deal of pleasure, for he had military promptings himself. A brother of the famous General John Sullivan of New Hampshire, only lameness resulting from a boyish accident prevented the subsequent Governor of Massachusetts acquiring equal fame with the man whose name is linked with some of the most thrilling incidents of the Revolution. As it was, though excluded from active participation in deeds of war, James Sullivan, in 1775, had executed an important military mission to Ticonderoga, and throughout that sanguinary period his was ever a potent voice in matters military. Hence the satisfaction he must have had over the thought that the Heart of the Commonwealth was beating loyally.

This premonition of war ripened into actuality only five years later, when the true war of independence began, and before it was over, our Light Infantry, under the command of Captain John W. Lincoln, subsequently sheriff of the county and one of the best equipped officers the city ever knew, marched to Boston to help repel attack. The Company went down, or started, September 11th, and was on duty there till October 31st, when it returned from, it is true, a bloodless campaign, but this was not the fault of the Light Infantry. It seems not a little interesting that the late Albert Curtis, who died in 1898, had a distinct recollection of the marching away of the brave and loyal men of that remote day.

Again during the Mexican War the Worcester boys of this crack Company



THE DRILL-SHED. SCHOOL-ROOM OF THE MILITIA.

were ready, and so expressed themselves, but their proffer of services was not accepted, because the quota of the State was already filled, and Governor George N. Briggs did not think well enough of the war to exceed the demands to any great extent. Those were days when, in 1846, "Hosea Biglow" was expressing himself in most unequivocal terms, and Governor "B." was known to be in perfect accord with the sentiments of James Russell Lowell. But this did not prevent members of the Company going into the service, and Captain George Lincoln fell at Buena Vista while serving on the staff of "Old Rough and Ready," or General Zachary Taylor, while endeavoring to rally and advance a western regiment which was retreating in disorder.

The War of the Rebellion is yet so near the affairs of to-day that it is hardly necessary to more than allude to the promptness with which the "boys" sprang to arms in 1861, and the city will ever cherish with increasing pride the fact that her Light Infantry was among the companies of the Sixth Regiment which, on April 19th, fought its way through the streets of Baltimore and was among the immortals who stacked arms in the nation's Senate chamber on the evening of that fatal day, the very first armed force to interpose itself between the country and its assailants. Many of those men are living to-day, and if not active members of the organization they love, their spirit is present and permeates every fibre of their successors.

The rank and file of the Light Infantry of 1898 were near of kin to the men who had done their duty in years agone, hence there need be no wonder that the active members were alert to all the indications of approaching storm. It was not so much a feeling of apprehension as it was one of extreme anxiety lest the trouble should blow over and there should be no chance to show their metal. As the news from the Pearl of the Antilles grew more and more intense, and it became daily more clear that the nation would have to undertake not alone the avenging of the Maine, but the complete expulsion of Spain from this western world, the citizen soldier longed for the opportunity to do his part.

As early as April 11 Colonel Clark of the Second Regiment sent out a precautionary order with reference to extra preparation in the matter of culinary outfit. As a veteran of the Civil War the Colonel remembered General Sherman's remark that an army moves on its belly, and it was a wise precaution of his that the men whom he was to lead should not grow hungry. The average stomach can endure a great deal of variety and many privations, but it must have something, else the stoutest heart will fail. April 22 came another order from the same source, directing every care that all data and memoranda should be carefully preserved, another direction inspired by recollection of the war, 1861-'65. Three days later, or April 25th, came the order to hold the Company ready to respond within twenty-four hours' notice. Matters were growing warm, and each member was arranging his affairs so that he could go.

The next demonstration came in the shape of a telephonic communication from regimental headquarters in Springfield to Captain Rider, of which the following is a verbatim transcript:

"April 30, 1898.

"Order received by telephone, 12.20 p.m.

"I am to make arrangements with the R. R. Co. to have my Company in Framingham, Tuesday, May 3, at 12 m. Transportation order will be sent to me by the Quartermaster General.

"Arrange to feed my command for one week, same as at camp. Take all State property in my possession or freight it down there. Leave at home all men who are not going to volunteer. Take enough other men to make a total enlistment of 79 men. We are going down there as a volunteer organization, but not as the Second Regiment. Copied by George H. Hill, sergeant."

The same day came a telegram from Springfield, worded thus:

"New orders from Adjutant General, (U. S.) Total for company, 77, includ-

P. L. Rider, First Lieutenant. W. F. Gilman, Second Lieutenant.
Henry B. Fairbanks, Captain.

LIGHT INFANTRY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 1895.

ing officers. Take only this number Tuesday. Paul R. Hawkins,
"1st Lieut. and Adjutant."

As this telegram came at 10.17 p.m. it superseded the noon telephone communication. Then, to still further modify the matter of numbers, a letter came later stating that the maximum was seventy-five men in all.

So much for the orders under which notifications were sent to the members of the Company. They found the men or boys, since many of the members had not passed their majority, in shops, behind counters, and some even in school. Says one of the latter class, "I was to take the part of "Jenkins" in a play to be given the evening of April 29 in the Classical High School, and on the afternoon of that day was taking my lessons in a dress rehearsal, when my

father appeared to tell me that I was wanted at the Armory in the evening at eight o'clock. What could I do? At last one of the teachers volunteered to see the Captain and to try to beg off for me till after the play. His plea was effectual, and I took my part till near the end of the second act, when a friend stepped into my place and I went down to the Armory, where I found everything at fever heat. Those who were fierce for the war were making speeches, while others were eloquently silent. That first evening thirty two of the members expressed themselves as ready to go." Thence onward there was an almost continuous meeting in the company rooms right up to the day of departure, which was the 3d of May, Tuesday. The companies were to report in Framingham before noon and they were to proceed by special train, which was to start from Springfield. Unhappily the day itself proved to be anything but the beautiful one we might expect early in the vernal month, but the people were not to be cheated of their show, whatever the weather. They were out by the thousand, of both sexes and of all ages. Schools were closed, that younger lads and lassies might see their brothers march away, and right royally were they rewarded. All the semi-military bodies in the city were in line, the right of the same being taken by the Grand Army of the Republic, many of whom had sons among the departing volunteers. The Mayor of the city gave a parting word as the companies were drawn up in a hollow square in the drill-shed, and a fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. Almon Gunnison of the First Universalist Church. Then the march began, extending down Main Street as far as the Post Office and around the same back by the City Hall, where the Mayor and the city government reviewed the embryonic soldiers. Thence along Front Street the line moved to the Union Station, everywhere through thousands of people, to whom the scene was of vastly more interest than it was to the men themselves. Indeed, one participant modestly remarks in his diary, "Somehow I didn't see as we were doing anything to make such a stir, but the older ones knew much better than we did what we were to soon pass through." The boy was right; many in that vast array of humanity had seen men go to war before, and in so many cases had awaited in vain the homecoming of those who had so bravely marched away; the gray and wrinkled veterans of the G. A. R. knew just what it all meant, for they had been through it all. None the less, all made the air ring with their applause, all being determined that their boys should have the very best send-off that Worcester could give.

Soon the vast station received the "boys in blue," where the train from Springfield absorbed them, also Companies A and H and the two companies which had come down from the north, and then amid shouts and cheers, accompanied in many cases by tears, the cars moved slowly out with their precious burdens of men devoted to what they deemed duty and the right. Those who left the city as members of Company C on that rainy Tuesday were the following:

Captain, P. L. Rider.
First Lieutenant, F. L. Allen.
Second Lieutenant, F. M. Clark, Jr.
First Sergeant, A. C. King.
Sergeant, H. W. Warren.
Sergeant, W. E. C. Fairbanks.
Sergeant, George H. Hill.
Corporal, A. S. Longley.
Corporal, George W. Stebbins.
Musician, F. J. Zaeder.

PRIVATES.

John H. Allen,
E. M. Barnard,
Wm. E. Barton,
C. E. Butler,
J. J. Coburn,
C. H. Colburn,
W. G. Dennis,
R. H. Dowse,
C. T. Eldridge,
G. S. Farrow,
C. T. Fletcher,
H. J. Greene,
H. H. Ham,
H. L. Hastings,
J. W. Holbrook,
Roland Johnson,
Geo. T. Jones,
R. W. Kincaid,
C. H. Knibbs,
P. W. Lincoln,
S. I. Mayo,
W. A. Merrifield,
O. J. Newton,
R. C. Randall,
A. F. Rebboli,
G. E. Rix,
J. C. Stevenson,
Robert Tait,
C. A. Vaughan, Jr.
F. W. Washburn,
H. B. Wentworth,
J. L. Wilmot,
A. T. Wintersgill,
Emil Zaeder.

RECRUITS.

H. H. Adams,
G. H. Bejune,
J. F. Bradley,
E. A. Briggs.

C. A. Browne,
I. A. Brigham,
W. H. Butler,
F. E. Crosman,
F. P. Dean,
W. W. Eddy,
A. C. Gage,
W. L. Gage,
O. J. W. Gleason,
J. C. King,
E. J. Martin,
F. B. Maynard,
E. G. Oliver,
F. S. Owen,
A. J. Pembleton,
F. W. Pettet,
R. H. Pitts,
J. E. Pope,
B. A. Prince,
W. D. Rheutan,
W. D. Roberts,
E. A. Stearns,
A. D. Stewart,
F. B. Taft,
F. W. Ward,
E. D. Wooldridge.

Our lives are made up largely of "coming and going," and of the two the latter is the one dreaded. The friends of the Infantry were out in force. For them rain had no deterrent power, and though they knew the departure was only for the camp in Framingham, yet it was a beginning of the separation which was sure to come a few days later, and many an eye grew dim at the thought of seeing no more the form now awaiting the muster-in. Filled with the exhilaration incident to the march and the enthusiasm, along the entire line, possibly the boys themselves felt least of all the pangs of parting, yet there were hearts in the ranks which were beating rapidly as the hands of wife and children were grasped, for there were those who had not heeded Captain Rider's injunction that only those should volunteer upon whom no one was dependent. The feeling of patriotism is a strange one quite impossible to analyze. If a father or grandfather has been a soldier, the chances are that his son or grandson will improve the first opportunity to take a hand in a possible fight. Family pride counts for quite as much as love of country, yet in this particular case, the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor had roused the whole people to a pitch bordering on frenzy. One of Company C's sergeants marched away with a knapsack packed the very day that dastardly act was announced.

Very likely the majority of those interested in the departure could not have told what the bands played; they knew that music was in the air, but as to tunes they made little note. However, the strains of the "Star-spangled Banner" and of "Auld Lang Syne" rang out on the mist-laden atmosphere while final good-bys were said, and then the engine tried to start its long train of twelve

heavily-burdened cars. The resistance was too great, and not till the fireman had sanded the track could the engine,

at 9.30 a.m., pull its Springfield and Worcester men from the station. Once away from the leave-takings, the boys speedily settled down to the diversions sure to be suggested to every soldier in moments of leisure, and more than one pack of cards served to while away the time taken to run down to South Framingham. Less than an hour was employed in the trip, and then the companies debarked where so many of them had been in former years at their annual encampment. Possibly the townspeople did not know of the coming of this contingent; at any rate there was no crowd to greet the men, and in the midst of rain, still in evidence, the line was formed for Camp Dewey, at which in due time the men appeared and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Says one of the soldiers, "Save for the absence of the blue chests in which the refreshments were usually carried, it seemed as if we were simply entering on our regular tour of duty." After the assignment of tents came the physical examinations, to see who were probably able to endure the privations sure to follow in active service. Concerning these same examinations, now that they and the war are long past, it may be proper to remark that very few of the men held them in respect. Most people supposed that when a regiment of militia was ordered out for that on account of which they drilled, they would go as an organization, just as so many did in 1861, but in this case they were very much in error. Evidently the government feared too many applications for pensions, when the war was over, on account of health lost in the same, hence the attempt to allow only strong, vigorous men to enter the service. The intention was well enough, but in its practical application there were so many exceptions and so many evasions that when the regiment finally went to Florida, it may be questioned whether it really was as well conditioned, in spite of all care and strictness, as it would have been if the original well-drilled men had been taken without any interview with the surgeons.

Here are some of the incidents. Certain standards of height, weight and chest measurements were set up, and compliance with the same was nominally exacted. Here comes a man who very much wishes to go. He knows quite well that his weight is far under that which his stature requires, but he had been worked down in the early spring and hence is under the normal number of pounds, but he notes that the surgeon is not actually weighing, and so he takes his chances on stating that his weight is fully fifteen pounds more than it really is. Another is equally anxious not to go, so he understates his avoirdupois, and without a further word both get what they want. As to eyesight, there is a card on which are letters which must be named at a proper distance. Here comes a young man who is particularly desirous of getting in. He has worn for a long time a pair of pinch-nose glasses, but his comrades, by diligent rubbing, have effaced the tell-tale marks, and having fortified himself beforehand with a full knowledge of the relative location of every character upon the card, he goes through with flying colors. The absurdity of the eye-test is apparent when one reflects that had the same been applied stringently in all cases there had been no Roosevelt at San Juan Hill, and hence no President of that name in the White House. Again, a young man retires on account of a tobacco heart, but an officer is particularly desirous to have him go, so a re-examination discloses the fact (?) that the first report was too exacting, and that the man should go in. Here is an excellent soldier whom the surgeon turns down on account of defective teeth, whereupon a young dentist suggests that it would be a simple operation to gold-crown the molars, and the man would be all right. Happy thought! The man is accepted, but somehow the crowning is not done, at least before the Cuban campaign. After the examinations were over, and the rejected were counted up, among them were found in Company C the Captain, the Second Lieutenant, and a large number of enlisted men. Some of these rejected ones took their fate most grievously, and it was far from un-

CORP. J. L. WILMOT. H. B. KINCAID. E. D. WOOLDRIDGE.
GEORGE S. FARROW. CORP. C. T. ELDRIDGE. A. T. WINTERSGILL.

LIGHT INFANTRY ENLISTED MEN.

manly for one thus cast down to give way to tears. It would not be out of the way to state that probably not a man was thrown out in these tests who would not have been taken at a later date had the war continued as it did in the days of the Rebellion. In times of stress, perfection of stature, limbs and viscera are not so much considered as that more important query, "Can he keep up and fire a gun?" There was no trouble in finding men to take the places of those who were dropped, and raw recruits soon made the number good.

Among these recruits, who in camp parlance were called "rookies," there were characters who were sources of much amusement to their fellows. One was a large boy, just from the farm; indeed he had ridden into the city on a car-load of potatoes. The war bulletins attracted him, and he thought a trial of soldiering would please him. His physique was quite correct, and the boys dubbed him "Pat," though his parents had named him Charles. One of his comrades, wishing to jolly him, one day said, "Pat, does your mother know you are out?" Pat replied instantly, "Yes, and she gave me a cent to buy a jackass. Are you for sale?" There was a Greek who had been a canvasman with the Buffalo Bill show, was reputed able to speak five languages, and claimed to have killed a man. Another man rode into town on his bicycle, and hearing about the wants of the Company blew into headquarters, saying in the strongest kind of a Yankee drawl, "I understand you want recruits to fight with Spain, and I thought as how maybe I might go." An examination revealed under his guise, which might have passed for that of Uncle Sam himself, a frame of iron, with huge muscles and tendons like whipcord; there was no question about his being taken. He proved one of the most enduring men

in the regiment, and, when the war was over, he came home only to surrender to a widow, and is to-day as good a benedict as he was a soldier in 1898.

As Captain Rider was obliged to retire, First Lieutenant Frank L. Allen was promoted to his position, and First Sergeant Arthur C. King became First Lieutenant. Second Sergeant Herbert H. Warren was the choice of his comrades for the Second Lieutenancy in place of Lieutenant Clark, and George H. Hill was advanced to the place of First or Orderly Sergeant. It was during this period of camp life that Sergeant Hill essayed the matrimonial act, and having a two weeks' leave of absence, he came back to Worcester and united his fortunes with those of Miss Edna Jane Tanner, thus escaping the infelicities of camp life, i. e., in Framingham. There was little drill except of recruits, in this way affording all the more time for visiting with friends, who were frequently in evidence.

Though it was in the month of May the weather was exceedingly cold, and the great fires which each night illumined the camp were enjoyable, not only for the sociability they excited, but for the comfort they afforded otherwise shivering bodies. When the regular army-blankets came they were more than welcome. Soon the caterer, who had accompanied the boys to camp, Antony Rebboli, himself a member of the Company, was bereft of his job, for it was deemed best to initiate the soldiers early into what they would have to endure later, and regular rations were issued to be prepared by a company cook. Much fault was found with some of the items in the bill of fare, but a few weeks later, when the hunger of Cuba was on them, these same complainers were longing for some of the anthematized viands of the Framingham camp.

Company C did not linger in camp long enough to have its features become so very dull, for the stay was only a trifle above a week. So rapidly did matters move that the new officers hardly had time to secure their side-arms. Boston could not supply their needs, so great had been the demand, and at least one young lieutenant marched away wearing a sword which a friend had kindly loaned him. On the first and only Sunday in camp, the officers were personally notified by Adjutant-general Dalton that the regiment would probably move to the South inside of twenty-four hours. This was May 8th, and these officers were to learn that in military orders there is many a slip, etc., for it was not till the 12th that the departure really came. The intervening time was well spent in issuing apparel and equipments to the men. All had expected to leave the State via Worcester, and great interest was felt, both in Worcester and in camp, over this last glimpse of familiar faces, but it did not turn out as expected, as is usually the case in war times, for when the train was boarded it was to seek Dixie through Newport, R. I., and on Long Island Sound.

On the evening of the 11th, orders were given to break camp in the morning, and reveille was sounded at four a.m. on the 12th, and at six o'clock not a tent was standing. The men were ready, but those in authority were not. Again some of the inevitable lessons of war were to be learned, viz., that great bodies move slowly, that orders to be ready to move at the word may mean a long, long halt, while to pitch camp, in marching days, means to break it before one's first nap is ended. One of the final acts was the forming of the regiment in a hollow square, and then Governor Roger Wolcott, in most impressive manner, delivered to each officer his commission. Before this, on the 10th, each company had been mustered into the service of the United States and the Second Massachusetts Infantry had become the Second Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. V. It would not be the least strange if each member of the regiment felt just a little larger as he marched from camp to the railroad station, for now he was a duly-enlisted soldier of the nation, not a mere State militiaman. In due time the train was boarded, and the last the men saw of their popular Governor was his tall form and extended arms waving to them a fervent farewell.

It was about four o'clock in the after-

noon when in three sections the train moved southward, receiving on its way the hearty greetings of all who recognized the burden it bore. Newport is reached at ten or thereabouts, and the great steamer Plymouth, of the Fall River line, is in waiting, and upon it the boys find places to rest their wearied bodies. They camp readily wherever there is space, while the officers have state-rooms. After all, it may be doubted if they slept any better than the privates did on the floor. The traversing of the Sound is little heeded by our Massachusetts boys, since very few of them awake before the steamer is in East River, rapidly bearing down on the greatest city in the western world. At nine a.m. the Plymouth puts into her North River pier, and is saluted by the loud whistling of all the craft in that crowded harbor. Soon after touching, the Harbor Quartermaster came on board and announced the next step in the programme, which proved to be the leaving of the Plymouth for the Saratoga, which the men thought would be their means of reaching the South. They were not in love with the dingy, ill-smelling hold of the vessel, and they were not displeased when on the next afternoon the steamer ran over to Jersey City and landed the men to make their trip by rail rather than by water. The fact that the Saratoga was the last American craft to leave Havana after the declaration of war did not make her any more popular with the soldiers who had to remain aboard for nearly two days. While the Second was on the transport, the Seventy-first New York came alongside of their vessel, and our men were much disgusted by the incessant cry of these fellows, who were ever shouting, "Seventy-one, Seventy-one, the first to come, gallant Seventy-one," a fact that the Bay State boys did not forget in later days, when in Cuba the New Yorkers did not maintain the reputation that they had given themselves, hence some witty lads shouted as loud as they could yell, "Seventy-one, Seventy-one, the first to come, and the first to run."

The railroad accommodations accorded the Second Regiment were excellent, since the train conveying the men southward was made up of three sections, each section of fourteen cars having on board a battalion, and the Worcester boys, with F of Gardner, were in the third division under the command of Major Fairbanks. It was after nine p.m. that the start was made, and with each man in possession of a whole seat, the officers having a Pullman, the trip was made down through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia towards their southern destination. Rations, not too large, were issued on the train, and it is remarkable what appetites vigorous young men have when the mind is free from care and they are embarking on a new and interesting venture. Curled up or otherwise disposed, the soldier lads made the most of their sleeping facilities, and during the night had little knowledge of the new scenes through which their swiftly-moving train was bearing them. Had their trip been in the daytime every man would have relished a sight of Jersey's garden farming; Philadelphia, with its wealth of memories and associations, would have excited his wonder and admiration; while in Baltimore he might have fancied himself back in the trying days of 1861, when it was a matter of world-wide moment that Massachusetts soldiers should pass along the streets of the Monumental City.

Washington is reached at an early hour Sunday, the 15th, and to nearly every man in the company this visit is his first. From his boyhood he had heard of the wonders of the nation's capital, and the vast structure known as the Capitol is indelibly stamped upon his memory, but now he has an opportunity to see for himself. Had there been a call for volunteers to make an excursion through the principal streets and avenues of the famous city, there would have been very few who would not rush into line for the trip, every foot of which would have been fraught with pleasurable surprise at the extent and magnitude of the public buildings. As it was, there was no chance for going far from the train. The excursion was not a Ray-

mond palace car trip; on the contrary the boys were glad to find an opportunity to wash their hands and faces, though the means afforded consisted only of long troughs, perhaps arranged for the watering of cattle, but they were very useful and pleasurable to the blue-clad men, who had hastened to avail themselves of what they offered.

Something to eat was the next thing to arouse the interest of the travelers, and regular rations were of no account when compared with the baker's products which nearby stands and passing carts provided. These, in conjunction with fresh milk, served to fill a long-felt want, and men from the far-famed pie belt of New England were not slow to fill up with what their famous philosopher, Emerson, had declared the true indicator of the intellectuality of a people. If the sage's dictum were to be taken literally, the Third Battalion was up to the highest standard in intellect, for every man clearly had a mouth for pies. The change from hardtack and "prime" roast beef was one that all partakers appreciated. The stop, however, at the longest, was very brief, yet in that time some of the boys found opportunity to take a short walk, and three Company C lads were not slow in meeting some of the pretty girls for whom the city has long been noted. The trio was not so Green as some might have thought, and that one of the triplet whose name suggests Winsome, always mindful of the obligation of Mars to Venus, and as a souvenir of the sly glance she had taken at him, gave her one of his blouse buttons, in securing which he tore said garment. To the jibes of his comrades at this rent in his uniform, the gallant youth responded that such a "darned pretty girl was worth more than the blouse with all its buttons."

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day."

In these days of college cheering and school-boy yells it was not strange that the ingenious and rhythmic soldier should improvise some expressions of his vocation and of his blood-thirsty intent. For instance, this collection of well-bred Bay State youths occasionally rent the air with shouts like this:

Three cheers for the Maine! Three cheers for the Maine!
The Second Massachusetts 'll lick h—l out of Spain."

A declaration quite at variance with the Sunday school instruction with which the most of them had been favored from infancy. The transforming influence of a bit of uniform and the elbow touch of kindred spirits are wonderful. Perhaps they had heard of that good priest over in their own Bay State town of Milford who, in a farewell talk to the lads as they were about departing, said, "Now, my boys, it is yours to go in and do your level best. You are to carry the guns and to do the shooting. We at home are to read our Bibles and look after home affairs. You do your duty and we will do ours;" and if these young men were not out on account of Spain and her many misdeeds, then what was their mission? As for their precise language it is a lamentable fact that men who served as deacons at home, when away and under the influence of excitement and surroundings, have been known to talk in a way that would scandalize the congregation. Old General Israel Putnam, in his memorable apology to his fellow Christians of Brooklyn, Conn., for profanity at Bunker Hill, closed his contrite words with the remark that it was enough to make an angel swear to see "them" cowards run away.

If our boys lost something of sight-seeing in their night approach to Washington, there was no such trouble in their departure. However much they might have delighted in a day's stay in the capital, they were obliged to repeat the well-known words, "so near and yet so far," and then betake themselves to their respective cars and move southward. There were eyes in Company C which in that ride out of the city saw for the first and last time the towering Washington monument, and looked only once upon the tawny waters of the Potomac as the train sped across the Long Bridge and

touched the "sacred" soil of Virginia; "the first and last time," we repeat, for ere they return to their loved homes, under the weight of fever and heart weariness, those eyes will close in death. But today there is no shadow over these spirited young men; all are equally intent on the scenes made memorable in song and story, and every stopping place is a signal for as many as possible to alight and to have a part in the universal chinning with the natives, many of whom, though

ROLAND JOHNSON. GEORGE E. RIX.

they proclaimed themselves "Johnnies," expressed the wish that they, too, might go. There are all sorts of diversions, and one impressionable youth spends some part of his not over-burdened time in writing his name and address upon hardtacks and inviting correspondence as he throws them from the car window. After his arrival in Lakeland he had no less than five responses to this invitation. The color or sex of those who found the bits of hard bread is not stated, nor whether the same was retained as a souvenir or soon found its way into the finder's stomach.

Nor were the waiting periods which in the locomotive wood-burning regions of the far South were many and long, always confined to talking. Razorback hogs from remote times have been among the noteworthy products of the South, hence some of the lads in alighting were pleased to limber up their cramped legs by chasing the material for future bacon, and it was high jinks for all concerned, though there is only one catch recorded, and that was made by Private F. of Company G, who carried his trophy aboard the train. On his arrival in the land of flowers he killed and roasted his porcine prize for the good of himself and his comrades.

Not the least among the noteworthy observations, as this trip progressed, was the change in temperature. Only a few days before, ice had formed of considerable thickness in their Framingham camp, but now they were clearly

> "In the land of cotton,
> Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;"

gardens were yielding their early products, and small fruits were well advanced towards ripening. These men were beginning to realize the extent of this vast land of ours. While the eye was thus feasted by a con-

stantly changing landscape, provision had been made by the vigilant and thoughtful commander of the battalion, Major Fairbanks, so that hot coffee was served twice a day while en route, which delectable fluid, with associated solids, placed each stomach in a condition akin to satisfaction.

These young men are not so long out of school but that history and geography are constantly brought to mind as they speed along through "Old Virginny," the Old North State and South Carolina, and when, on the morning of May 18, they arrive in Savannah, their former teachers would be eternally discredited if some blue-clad boy did not remember that here Pulaski fell and Nathaniel Greene long resided. Also, if those who carry watches in any way discover local time, they will be surprised at finding themselves an hour ahead, since they have passed out of the range of the meridian of Albany and are under that of Cincinnati.

Just where the train was going was of very little moment to the careless souls aboard, yet there was a general impression that Tampa was the ultimate destination, but at Waycross, Georgia, the announcement was made that the point of debarking would be Lakeland, a place singularly well named, lying as it does among a vast number of beautiful lakes, a comparatively short distance from the Gulf of Mexico. That these Yankee boys were traveling with eyes wide open is evident in the comments made by a Worcester observer at the sight, near the dividing line between Georgia and Florida, of a party of fifty-seven colored convicts guarded by seventeen white men with guns, and to look after the guards are five overseers. Says the boy himself, "In school I had to study up the subject of labor, hence this sight naturally interested me. I am told that for loafing the convicts are whipped and that they get it often." The vicinity of the future camp is reached at about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, but slumbers are not disturbed by the arrival, for it is not till well along in the forenoon that the line of march is essayed for the camp, which is found on the shores of Lake Morton in what Colonel Clark is pleased to name Camp Massachusetts. With the temperature 96 degrees in the shade, there is little wonder that many a man is pretty well wearied by nightfall over the labors incident to the pitching of tents and the clearing up of débris.

It was many a year ago that Laurence Sterne said that God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and Massachusetts boys soon found that it was not impossible to acclimatize themselves, and heat which would have been unbearable at home was endured here with considerable equanimity. One soldier writes of his surprise on the morning of his arrival to find a regular army man asleep in the sand with his hat over his face, apparently unconscious of the baking quality of the sun's rays, and it was not till a comrade shook him and told him that it was time to get up did he give any signs of life. The same writer testifies that a week later he could sleep anywhere and at any time, especially after twenty-four hours of guard-duty. Rations are slow in arriving, and for three days no meat is served except bacon, and the effect of this excessively fat meat in this hot climate is bad. Hospital accommodations are poor and medicine is far from plentiful. The soldier's consolation of grumbling is soon in evidence, but it is not all gloomy, for there are many who see only the funny side of everything and they are salvation to their fellows.

The spirit of caste is abroad in Lakeland, and the night before the Second came, there had been a shooting affray in which a black trooper had signalized his equality by using his revolver with fatal effect upon a white man, a condition not often had in such troubles. The result was that excitement ran high, and the soldier was under guard and in greater safety than he would have been had there been less men in blue in his immediate vicinity.

The waters of the neighboring lakes were inviting, and the men enjoyed them as much as they could, considering that they were said to harbor alli-

gators and that the shores abounded in moccasins and rattlesnakes. Right here it is not amiss to tell the story of how the first two officers of Company C tried to shoot the most famous of all the reptilian inhabitants of Florida. Lake Parker was two miles away and arrangements had been made with a native for guidance and boat, but on reaching his abode he was unable to fulfill his contract and so sent his ten-year-old boy, who, as night had fallen, carried a lantern. The way led through a long stretch of waste land having a

Capt. F. L. Allen.
First Lieut. A. C. King. Second Lieut. H. H. Warren.
IN FLORIDA CAMP.

few trees, and altogether bearing a most uncanny look. To beguile the time the lad told tales of the abundance of rattlers and moccasins in that very neighborhood, and said that on reaching the water he was going back because he wasn't fond of 'gators and that his mother wanted him at home, besides the last time he was out with his father fishing, a 'gator had jumped into the boat. These recitals served to cool the nimrod promptings of the young officers and they began to think that perhaps night was not the best time to hunt 'gators, and then, when the lad returned to his home the officers went along also lest some harm might befall him. As they had taken the precaution of not informing the camp of their determination, it was quite unnecessary for them to tell any fish stories the following day on account of their lack of substantial tokens of success.

The stay of the "Second" in Camp Massachusetts extended from the 17th to the 30th of May, a period of time within which the regiment accustomed itself to Florida climate and to the routine of camp life. That the boys were not out for fun was speedily impressed upon them, and with rapidly bronzing faces they responded to the bugle calls, which followed each other with exasperating regularity and frequency. These young men must learn that the real end and aim of a soldier's life is not the battlefield, but drill—continuous, unvarying drill. The Worcester companies are located on the left, and are adapting themselves as rapidly as possible to their situation. The wall tents are 9 x 11, thus accommodating six privates and a non-commissioned officer. There are twelve tents on the street,

and the officers are quartered in two tents which face the street. Trenches surround each tent for the better disposition of the water which falls frequently in Florida, and in great quantities. That the lads are not particularly given to complaining can be gathered from these words, entered in his journal by a Worcester boy: "These nights down here are delightful; no twilight, but with the soft air and the stars;" though even this happy youngster can not help breathing a sigh over the absence of the gentler sex.

Sleeping on the ground soon developed its disagreeable features, and to obviate them Spanish moss was sought, the same hanging in profusion from the trees. Climbing the same, material was found for couches soft enough for the body of a king, but everywhere the principle of compensation comes. It did not take a great deal of time for some of the soldiers to learn that their delightful moss was an excellent harboring place for lizards, snakes and other reptiles and vermin, hence luxurious beds speedily lost their attractiveness. Yankee ingenuity quickly discovered that slender saplings, trimmed up in part, made fine gun-racks and hat-trees, and the tents were often thus equipped. Still the quarters were hampered, and only for the fact that at least one from each tent was usually on guard, the boys would have found their space somewhat limited; as it was, spoon-fashion was the rule in sleeping, and "one over, all over," was the cry when a change of position became a necessity. Some preferred the roominess of out-of-doors when it did not rain, even though guard duty had taken away one of the number, and so slept in God's big bed-room.

Perhaps no better idea of camp life in Lakeland can be had than that given in a letter from a private of C Company to a Worcester friend: "All one has to do is to get up at 4.30 a.m.; fall in with working suits and arms at 4.45 for roll-call; breakfast at 5.15, when we fall in line and pass in front of our smiling German cook and receive a delicious (?) cup of steaming coffee, along with a beautiful plate of savory bacon and potatoes, and all the hardtack one can eat. The coffee is issued green, and is either burned past all usefulness or is boiled green like so many beans, and the hog is cut in slabs about one-fourth inch thick, 6 x 4, and while one man gets a piece cooked to a turn two others get either a raw piece, just warmed through, or a piece so charred that it is bitter. On this substantial meal we perform police duty, or street cleaning, and chambermaid duties till 6.45. At 7 we go out on the shores of the pond on which the camp is situated, and drill in the beautiful sunshine (106 strong) for one and a half hours. At 10.30 we have school for general instruction out under the trees in the shade. One man in twenty can get in the shade, which is usually located over a nest of red ants.

"At 12.15 we partake of another bounteous feast of fresh beefstew or bean soup; at 2 p.m. school again; 4.40, dress parade in the broiling sun and ankle-deep sand; 5.40, guard mount; 6.05, roll-call; 6.30, supper, when we again gorge ourselves on choice viands similar to those of breakfast and dinner. It is dark at 7 o'clock, and all of a sudden, too, for there is no twilight. Nine o'clock sees all of us in bed."

Lakeland itself is a comely place for one in the South, of perhaps 1500 people, about thirty miles from Tampa, and is called the healthiest town in Florida, being a great winter resort for Northern people, but at this season the latter are conspicuous by their absence. Like most of the cities and towns of the Southland, it has very little notion of enterprise, and was a long time in awaking to the fact that in its immediate vicinity was a large army of men with money to spend. Indeed, some of the tradesmen were entirely bought out before they awoke to the necessity of restocking. So unwilling were some to adapt themselves to the changed conditions, they even wished the soldiers afar off, that they might resume their accustomed tranquillity and somnolence. One boy of C, who

had gone to town for supplies, finding himself overloaded, asked a native how much he wanted to carry a small bundle to the camp. He said, "No, I don't want to. Said a merchant, "I shall be glad when you fellows leave Lakeland. I hardly get a chance to sit down unless I lock the door."

He would be a queer soldier who did not know the delights of running or jumping the guard; so unusually good must such a man be it would be quite unsafe for him to be exposed in the least, for the good die early. Recognizing the truth of this saying, some of for the boys." That the "canteen" in this regiment was well patronized is evident from the fact that it had above $800 in the treasury. It would seem that the visitors stole back into camp considerably wiser than when they went out, but all the better satisfied with their own volunteer surroundings.

Nor was the camp itself devoid of fun; and what the boys themselves failed to provide sometimes came from unexpected sources, as when a stray calf, old enough to be strong and active, wandered into the company

JOHNSON, HILL, LONGLEY, CHENEY, JENKINS, STEVENSON, WARREN, CLARK, ALLEN, KING, FAIRBANKS.

LIGHT INFANTRY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 1895.

the Infantry lads tried the pleasures of French leave and visited the camp of certain cavalrymen across the lake. The trip did the boys good, for they had a chance to see how others lived, and thus widen their own experience. Here they saw Sibley tents, and learned that the men slept with their heads out or towards the rim, while their feet congregated around the tent-pole. Also, they saw the much discussed "canteen," and watched the Mexican game of Monte in progress, seeing large sums of money won and lost, the winner generously "setting them up street. Terrified by the sudden attentions of the soldiers, with tail erect, head down, and with blatant cries, it rushed through the tent of Sergeant Hill and landed in H Street in the midst of four men sleeping, and then made for the lake, his only way of escape. A young hound seeing the disturbance also took a hand, so to speak, and pursued the crazed bovine into the water, swimming after him for fully a hundred yards, when his courage gave out and he returned to the shore, leaving the calf near the point of drowning from weariness and fright. Unwilling

that anything should suffer thus, the boys who had been laughing so heartily now essayed the part of saviours, and actually swam out to the rescue of the poor beast, helping him in till he could himself touch the bottom, when he made off, glad to be rid of his Yankee acquaintances.

Here is a Sunday as described by one who was there: "Got up as usual at 4.45; took breakfast of bacon, coffee and potatoes, which tasted good. I brushed my clothes, shined my buttons, blacked my shoes, washed my face, and at 8.30 marched over to headquarters for service. Read prayer, sang 'America.' Account of the Prodigal Son read by the chaplain. 'Nearer, my God,' sung by the choir and congregation; sermon on character, illustrated by Gladstone, Depew, etc. Prayer read to close. At 11 o'clock went to a chapel down street, where our chaplain preached. Twelve of us went with him and sang in the choir. Think of my melodious voice echoing through the aisles of the cathedral (?) 50 x 30 feet. Went home, had hardtack, tomato soup, potatoes and coffee; loafed in the afternoon. We were told that we were to leave for Tampa Monday, so began to pick up; 4.30 p.m. went on guard duty."

May 30th, Memorial Day at home, camp was broken and preparations for departure were made. Reveille was sounded at 4 a.m., at 8.20 all was in readiness for leaving; but that was not the way of doing things in the army, which never moves when the men are ready, for it was not till 2.30 that the train was taken, and a short ride had till 4 p.m., not to Tampa, but to Ybor City, a sort of suburb of the former place and two miles away from it, camp being pitched near the Fourth Regiment of Heavy Artillery, on which account it was rumored that the Second was to be converted into that branch of the service, but all the heavy artillery experience our Worcester soldiers had was that of looking over the great guns and mortars with which the regiment was equipped. While camp is in a grove of scrub palmettos, the most abounding element in sight is sand. It is everywhere and is very deep. To cross the street is to sink ankle-deep in it, and the mules have hard times in dragging their wagons. The people are principally Spaniards or Cubans, and their jargon sounds queer enough in this "land of the free."

One of the most interesting of the near-by features is the great spring, whence is had the water for camp use. For fear of poison at the hands of vengeful Spaniards, it is carefully guarded. As at Lakeland, reptiles and disagreeable insects are much in evidence. Poor Little Miss Muffit would have had no peace whatever in Florida, for the big spider would not have waited till she was comfortably seated on a tuffit before sitting down beside her. It was from Lakeland that a C man wrote thus of his discomforts: "So far I have had only three bites, but they will linger in my memory for some time, till the swelling goes down any way. The day after I was bitten I was conscious of a slight soreness, and on the next I was so luxuriously inclined that I would do nothing but lie on my back in the shade, on a rubber blanket, and let my arms lie out flat. They swelled so that for three days I could not shut my hands. Georgie is now a wiser if not a better boy."

For a little more than a week, or until June 7th, this is to be the camp of the "Second," and with the usual routine of drill and camp duty the time quickly passes, every day there being stories of when and where the regiment was to go. There is no great amount of variety in the routine, but occasionally the difference between North and South crops out. The negro is not looked upon as exactly an ornament to society, and there is a way of self-assertion among the whites that Northern men were not accustomed to. Thus on one of the days during which Lieutenant King was Officer-of-the-guard, his attention was directed to an evident entanglement in a certain part of his bounds and, on investigating, found a number of his men rounded up by a woman with a

shotgun. It appeared that near by the camp was a tempting watermelon patch, a situation entirely beyond the power of the boys to overlook, but the lady proprietor was on the lookout also and, gun in hand, she ran them off the premises, corraled them in a small piece of woods and, on the officer's arrival, proceeded to prefer her complaint, saying that if the authorities could not protect her property, she "reckoned" she could do it herself. The looks and manners of the amazon gave ample evidence of her ability, and though a guard was stationed near her melons, the men themselves thought her own presence

Major H. B. Fairbanks.

sufficient protection. They didn't like her melons, not even a little bit.

On Sunday, the 5th of June, Companies C and D were routed out at 1.30 a.m. to assist in the loading of the Heavy Artillery's big guns upon the cars for transportation to Tampa, the same guns which, on the arrival in Cuba, General Shafter found himself unable to unload, another comment on the unpreparedness of our nation for war with any people. The rain during some of these days was something to astonish Northern eyes. When it rained it poured, great, big drops as large, the boys said, as walnuts, and those who did not have raised board floors in their tents just had to wade. Then some of the extra careful men had made nice little excavations beneath their floors, which, by courtesy, they called cellars, where they kept some of their food, but the floods lost no time in transforming them into small swimming tanks.

It was here that the boxes sent by good Worcester friends came, and the opening thereof was far ahead of any "spring opening" annually advertised by enterprising tradesmen. There were boxes galore, big boxes and little boxes, and he was a neglected boy who had not some home token in this shape. "It's just like Christmas," remarks one lad with imagination and memory. Such a medley of contents! Tobacco, canned fruit, pickles, olives, condensed milk, sardines, ham, pickled eggs, acid phosphate, saltines, cake, cookies, boiled eggs, chowchow, raspberry vinegar, whiskey (for medicinal use), tea, coffee, fish lines, and in one case a baseball. While all these items were gratefully received by the young soldiers, it is quite likely that they would have been just as well off if they had confined themselves strictly to regular rations.

It was in this camp that a very pretty tribute of home appreciation came from some of the younger Worcester girls who called themselves "the Busy Bees." In their spirit of patriotism they had called upon Captain Rider and asked him if something in the way of a sewing outfit would not be good for the men in Florida. To his practical mind the proposition was admirable, and he told them to go ahead, which they did. In time there was brought to his Main Street store a box containing seventy-five of these useful combinations, upon each one being the name of a Light Infantry man, with that of the maker. Called a "Housewife," and filled with all the essentials for mending and sewing on buttons, the gift was just what every man needed. The letter of thanks from Captain Allen bears date of May 31, and was a great pleasure to the young people, who heard it read at a

meeting held in the home of Mrs. A. C. Williams. In addition, many letters of individual thanks were written by the men to the particular ones who had affixed their names to the presents.

Here, too, the boys were reminded of one of their old comrades, "Toni" Rebboli, the confectioner, who had also been their caterer in some of their Framingham life, for he sent them a liberal gift of his sweetest wares, and though the amount for each one was not exactly cloying, it served to remind them of home, and was vastly more toothsome to some than was the tobacco which other friends sent.

June 7th, Captain Allen wrote a letter of thanks to Halleck Bartlett for the medicine chest which the latter, as Treasurer of the Worcester Volunteer Aid Association, had sent. He says: "It was just what we needed, and it did us good service, both in our Company, where we distributed its contents, and in the regimental hospitals." All these examples of giving serve to illustrate the home love which followed the men wherever they went.

The distance from the camp to the neighboring town is short, and when reached the men have free access to the tent of the Y. M. C. A., where ample provision was made for letter writing, and there was little time when some boy was not seen here writing a letter to the loved ones at home. Nor was the camp lacking in nearer attractions, for not more than three hundred yards away was the farm-house of a native, where could be bought a wide range of food that ordinary army regiments did not afford. "It is presided over by two very pleasant and attractive looking young women, and a number of the boys can be found there during the day and evening." Tables are placed upon the piazza and, with abundance of stationery, the boys find this a fine place for letter writing. Checkerboards are also furnished for those who like the game, and with the best of manners the people do a big business.

The 6th of June is the ninety-fifth anniversary of the Company, and for years the event had been celebrated with a deal of ceremony; indeed, it was the great day of the entire year. Accordingly, though remote from Worcester, action was taken towards making the event memorable in Florida, and fifty dollars had been subscribed for a spread and good time. But this was a case of certain men's proposing and those in higher position disposing in a counter direction. The hour of fun had been set at 7 o'clock p.m., when, at 6.30, the officers were summoned to headquarters to be informed that everything must be ready for the wagons at 9.30, and all festivities were off at once, though as the sequel showed, there was ample time for a whole night's celebration, since it was not till late the next day that a move was made. "If we only knew" is so often the refrain in after reflections. As the men had recently been paid, there was an abundance of money on hand, and an observance of such an anniversary on Florida soil would have been a delightful memory. As it was, the time came and went just the same, though not exactly as had been planned.

Everything was ready at the assigned time, but the means of departure did not show up till long afterwards. All had the pleasure of sleeping with only the arched sky for a covering, awaiting the orders which did not come, for it was not till 6.50 p.m. on the 7th that the train was boarded for Tampa, which was reached at 10 o'clock. The Company bivouacked on the depot platform, expecting to take the transport the following day. The Orizaba had been assigned to the "Second," but owing to some confusion that vessel was taken by certain Regulars, and on the 8th of June Company C found such accommodations as it could upon the Concho.

In the light of subsequent events, the apprehensions of the national government, and of its representatives upon land and sea, as to the intentions of the Spaniards seem almost ludicrous. Never for an instant, even, showing the aggressive, when they did leave the harbor of San-

tiago, it was only to run away as best they could. Then to think that we should, for a moment, have entertained the thought that the Dons were trying to enter the Gulf of Mexico with the purpose of wiping out our contingent there, seems absurd, yet just such fears and alarms disturbed the embarkation and hindered the departure not a little. However, the Infantry and its fellow companies were at the landing and anxious to go aboard some one of the many transports which were evident in the waters near. Owing to some of the vicissitudes sure to happen in war times, the Second, or a part of it, had to take up with such quarters as it could find on the Concho. This same vessel would not have been selected as an excursion steamer if found in Boston Harbor, but it was one of those chosen to carry representatives of Uncle Sam to their destination. Already on board were two regiments of U. S. Infantry, one of them colored, and

Corp. C. A. Vaughan, Jr. Corp. P. W. Lincoln.
Louis B. Glynman.
Burton V. Prince. Bugler A. F. Wheeler.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY C.

with the Massachusetts addition, space was at a premium. In the numbers of these floating caravansaries, the Concho ranked as fourteen, but nothing could make her lovely nor pleasant. The tentage and ten days' rations, this day issued, had to be loaded—lots of work for those who did it, and at about three in the afternoon, she steamed away to her anchorage, with the expectation that during the night the start for Cuba would be made. Colonel Miller of the First Infantry, commanding the brigade, issued an order read before the officers of the battalion, to the effect that if there should be an attack or any disturbance, one officer should at once go to the hold and stay with his men till the trouble was over. At midnight came the tramp of hurried feet on the deck, above the quarters of Lieutenant King, who immediately arose, dressed and repaired to the cabin, where he learned that Spanish gunboats had been reported five miles out, and that the men had all been ordered below. If these poor fellows had only known how much the Spaniards dreaded coming near the Yankees, they might have continued their deck repose. As it was, they were pent up in the stifling regions below the water's edge, suffering from the terrible crowding and heat almost to the point of suffocation. Obedient to Colonel Miller's orders, Lieutenant King went below and remained with his almost frenzied men, to whose fancies came visions of catastrophe, with no chance whatever to help themselves. They did not wish to die like rats in the pit. After almost two hours of this tribulation, orders were received to bring the men on deck, where they found that the vessel was making her way back to the slip, all on account of possible Spaniards. Worcester boys climbed the rigging and enjoyed the sights afforded by the flashlights which illumined the busy scene. For several days there was nothing for the men to do but divert themselves as best they could. Swimming was a favorite sport when near the shore, but at the anchorage to which the Concho again moved on the 11th, the presence of sharks made the boys sick of the water. Much to the relief of all, on the 12th the Knickerbocker drew alongside, and the 3d Battalion was transferred to her more roomy if not more cleanly spaces. She is a smaller craft, but as yet is not crowded, though on the 13th she moved up to the Orizaba and received the 1st Battalion of the Second, thus having the entire regiment excepting the second section, which was on the Seneca. The new floating quarters is Number 13, and Private Fred Dean, from his known deftness with the brush, is directed to paint this talismanic combination upon the smokestack, while the men have nothing else to do but cogitate on the thirteens which may be made out of the vessel and her history. There are thirteen letters in the word Knickerbocker; the captain has commanded her thirteen years; she is about starting on her thirteenth trip to Cuba; the 1st Battalion was taken aboard on the 13th; there are thirteen letters in the captain's name; there are the same number of letters in the name of the State whence the men have come; thirteen steps are necessary to reach the bunks below, and these ingenious if not idle fellows had many other coincidences which tended to make the probability of the ship's reaching Cuba extremely unlikely.

At nightfall, the transport drew in to the dock and proceeded to take on rations and water for the Cuban trip, and the next morning started out again; this time it really looking as if the departure were at hand. Some of the boys in the getting away were left, and few people know how a soldier feels under such circumstances, for there is always the imputation of having tried to be left, in other words just the possibility of desertion, the crowning disgrace in a military career. Thus when the transport was likely to leave, those on board, in their anxiety to get their friends there also, climbed into the rigging and signaled and shouted themselves hoarse, but in spite of all of their efforts quite a number were left

and later were brought out by a smaller craft, the Margaret. Next to reaching home, the boys were pleased at getting where they belonged. As it was, the antics of the lads in their efforts to "get there" were equal to circus performances, for after the gang-planks had been taken in, some of the vigorous fellows swung themselves aboard by means of ropes.

At the last moments when the "Knick." was moving out of her slip, one of the young men came running down the dock with his arms full of bundles, no one of which he was willing to drop even for the possibility of reaching the deck. He had canned goods in one hand and a bag of lemons in the other. "Throw me a rope" is his cry as he nears the vessel. One is thrown and he grabs at it, his foot slips upon something and down he goes, bundles and all, not one of which will he relinquish. Anguish and anxiety are pictured, equally, on his face as he holds onto the rope with one hand, the other being devoted to budgets, and he shouts to his comrades to draw him on board. They, however, were more discreet, and declined to help him to a bath, even though he finally let go everything to get a two-handed grasp of the rope. He had to wait and to come out with the other delinquents. As the regulations were not too strictly enforced, no harm came to any one, except the inevitable anxiety and some rallying by their comrades. These Yankee boys were not starting away hungry. They had money, the most of them, and the shore affords food even if the rations of "prime roast beef" were not all the most fastidious could wish for. Then there were boxes and packages from home, which the recipients generously divided with their comrades. Sleeping below decks was not exactly comfortable, and some of the youngsters made up their minds that if the horrors of the Middle Passage, in the days of the African slave trade, were any worse than a bunk in the lower regions of Old Knick., they were glad that they were not passengers for America in those same days of old.

CAMP STREET SCENE IN LAKELAND.

On the 14th, at 11.30, the Knickerbocker is in her proper place in the line; at 3 p.m. the anchor is hoisted for good and the movement for Cuba

begins. It is an auspicious event in American history, but to these men, replete with animal spirits, there is little thought of the significance of this vast array of floating strength, on its way to wipe out the crowning anachronism of the century, viz., the survival of mediaeval Spanish rule in this enlightened western world. In three lines the majestic column of vessels moves towards the outlet of the Gulf. Our Massachusetts men are in the middle line, number six in the list. So near her neighbors is the Knickerbocker that the closest watch is necessary lest collisions follow, and even then they are not always escaped.

As the trip progresses, the beautiful tint of blue of the water is noted, though some of the men in their seasickness are oblivious to the attractions of their surroundings, and lucky the man or boy whose stomach is proof against the attacks of Neptune. There is a whole week to be beguiled in some way before Cuba is reached, and ingenuity will be taxed to find diversions for all this number of irrepressible humanity. Out of sight of land, there was not a deal of variety, and some of the diaries kept afforded no more incident than that of the ocean traveler of whom Mark Twain records that his daily entries finally dwindled to "Got up, ate, went to bed," though that occasion was duly chronicled when certain of the ship's crew attacked a venal, grasping porter and compelled him to disgorge four dollars which he had unjustly taken from the men, and not only gave it back to the soldiers, but also gave out the stock of the usurer, and then, knocking the fellow down, "stepped on him." Some superstitious voyager threw overboard the black cat which had started with the Company, declining to think such a feline in the class of mascots. The boys while away the monotonous hours asking themselves questions like these: "What does the doctor give for a broken leg?" Ans. "Salts."

"What does he give for seasickness?" Ans. "Salts."

"What is his remedy for a sore toe?" Ans. "Salts."

"What shall we have for breakfast?" Ans. "Prime roast beef."

"What shall we have for dinner?" Answer, the same as above; and thus through the meals of the day.

Fortunately there is no conventionality and the men dress very much as they like. A pair of pantaloons is full dress, and one lad declares that certain ones wear only a smile. There is little reading aboard; in the start so much time was devoted to fixing for the body that the mental outfit was forgotten. However, one lad had an Outlook, an Independent, a Black Cat and a Munsey. Though his name was plainly written on each pamphlet he found his ship exercise in trying to keep track of his library. Personal appearance was not improved in these earlier days of raising a beard. Seemingly the barber had been left behind, and the consequent stubble of from one to two weeks was something to remember.

All this time the men were likely to have more or less colloquy with the captain, who apparently was much like the old Dutchman whom Washington Irving used to describe. "Fool Captain" was a mild term compared with some of those applied to this son of Neptune. He was seemingly proud of his craft and naturally did not relish the flings and jibes which were constantly ringing in his ears. Yet afterwards the men were delighted to learn that when they were well off the boat and he had another party aboard, he could not talk loud enough in praise of those gallant fellows from Massachusetts. So eccentric was he, some of the men even questioned his sanity.

There was abundant opportunity to study the characteristics of other craft than the Knickerbocker, and at sight of the Miami, some one recalled the description of her given by Lieutenant Benchley, Worcester's West Point boy who went down in battle at San Juan. He said she looked like a cross between Noah's Ark and a roof-garden. The appositeness of the simile was evident to any one seeing her towering so far out of the water. Glimpses of land are had at times as the fleet sails along the

north coast of the Island, and the shipmen are able to indicate the situation of the more important places such as Havana, Matanzas, etc.

At 10 a.m. of the 20th, the fleet was within sight of the harbor of Santiago and the question of destination was apparently settled. It was a case, however, of "so near and yet so far," for the landing, so longed for, was still some hours away. The fleet was to stand off some miles from the shore, to be well closed up and ready to obey orders readily. On the 21st, the fleet again pulled in nearer the landing, but no command of debarkation was heard, and at night another putting out to sea was had; so far, indeed, did they go that in the morning, that of the 22nd, for aught the soldiers knew, they were lost. However, the captain had his ship so well in hand that he soon came up with other members of his flotilla. He explained the situation saying that the fleet was lost, they were all right. They got back just in time to see the bombardment of Daiquiri, where the landing on Cuban soil was to be made. At 1.30 p.m. General Shafter's boat ran alongside and, through a megaphone, he asked for Colonel Clark, wanting to know where he had been, saying that this load was to have been the very first to land, and directing us to pull in to about a quarter of a mile from the shore and debark at once.

The captain dared not go much nearer than one mile, and at 2.30 the first boat-load left, and the departures followed so that at 5.15 the 1st Battalion was all off. It was not till 7 a.m. of the 23rd that the unloading of the 1st Battalion began, the Light Infantry going first. Sergeant Wentworth was ordered to bring off a box of hardtack and a case of canned beef, a wise provision, for the march to join the remainder of the regiment at once prevented proper attention to commissary matters. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon that the men were all ashore and began sizing up the land about which they had heard so much and to take a glance at the people in whose behalf they had left their own homes, and the universal opinion was that if the specimens before them were fair samples, then the Cubans were no great shakes after all. Note the description "made by our artist on the spot": They are mostly short of stature, wear little clothing, but each one has a gun or machete, or both. One fellow not over fifteen years of age, with face of ebon blackness, clothed in trousers one leg of which is entirely gone and the other partly, wearing no covering on the upper part of his body, carries a rifle over his shoulder, has a belt full of ammunition, and in the other hand carries a two-pound can of beef. The grin upon his face extends from ear to ear and betokens contentment with all the earth.

These young men of ours, who are taking this Cuban trip, are boys in nature as well as years, and it is not at all strange that they lose little time in sampling the resources of the locality. Notwithstanding all of man's boasted mentality, he has never gotten away from his stomach, and something good to eat is ever a prominent subject in his mind. In this respect he differs from

CLARENCE E. BUTLER, CO. C.

the lower orders only in degree, and the hungrier he becomes the nearer he approaches the creature from which, through generations of survival, he is supposed to have sprung. Here is the record of one of the company just off the boat, and whose stomach is bigger than all thoughts of Cuba *libre:* "Then G. S. and I started off to see what we could find in the way of grub. We met F. D. coming back with a chicken in his hand, and he said he gave fifty cents for it. He claimed to have bought it of a woman who could speak nothing but Spanish, and after making all kinds of signs he took the chicken in one hand and a fifty-cent piece in the other and offered her the choice; she took the money. A man who could speak English told the Yankee that this act of his had raised the price of chickens 300 per cent. We tried quite a number of places at which we hoped to find a chicken, but we couldn't make the folks understand what we wanted. I carried a feather and George the money, but the people couldn't catch on."

At this point were located the Spanish-American Iron Works, including shops, railroad tracks, cars, engines, etc. Also, here they had powder mills. The enemy in departing tried to destroy everything that was destructible, but they failed to run off a large quantity of wine stored here, forty barrels of which fell into our hands; and though soon guarded and held for hospital purposes, some of the prying Americans had found it soon enough to get merry over its imbibing. What the average soldier can not find, when given an opportunity, is hardly worth seeking. The Cuban soldiers were not objects of soul-felt affinity to the newly arrived. Long years of association with the Island and its needs had produced a carelessness as to personal appearance wholly unreconcilable to American ways. Our men were accustomed to pretty nearly a whole suit of clothes, while to the native, clothing or raiment was not of much consequence when compared with food, and the readiness with which raw bacon was devoured by the Cuban made our men stare. That Cuban privates should carry their officers across the water-runs was quite an object lesson to our boys reared in habits altogether democratic.

COMPANY C IN YBOR CITY.

Statements of the time of starting on that first day's march from Daiquiri are somewhat vague, probably because all

did not advance at the same moment, and then some generalized on the apparent position of the sun. If it were stated that it was towards noon on the 23d that the first march on Cuban soil began, it would be sufficiently near the truth. Roads in the Massachusetts sense do not exist in that belated land, but trails are substituted, and these are narrow, so much so that it is difficult for two to walk abreast. A twelve-mile tramp brings the Company to its first camping place on a hillside. This trail proved to be an exceedingly hard one to the men, just off the transports, and many were quite overcome by the temperature and the burdens. Indeed, Captain Allen found it necessary to halt before his Company did, and, by the side of a fine spring, secured the rest which enabled him, the following day, to come up with the others. Company C did not start away from the landing place intact, quite a number of men, some nineteen in all, having been detailed to remain with Lieutenant King to bring up all arrearages, a deed fully accomplished on the 24th. It was on this first march that the men were introduced to the nourishing possibilities of green cocoanut milk, and the agility manifested in climbing a palm for its delicious fruit was a tribute to the young men's gymnastic training. At Siboney or Juragua, only five miles away from the landing place as the crow would fly, but representing twelve miles of weary marching, the Second lay till the 24th, some of its members getting their first taste of hospital, incurred through the extreme heat. Let one of the lads speak for himself: "I felt dizzy, and was carried over to the hospital on a stretcher. The hospital, by the way, is a blockhouse built by the Spaniards. I lay there all day without anything to eat, and in the evening when my regiment went on, I was left at the brigade hospital. There I saw some of the fellows wounded in the 'Rough Riders'' engagement. When I was lying in my tent in the morning, I could hear the firing, seemingly about two miles away, lasting something more than an hour. The killed included one of the 1st Cavalry, two from the 10th Colored, and ten from the Rough Riders, and thirty-five were wounded. The Spaniards were in ambush, and had a chance to kill all of the Rough Riders, who were easy marks. The coming up of the Tenth saved the Rough Riders, whom our boys often denominated 'Wood's Weary Walkers.' The accommodations are not much. The wounded men are laid in a rude building on the floor, the very worst cases being taken to the hospital boat. Don't ever get into a hospital in war, if you can help it; I mean one that does not belong to your own regiment, and none of them are any too good. They feed you what they please, and tell you to get out before you are able to walk. This was my experience. One of the Rough Riders was brought in sick, and the surgeon told him there was nothing the matter with him. This did not suit the men who had brought their comrade, so they went back, four miles, and told their lieutenant-colonel. It didn't take the latter a great while to put in an appearance, and to give that surgeon a most genteel dressing down. He finished up by telling the surgeon that he would lose his job. The mighty sawbones took off his hat and begged a thousand pardons, but 'Teddy' simply said that he didn't wish to have anything more to do with him." Evidently the future President's sharp tongue is not altogether a late creation.

Every soldier in Cuba has a head full of crab memories. In number and size they by far eclipsed anything ever seen by them before. One of the men on guard declared he halted one of them, thinking him a man; while another veracious soldier declared that one of the rascals had scuttled off with his pipe. When, some days later, this spot became the site of a hospital, and one of the colored patients was asked if there was anything that could be done to enhance his comfort, the poor fellow, to whose disordered fancy these monsters had become exceedingly repulsive, replied, "Yes, build around me a fence six feet high and strong enough to keep out these terrible creepers." As they made their way through the brush, some declared they made as much noise as a

horse. The halt here afforded opportunity for salt-water baths, and an opportunity to see the transports unloaded.

Here it was that the hatless messenger came up on horseback asking for help, since the Rough Riders were hard pressed at Las Guasimas. Lieutenant King writes, "I directed him to General Lawton's headquarters, and a second courier, arriving a moment later, I sent to Lieut.-Col. E. R. Shumway, then commanding the regiment, as Colonel Clark was then Acting Brigadier General. We were immediately ordered under arms, and remained so for about an hour." The 8th and the 22d were sent forward instead, but on their arrival the enemy had withdrawn. Fortunately for the famous Riders who never rode,

OLNEY T. ALDRICH. HENRY J. GREENE.
SERGT. G. W. STEBBINS.
WINFIELD D. RHEUTAN. EMIL ZAEDER.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY C.

the 1st and 10th Cavalry, by another route, had come up just in the nick of time, and so saved the venturesome soldiers from even worse troubles.

At 8 p.m. on this 24th day of June, the Company went to the shore to draw rations for three days, among other

items getting a gallon can of preserved tomatoes, involving a burden which no provident disposition would warrant in carrying any considerable distance. As a consequence many a can was thrown away—a dead loss to the soldier and to the department which furnished such unreasonable rations. The camp was abandoned at 5.30 p.m., and a start was made along the route already traversed by Roosevelt's men, Company C being the rear guard. Two hours' marching through characteristic Cuban thickets brought the men to where they could see the results of this first day's encounter, for here the colored troops were burying their fallen comrades. The burial service, read by the chaplain, a dirge by the band, three volleys over the new-made graves and then "taps," told to all hearers the brief story of mortality. Then through the darkness the mile-long column stumbled along over roads indescribable in their roughness, sometimes in the beds of streams now dry; everywhere through vegetation so dense that it had afforded perfect hiding places to an enterprising enemy, which, fortunately for these boys, did not exist in their immediate vicinity, and camp at last was pitched by the side of the Rough Riders, whose dead were lying under a tree near by.

Lieutenant King says this of the scene of the fight: "Saturday, the 25th, I arose early, and with several officers went over the grounds; a better place for a small body of troops to stand off an army was never seen. The two trails over which the two columns had approached meet here at almost right angles, and both running up hill. I think 500 U. S. soldiers could have held the position against an army." The stop at this point was short, though in the time the Light Infantry had so generously given of their own rations to the poorly-provided-for Rough Riders that in subsequent hours some of the Worcester boys went hungry. At 6.45 the advance again began, and continued for, possibly, two miles, till at Sevilla, on a fine grassy tract, the weary soldiers were permitted to pitch their tents.

While in this camp two batteries of artillery came up and two dynamite guns, and an officer, in whom the hunting disposition was developed, remarks, on his hearing the whistling of a quail, making him almost homesick in the memories the sound aroused. Later he says he saw large numbers of the bird. It was in this camp that orders were issued against the eating of green mangoes, it being understood from the natives that the fruit at this time was exceedingly harmful. All of these days were filled with vicissitudes for an honest young soldier. One day a mechanic was called for, and Eddie S. of C very properly volunteered. When he returned, after an absence of several hours, he was seen to wear a very much abused look, and inquiries developed the fact that the skilled workman could not see where his mechanical ability was particularly drawn upon in the carrying of logs, for that was the work he had been doing during his absence. Such breaches of confidence begat wariness in the minds of these astute youngsters, and the same lad was not often caught a second time, at any rate not with the same bait. Picket duty and general scouting expeditions enable the men to pretty thoroughly learn their surroundings. Rain and shine alternate, so far as the weather is concerned, and so hot is the sun that wet garments are speedily dried. Of the variety in a soldier's life, here is an excellent picture outlined by the chief character in the scene: "I carry my coffee and hardtack in the toe of a stocking which is tied to my belt, because of the smallness of my haversack and the necessity of carrying ammunition, clothing, etc. The coffee is given out in the berry, and when we would use it we have to grind it ourselves, and this we do by beating it between two stones. Now, I had a glass jar of extract of beef which I was keeping, in case of an emergency, in the toe of another stocking. Yesterday, when I went to pound my coffee, I got hold of the wrong stocking and pounded up my jar of extract of beef. I was awfully sorry, but it turned out all right, since we are awfully short of food just now; so I boiled the stocking and extract, getting therefrom a right down good feed."

Reveille, to a soldier always early, sounded earlier than usual on the 27th, for it was at 4.20 that the well-known notes were heard, and soon after the Company started, marching about four miles to reach a point not more than two miles off, in a straight line. Here camp was again pitched and men from C Company, with some from D, were put on outpost duty some distance from the regiment. Towards the enemy, hospital buildings in Santiago were visible, and the fort and block-houses of El Caney also appeared. Indeed, the indulgence in the fruit, which abounds everywhere. It is the rainy season too, and to be wet to the skin is generally the rule. Sometimes, in the night, the boys remove their clothing, and wrapping it in their rubber blankets to keep it dry, enjoy for themselves a long shower bath of the falling rain; cool and comfortable, but not just exactly presentable.

The firing of a gun on the outpost did not necessarily mean that the enemy was in a belligerent mood, but rather that the sentry in his vigilance has mis-

FRED CHESTER HALL. | I. A. BRIGHAM. | JAS. E. I. TODD.
CORP. C. H. COLBURN. | R. E. HENDERSON. | A. I. PEMBLETON.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY C.

position was such that a panoramic view was had of a deal of the Spanish line. Certain scouting parties were sent out, but they failed to reveal any indications of the enemy. Possibly had they gone farther they might have found the object of their search. The country itself abounds in everything that a tropical region can produce, but medical restraint prevents unlimited taken some crawling thing for a prowling Spaniard, hence discharges his weapon, to the discomfiture of his comrades and the indignation of the officers. How the enemy felt no one can tell. Late in the afternoon of the 28th a sound was heard that was exceedingly welcome to the hungry members of the Company. It was not exactly a dinner bell, though it announced the arrival of

food. It was the small tinkle on the neck of the bell horse, and so indicated the arrival of the pack-train with long delayed rations for those famishing soldiers. The rations of bacon and hardtack which were soon distributed were not large, but they were gratefully received, and the men in eating them wondered if they ever had been really hungry in the old days at home. Sugar and coffee, luxuries for the American soldier, wherever serving, also were received in small quantities and refreshed many a drooping spirit, for no matter how brave a man may be he never gets away from his stomach and its cravings. Probably the remark is much older than Gen. Sherman, but he is credited with saying that an army moves on its belly.

The location of the camp is possibly fourteen miles from the landing, but distances are multiplied when the difficulties of communication are considered. Hence the hard work to keep the men supplied with food. Ridiculous sums were offered for hardtack, with few sales reported, because there was nothing to sell. One boy remarks that the grass near his camping place is two feet tall, and he further states that if Uncle Sam held that territory the whole world could not prevail against it, so strong are the natural fortifications. Fine as is the location of the camp, the men have to go a mile and a half for water, and this, too, in a thirsty land. Field-glasses revealed a deal of activity on the part of the enemy, and he could be readily seen throwing up intrenchments, evidently intending to hold out as long as possible. Military duties were not of so arduous a nature that the men could not study animated nature. From the tarantula and chameleon, upon the ground, to a black parrot building his nest in a tree, all were objects of hourly study to these Yankee boys. The 29th of June found the regiment still in camp, with accustomed rains, and word is passed around that on the following day an attack will be made upon the enemy's works. What would army life be without rumors, and what a revelation it would be to find out just how they originate. No man ever traced one to its prime beginning. They were ever as unsubstantial as a dream. Here, too, the boys had a fine opportunity to judge the beauty of "taps," when the dulcet sound goes from camp to camp. To paraphrase the remark of the great Jonathan Edwards concerning the strawberry, "Probably man could have made a lovelier combination of harmonious sounds than those which make up taps, but probably man never did."

The last day of June brought orders to prepare rations, and to be ready to move at a minute's warning. It was after four o'clock when the Company started from its camp, and joining the regiment, drew two days' rations and a large quantity of ammunition, and after a wait of considerable duration, at about six p.m. another start was made. It was not a stroll for pleasure, for the Spaniard had forgotten to build convenient bridges, hence these boys, so far from home, had to wade in water up to their knees, and climb muddy, slippery banks. In the darkness, and the silence which they were ordered to maintain, the situation was somewhat gruesome. The prevailing thought in these men's minds was, "When and where is all this business to end?"

It was a welcome sound when there

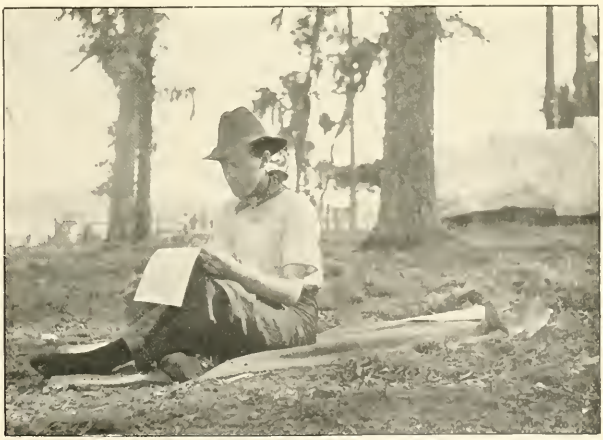
GAZETTE SERGEANT BARTON RESTS.

came the order to halt, to unroll blankets, and to camp beside the trail. From the position of the lights in front, the Spaniards were nearer than when the march began. Even here, when so tired from the hard marching, a careless or over-vigilant guard discharges his gun, thus murdering the sleep of weary soldiers. It is 3.30 a.m. on the 1st of July that the men are roused, directed to roll their blankets, eat their breakfasts and await orders.

In his "Fight for Santiago" Stephen Bonsal has this passage concerning that night march of the Second Regiment:

"We rode along the trail to the right before the sun rose, while the forest was as still as death and the great dewdrops clustered upon the plantain leaves like pearls. The mists of the morning still hung over the valley of Caney as we rode out upon the little plateau overlooking it. Slowly, stealthily, a column of volunteers was disappearing down into the valley below, where it was still night. It was a strange and surprising thing to hear the 'burr' of the Connecticut valley men in tropical surroundings such as these. They were the Second Massachusetts Volunteers going to the front."

It was 5.30 before "fall in" was heard, and yet the wait continued, Dame Rumor circulating the report that a messenger had been sent to demand the surrender of El Caney. Over at the right was Capron's Battery, and its Captain was only too anxious to get the command to fire, for his son, Capt. A. K. Capron, was among the slain in the Rough Riders' fight at Las Guasimas. It is fully six o clock when he receives the welcome order and the bombardment begins, but the distance is too great to be effective. Let one who was there tell the story of his company in his own language:



SERGEANT STEBBINS REMEMBERS HOME.

"At seven we moved, and then I learned that the first two battalions, with the exception of I Company, had gone ahead while we had been held back by General Lawton's order, since the firing of the artillery was directly across the road that we would have to take. For some time after the firing began, there was no answer from the enemy, but shortly before we moved we heard the guns of their infantry, so that we knew our own boys were already at work. By 'our boys' I mean the Eighth and the Twenty-second, which had preceded our regiment, or in military par-

lance were on the right. Finally we moved forward and turned down a rough trail under the line of artillery firing and into a valley and across an abandoned plantation. We pressed forward and struck the Santiago road soon after, turned to the right and went in the direction of the firing.

"As we drew nearer bullets began to slash through the grass and cut the brush about us. There was an open field at the right, and Major Fairbanks marched us in and ordered us to remove our rolls and lie down. After having attempted to report our arrival, in the absence of orders, he deployed us and started to advance. At this stage three men in our section were wounded, but not dangerously, though one of them moaned pitifully. As I lay with my head to the front I could hear the hum of the bullets passing over me, and now and again they would come swishing through the grass or hit a tree near by with a dull thud. Todd, who lay next to me, had a bullet pass through his canteen, rendering it useless. (*Vide* Todd's statement later, page 118.)

"I wondered why more were not hit, and I thought of the terrible ravages a bullet would make if it should hit a man when lying down. If it struck his left shoulder, it would go through the entire body. I wished I might stand up, for then a bullet could only go through a short space, but of course a man lying down presents a much less conspicuous mark than one standing upright. At the command 'forward' every man went gradly and proudly, though every one felt that he might be going to his death. The wounded and the dead were carried by constantly and we were seeing war in all its horrors. The infantry firing

Sergt. Chas. T. Fletcher. Fred P. Dean.
First Sergt. A. S. Longley.
Corp. J. W. Holbrook. Waldo A. Merrifield.

was incessant, and sounded like the popping of corn over hot coals, only the whistle and kiss of the bullets and the frequent bursting of the copper jackets on the bullets, used by some of the Spaniards, added another sound to the popping.

"After advancing several hundred yards the battalion was halted, and an hour later we were assembled in a sheltered position by the Colonel, with whom we had managed to connect. After a considerable pause here we were again deployed and moved to the right, down a trail to the front to support a battery which was brought up from the rear so it might be more effective. Some of the regiment were slightly protected by a dirt bank, but our Company lay out in the open, near a path over which the wounded were carried on their way to the rear, a situation of which the Spanish sharpshooters were soon aware. When we were obliged to send for water it was at a great risk, but the men cheerfully and bravely undertook it.

"In our rear a man was seen in the top of a tree, but he proved to be a Cuban without a gun. He was promptly ordered down, and the next day any Cuban, Spaniard, or other race, found up a tree was shot at sight, for we had no desire to be marks for sharpshooters. We lay in the broiling sun all day, advancing little by little. Most of us had eaten nothing since four o'clock in the morning, and quite a number were overcome by the heat, the thermometer on that July day mounting to 130 degrees. About four o'clock the Twelfth and the Twenty-fifth made a charge and drove the Spaniards out of their trenches. During this close encounter the bullets came our way in earnest, and I thought the enemy was trying to make a break through our lines, but nothing came of it.

"In about half an hour the American flag was raised on the fort amid the cheers of our men. Just here General Ludlow rode up and said, 'Where in the d——l are the block-houses they say they cannot take?' 'I will knock them all to pieces.' Then he ordered up Capron's Battery, now in our rear, while we moved out of the way, letting the big guns get in their work, which they did much more effectually than in the morning. Two block-houses in a line were the objectives. The first shot struck between the two, the second struck the further house, the third hit the roof of the first, the fourth and the fifth completed the demolition of the structures, and the few Spaniards who were left alive ran away.

"At five o'clock we were sent back for our rolls and haversacks, and we expected to camp for the night, but no such boon as a good night's sleep was in store for us. Though we had been under fire ten hours, and the night before had been spent almost wholly in marching or waiting, we were now started off on the main road for Santiago to help the other part of our army that, during the day, had been fighting on the slopes of the surrounding hills. At one o'clock a.m. came the welcome command to halt, and we slept for two hours and then were off again, moving by the left flank, or, in other words, the order of yesterday's march was reversed, for then our Company was in the rear; now it led the brigade. We swung off the main road, down a narrow trail which, owing to the dense undergrowth,

GAZETTE

COL. E. P. CLARK IN THE FIELD.

became so dark that each man took hold of the jacket of the man in front of him so that we could more easily keep together. We crossed a stream, went up a slippery bank, passed El Poso, taken the day before, and on towards the trenches which surrounded Santiago, getting there early in the forenoon of the 2d.

"The most of the day we spent in digging trenches, that we might be able to hold our position on the hill, but the work was done under great difficulties, since there was a raking fire all day and our only tools were mess-pans, spoons and knives. Fortunately, the breastworks proved too strong for the enemy, who, at ten o'clock that night, made an unsuccessful effort to take them. For four days and three nights we had had very little sleep and very short rations, the most of the time having been devoted to marching, receiving the fire of the enemy and digging. On our way up to this position, after crossing the first stream, I grew very tired, and seeing a large tree invitingly near, I thought I would get a little shade as well as a few moments' protection from the bullets, which were uncomfortably numerous.

"While sitting on the least exposed side of the tree and wishing for something to eat, along came a Sixth U. S. Cavalryman, who took refuge under the same tree. Being a generous fellow he shared his store of hardtack with me. Our talk drifted to the important question as to whether we could prevent the enemy retaking the hill. I told him of our hard time in trying to dig trenches without pickaxe or shovel, and said I should like to get a sword bayonet, with which I could work much faster. He said there was one on the other side of the tree. I started to get it and while stooping to pick it up, a bullet went zip close to me. I thought at first that it had hit the ground close to my feet, and said, half aloud, 'Rather a close call,' but thought nothing more of it until I saw the man with whom I had been talking. His head was drooping and his body bent forward.

"Getting down on my knees I inquired if anything was the matter with him and he said 'I'm hit,' and pointed to his side. Right below his ribs I discovered a hole which was so small that I should hardly have noticed it had it not been for the little black and blue spot where the bullet had entered, but it was bleeding internally, for there was not a trace of blood to be seen. I asked him what I could do for him, and he called for a drink of water. He had turned deathly pale, but complained very little. I hailed some passers-by, and asked them to help me. Six of us took him in a blanket and started for

FRED DEAN PAINTS "13" UPON THE KNICKERBOCKER.

CHARLES M. SANDS, "PAT."

BUGLER WHEELER.

the hospital, about three hundred yards away. We had gone perhaps fifty yards when one of our number uttered a cry and sank to the ground. He had been shot in the ankle. One of our party took the second wounded man on his back and started again for the hospital. His wound must have been painful, for he begged his bearer to put him down. When we reached the hospital, I thought the cavalryman was dead, but I know nothing more of him. I went back to the tree for my gun and roll. As my own gun had disappeared I took that of the dead trooper."

It was July 1st that Captain Allen was

Edward J. Martin. Fred. B. Maynard. Sergt. Wm. E. Barton.

compelled to give up and go to the hospital. Rheumatism of the severest character had him in its grasp, and there was no help for him in the field. His enforced departure from the Company was regretted by all, and by no one more than by the officer himself. As his ailment did not yield to treatment in Cuba, he was obliged to return to Worcester, and not till Montauk was reached did he see his men again. On the march from El Caney to the trenches before Santiago, after passing El Poso, through a lane or road in which were met many army wagons loaded with wounded going to the rear, the regiment passed near "Bloody Bend," so called, where the road takes a turn towards the San Juan River. The locality was thus named from the number of deaths during the fight, when concealed sharpshooters swept the entire space. The river itself is reached as the batteries of Grimes and Capron come rolling back from the front, having been compelled to abandon their positions on account of the intensity of the enemy's fire. To the onlooking infantrymen the dash through the river by the artillery was an inspiring one, they coming out very near the spot where, the day before, Lieutenant Benchley, a Worcester boy, who was serving in the Sixth Regulars, was instantly killed. The approach to San Juan hill was none too easy, the way having to be cut through the intervening barbed wire. Companies C and H were at once put upon the firing line, just under the crest of the hill, but they were not kept there long, being soon withdrawn to a less exposed place, very likely on account of the archaic weapons the boys were obliged to carry. Later a move was

made to the right, where intrenching was the order of the day.

Reference having been made to the wounding of Private Todd, the following letter, written April 13, 1903, is apropos: "We had thrown off haversacks, rolls, etc., and left the same with Fred Dean and another man, detailed to take care of them, retaining only the clothing we wore, together with guns, ammunition and canteens. Advancing in skirmish line, we were soon in the zone where bullets were flying and singing past, and were ordered to lie down and to get under cover as much as possible. I was not fortunate enough to get under any cover, so had to lie in an open space, where probably some sharpshooter of the enemy got his eye on me. I had been lying in this place but a short time when my canteen, which in some way had gotten under me, rendered me so uncomfortable that I raised myself on my left arm, and reaching under grasped the canteen and gave it a toss over onto my left hip. I had hardly come back to my original position of resting on my elbows, with my gun grasped in anticipation of an order to advance again, when a bullet zipped past my left ear, and, striking the canteen, which a moment before I had thrown to my left hip, passed through it, and then grazed the fleshy part of the thigh, just above the bone, and finally went, I know not where. I still have the canteen with the hole through it, and I know from the dent, in addition to the jagged hole, that it glanced and thus saved me from a broken hip. Not thinking I had much of a wound, though my thigh was so

WM. WEBSTER EDDY. LEONARD E. CROOKER.
JAMES E. POPE.
ROBERT TAFT. CHARLES H. KNIBBS.

sore I could not lie on it the following two nights, I made no mention of it, being a little bit afraid of being thought childish over a small matter, so the boys did not really know that the bullet had more than passed through my canteen till two days afterwards, when, going in bathing with my tentmate, Chapin, I showed him the result of the hit. He prevailed upon me to go round, letting the boys know how close a call I had had. They made lots of fun of me, saying that I didn't know when I was shot, which was partly true, as I did not stop to actually find out until the second day, for immediately after the fight came the march to San Juan hill, the intrenching, and the night attack, and there was not time to examine the condition of my body.

"Noting what the Magazine has had concerning the number thirteen in the annals of the Second, I may say that I formed one of a squad of thirteen new men who passed examination for enlistment at the Armory and wound up with having to share tent No. 13 with Assistant Bugler Chapin, and, by the way, I have written this letter, unthinkingly, on the 13th."

The diary of a Company C man gives a very good notion of the progress of events during these July days:

Sunday, July 3.—Sultry day; sun does not shine bright; continual firing over our heads; heavy cannonading in the west; think it must be Sampson; orders to pack up and be ready to move at once; no firing now except by sharpshooters; R. and I., at food, fired upon by sharpshooters in a tree; ordered to move at 6 a.m. Monday.

Monday, July 4.—Up at 4.45; breakfast and ready to move at 6; started at 6.45 in an easterly direction towards El Caney, the scene of our first battle; flag of truce for twenty-four hours; the silence seems strange; reach end of march on top of a hill east of Santiago; 11.30, heavy firing in the harbor; think it is Sampson trying to get in.

Tuesday, July 5.—The Company turned out to defend our position at 2.30 a.m., false alarm; turned out again at 6 a.m., but found that what we thought to be Spanish soldiers coming from the city were Cuban refugees, women and children, evacuating Santiago; we will have a hot time to-day; General Pando is reported to have entered the city with 6000 reinforcements; find that yesterday's heavy firing was the destroying of the Viscaya; digging trenches nearly all day.

Wednesday, July 6.—Slept well; fine day, no firing; expect a shell, however, any minute; the people who came out of the city say that they are in a wretched condition, with nothing to eat or drink; four batteries planted on our hill; have to go a mile for water.

Thursday, July 7.—Official report of the fight with the fleet states all Spanish boats destroyed; 1300 prisoners taken, together with Admiral Cervera; 300 Spaniards killed, while only one American was killed and two wounded; we are within half a mile of the Spanish outpost; can see the enemy plainly; trenches all finished, though it has been hard digging with plates, knives and forks; we are placing bags of sand on top of the intrenchments; truce proclaimed till 10 a.m. Saturday.

Friday, July 8.—Fine day; get a machete from Cuban; found a native who could speak French; R. and I. talked quite a bit with him; captured a mule and horse; General Miles arrived at 8 a.m.; guns!! lonesome on guard.

Saturday, July 9.—Truce ends at noon; fine, fertile valley before me, pineapples, bananas, cocoanuts, etc., lemons included; truce resumed.

Sunday, July 10.—Tait and Gleason sick in hospital; moved at 4 a.m. to the northwest of Santiago; city plainly seen, bull-ring, etc.; they are given till 4 p.m. for unconditional surrender; 4.45, first gun fired at Santiago, and then the fusilade began; night put an end to firing.

Monday, July 11.—Fire opened again, but we get no reply; perhaps they are reserving their fire till a charge is made; 9 a.m., again ordered to move; went clear around the city to the west side, so we have gone nearly around the same; nothing but the sea prevents a complete encirclement; we are in a very exposed place, not more

than 700 yards from the enemy, and I don't see why we are not fired upon; in camp at 6 p.m.; rains all the time; soaked through and through.

Tuesday, July 12.—Still raining; broke camp in the midst of the pouring rain; everybody discouraged and soaked; it seems as if we were marching right into Santiago, so near are we; rain slacked at 12 m., and then we went to digging trenches; truce still on; we are so near the Spaniards that we can hear them talking.

Wednesday July 13.—More trenches to be dug; Cubans are no good; took a bath, the first for three weeks; 12 m., raining again; moved the camp back about 75 yards.

Thursday, July 14.—Corporal Holbrook promoted Sergeant; Private Eldridge made Corporal; in the trenches at 11.30; truce ends at 12 m.; 2 p.m., no firing yet; 4.30, word goes round that Santiago is surrendered; 12,000 men here, and 8,000 east, gives practical control of Cuba; home! ! !

Friday, July 15. — Feeling fine, though there is lots of sickness.

Saturday, July 16.—Word just came that Fred Taft died at hospital July 14; poor Fred! leaving wife and child; rheumatism. Everything looks hopeful now; expect to start home soon; visited Spanish cemetery, where artificial flowers abound.

Sunday, July 17.—Fine day; 8.15 a.m., short memorial for poor Fred (Taft); speech by Lieutenant King; singing by the Company and prayer by Stewart; 9 to 9.30, on the parapet, sort of formality salute; 11.45, again on the parapet; 12 m., Stars and Stripes hoisted over Santiago; salute of 21 guns; bands played; cheering; great rejoicing; this is now U. S. soil; rations issued, which pleased every one, as we ate a hungry dinner; Dean and Crocker went back and marked Taft's grave.

Monday, July 18.—Fine day; ships are coming into the harbor, hospital ship, etc.; the air is full of Jo-Jo rumors.

From El Caney Towards Santiago, San Juan Hill, with Camp and Bomb-proof.

Church at El Caney. Bridge Over the Stream Where Water was Found July 1st.

Tuesday, July 19.—Fine day; been away all day to Cuban village west of Spanish cemetery and down to edge of Santiago, doing some trading; get a belt and pouch; terribly hot; mail came to-day; much sickness.

Wednesday, July 20.—Terribly hot; everybody trying to visit the Cuban village or the lines of Santiago; shall be going home soon if there is no fever in camp.

Thursday, July 21.—Another fine day; does not act like rainy season; issue of fresh beef rations. Hurrah!

Friday, July 22.—Fine, hot day; another issue of beef.

Saturday, July 23.—Fine day; the best breakfast since we have been on the Island; the army wagons going by look fairly beautiful; Lieutenant King in town.

Sunday, July 24.—Engine running on the track for the first time; fresh meat for the last three days; will probably have plenty to eat now; many of the boys are sick.

Monday, July 25.—Terribly hot; no rain during the day, though it fell in the night; slept in a wet bed, as usual; ordered to change tents across the ditches; 35 men out of 69 sick; the first day that I have been sick since leaving Worcester.

Tuesday, July 26.—Hot and sultry; ordered back on hill; order countermanded.

Wednesday, July 27.—Official notice; the Fifth Corps will leave for Maine as soon as the Spanish soldiers depart; they can't go any too soon.

Thursday, July 28.—Still have that terrible feeling; ache all over.

This is the last entry of the narrator until August 10. Evidently his aches culminated in a trip to the hospital, where so many of his comrades had preceded him, and to which sooner or later every member of the Infantry had to pay tribute. However, there were other diarists, and from another interesting journal these observations and reflections are gleaned:

"We are told not to eat mangroves. They are yellow and look like a pear, with a very large stone like a peach. They have a peculiar, sweet taste. After a month they say we may eat them. Many of the streams have dried up during the dry season, but now it rains two or three times a day and everything is wet; the grass is up to one's waist, and would make fine hay, I should think. When it rains, it comes down in bucketfuls, and as we have to go one and a half miles for water we spread rubber blankets to catch it. The birds here are good singers, and there are a great many of them: mockingbirds, kingbirds, blackbirds, catbirds, quails, doves and guinea hens, the latter running wild. I took off my clothes and went out in the rain yesterday; the rain was cold and lasted quite a while. We wear brown canvas suits, and this morning the boys have been turning up their coats to make pockets. Envelopes are as scarce as hens' teeth; also paper and stamps, but we do not need stamps, as we can send our letters without them.

"The native villages are very pretty. The houses are made of bamboo split sticks, about two inches in diameter, and have thatched roofs made of palm branches. The fences are six feet high, from the same kind of sticks set close together. Household furniture is very scarce, with the roughest kind of implements, such as a log set on end, with a hollow in it, and a large wooden stick to pound coffee, etc. We find two classes of people, the 'niggers' and the Cubans. All speak Spanish, and the men are nearly all soldiers. Every person carries around a knife about eighteen inches long.

"Just in from Cossack guard. When we have this duty, instead of walking our posts we just sit down under a tree or behind some object that will hide us and so watch the movements of the enemy. I had a fine post last night. The moon was full and it was as light as day. I was on a mountain and could see for miles around. In the fields were growing banana and plantain trees, and I could see fields of tall corn and horses grazing around. Four of the horses were white, and when I saw them I thought they were men, and

it didn't take me long to skip back to the corporal of the guard and tell him that I had seen some men. He told me that he had been watching the horses for some time.

"In cooking we use a tin cup, which holds a quart, two pans that shut up together, one having a handle which folds over the other, one spoon, one knife, one fork; the plate is 6x8. Last night I bought a knife, such as the Cubans use. It is very old and has a bone handle, also a leather shield or case for it. It will be a souvenir to take home from here. I might take one of these Cuban 'nigger' kids that run around here naked. It seems such a pity to see the fine houses in ruins all over the country. They are made of fine brick, with tiled floors, most of them of one story; none of them exceed two stories. Barbed wire everywhere. One can hardly go 100 yards without running up against a fence. Whether the Spaniards put it up to trouble us, or it has been used by the Cubans, I don't know, but the United States knew what it was about when it furnished each company with wire clippers, and they have not been idle.

"Looking toward Santiago, Kincaid counted fifteen Spanish houses with Red Cross flags on them. The weather is not hotter than some of the nearer Southern states in summer. Sands wants me to run a farm here with him when the war is over; says there would be lots of money in it, and I guess he is right, everything grows so rapidly. It is funny to hear the boys talk about home, what they would eat were they there, and how soon they would go to work. One boy says, 'I wish I had a piece of strawberry shortcake;' the most of them, however, wish for oatmeal, beefsteak and something substantial. Almost all of the Cubans go barefooted. I don't see how they can, for the greater part of the trees have thorns, and every prick means a sore. Lieutenant Warren is on the General's staff; the Captain is absent, sick, hence Lieutenant King is in command. Last night the mail came and George Farrow received thirteen letters. Yesterday the Cubans captured three cows and five horses, and in the afternoon they killed one of the cows. I went over and managed to get a piece of the lights and bone, which I stewed this morning, and so we had a good soup.

"Getting H_2O and cooking grub take the most of the time. The boys can eat constantly if there is anything to eat, and if there isn't they sit around and wait for it to come their way. All of

Surgeon Gates and W. H. Butler at Dowse's Tent as He is Dying, His Tentmate, Colburn, at the Left.

Cuban Women at the Fountain, Santiago.

the rations come by pack trains of about twenty-five mules. The leader wears a bell and there are three drivers mounted on other mules with whips to keep them going. Gus, the German cook, has a small mule. It belonged to a Cuban major, and this morning we saw three men looking for him, so we took him off and hid him. They have moved, hence I think he is safe. I took him down with fifty-four canteens for water this morning."

Anent this mule, Lieutenant King says the Company held on to him till the "Wellington Coon" got his eyes on him, and then he disappeared. "The mule," he writes, "there was no such good luck in the case of the coon." There was a general complaint at the filthy condition of the entire locality where either Cubans or Spaniards had encamped. The art of properly laying out camps with sinks, etc., apparently had never been learned by them.

Capt. C. A. Wagner, 33d Michigan.

Anything good pertaining to a member of the Light Infantry, past or present, is in place in this narrative, and in this connection it is fitting to mention Capt. Carl A. Wagner of the 33d Michigan, who had served his novitiate in the old Worcester company. He had enlisted in the Infantry March 21, 1882, then, as now, in the 2d Regiment; was promoted Corporal Jan. 21, 1884, and was discharged March 21, 1885, by reason of expiration of term of service. As a Light Infantryman he made a diligent study of rifle practice, won the second prize in 1883, and was on the company team which went to Framingham in '83 and '84. On going to Michigan he again entered the militia, where his devotion to rifle practice soon made him instructor and inspector in that branch nearly all of the intervening years. When the call for volunteers came in April, 1898, he was Second Lieutenant of his company in the city of Port Huron, and, with his company, went to the rendezvous camp April 26. The Michigan Division, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., tendered their services to the extent of a regiment to the Governor of the State, but only two companies could be accepted. He was commissioned May 19 Captain of the first of these companies to be mustered into service. It was known as Company L, 33d Mich. Vol. Infantry. The regiment left the State May 28, and arrived at Camp Alger, Va., two days later. The 33d and 34th Michigan regiments were brigaded with the 9th Mass., under the command of Brigadier-general Duffield of Michigan. This brigade left for Cuba June 23. On the first day of July, while the Second Mass. Regiment was at El Caney, the 33d Michigan was ordered to Aguadores to make a demonstration against the enemy at that point and to engage him, thus preventing his going to the assistance of Santiago. In the engagement two men of Captain Wagner's company were killed and three wounded

After the surrender the Captain met some of his old Worcester friends in the Second, among them Lieutenant-

colonel Shumway, who was Captain of the City Guards in 1882. His visit to the later "boys" of his old home was a pleasure to him as well as to those whom he met, every one of whom was proud of the record the erstwhile Worcester boy had made along with his comrades from the Badger State. The early training in the Heart of the Commonwealth evidently had borne excellent fruit.

Nothing gives a truer picture of army life than the letters written home by participants. They are frank, outspoken recitals of just what the soldier sees and thinks. The following from a Worcester boy in the Light Infantry must have given his mother a deal of comfort, for it seeks to tell her only the best items possible. He might have unfolded a tale which would have stirred that mother's heart, but even in Cuba, surrounded by sickness and danger, he sees, apparently, only the bright side. Our armies have ever been full of just such boys:

"150 Yards From Spanish Pickets,
Santiago, July 13, 1898.

"Oh, this reminds me of home, it's so different!—sitting in the mud, trying to write, a tomato can for a desk, and ants crawling up and down my back and face.

"Well, we have done nothing for the past ten days but move around from place to place, and build earthworks. We had three days' truce last week, but opened up on the Spanks from our stronghold on Sunday afternoon. Gave them an intimation of what we can do when our Irish is up, but they never returned a shot which amounted to anything. Then another truce went on, and is still on. We are right in the city, i. e., about 150 yards from their buildings, and we are intrenching to beat the band. We shall have a great gang for the highway department when we get back.

"This business wouldn't be so bad were it not for the rain. We get soaked every day; the climate is pretty good, and the scenery is pretty fair, when we have a chance to look at it. We are getting a bit more to eat now, but we could dispose of more; to-day, each man got one small potato and half of an onion, the first fruit that we have had. We have had only two mails since we got here, and only twelve miles from where they arrive. What do you think of that? This war is twenty years behind the times.

"We have by far the most pleasant camp ground of the whole trip, except in case the shooting begins, it will be pretty warm. It is the most exposed position that we have had. These Cubans are a poor sort of a race; don't amount to much.

"What do you think of my stationery? Paper is worth about a dollar a sheet and is awfully scarce. Did my tailoring yesterday. Took in the seat of my blue jeans about eight inches and now I can't stoop. I must have lost a pound or two. . . . The band is playing 'The Star-spangled Banner.' That's our doxology. Every man uncovers.

Bartlett, Lincoln, Dowse, Mayo and Wheeler in the Trench.

Cuban Beauties.

That's what inspires men to do brave deeds."

"At Santiago, July 15, 1898.

"Dear Everybody:

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Have you heard the news? Santiago and 20,000 troops surrendered. Just think of it! No more fighting, for a while at least. No doubt you are as much relieved as we are. Well, yesterday we crawled into our trenches, expecting a long siege. We had worked hard and had made preparations for a prolonged encampment, in a hole in the ground. We sat there for about four hours watching the rainwater crawling up our legs, for it rained all the afternoon, as usual. About four o'clock the sun came out and we crawled out of our pits and looked around to see why the shooting had not begun. Just then a mighty cheer rang out from somewhere up the line, and then we began to have suspicions. Just then a mounted orderly bounded into our line and shouted that Santiago with 20,000 men had surrendered. Just imagine the scene! They wouldn't let us cheer, for some unaccountable reason, probably for fear the Spanks would get mad and change their minds.

"Everybody was crazy last night. We celebrated by eating a whole can of tomatoes. A strong guard is posted all around our camp, not in fear of the Spaniards, but to keep our enthusiasm where it can be looked after. Can't write any more, am too happy! Aren't you happy, too?"

The formal surrender of Santiago has had many descriptions, but this written by one of the Company, Henry C. Greene, who was an orderly on General Ludlow's staff, has never been in print, and is presented as an expression of a private's notions of this historic event:

BRIGHAM, HUMES, BEJUNE, HALE, DRURY, DOWSE.
AT LAKELAND.

"New America, Sunday, July 17.

"Dear People:

"I have just attended the surrender of Santiago. I was one of about 150 or less Americans to see the ceremony. Only the generals and staff with orderlies saw 'wot was did.' I was one of the orderlies that went with General Ludlow. Down in the valley, about half way between Santiago and the American forces, all this happened.

"The American officers lined up on one side, major-generals in the front row, brigadier-generals second, colonels next, etc., all mounted. The orderlies were in the rear, but as there were but few officers, I saw everything. Of course I don't know

what was said, but there was a company of Spanish infantry lined up, and they presented arms. Then Shafter and the Spanish commander seemed to talk it over a little, and there was a general handshaking among the higher officers, and introductions. Then the Spanish infantry marched to the city, the officers, Spanish and American officers, following. After them came two regiments, the 9th and the 13th Infantry, with the band. We all went to the city, getting in about 11.15, and the flag went up above the Governor's palace when the cathedral clock struck twelve. All soldiers stood at 'present arms,' and the band played 'The Star-spangled Banner,' and 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' by Sousa. Then every one gave three cheers. While we waited for twelve o'clock, the officers enjoyed themselves with Spanish wine inside the building. While the band was playing, a woman, smoking the butt of a black cigar, wrung her hands and shouted, 'Viva, viva.' . . . You should have seen the defenses around the city. As we came in there was barbed wire galore running in all directions. Back of the wire were the trenches, and in front of some were ditches filled with water. The Spanish wear canvas shoes with leathern straps on the toes like some tennis shoes; cotton coats and pants, having very narrow blue and white stripes; blue straw hats. Everybody, Spaniards, Cubans and all, seemed happy. While in the city, the people were generous of cigars, cigarettes, and all the wine the boys could drink. Tell Mr. —— that I have a large black cigar for him, but as

George E. Bennett. Edward A. Stearns.
Royal H. Pitts.
Harry H. Adams. Osborne J. W. Gleason.

I am afraid it might make him dizzy, I will give it to Tom, the cook, and see what he will give me for supper. From the camp we can see the vessels coming into the harbor, and the band at my left is playing 'Yale,' having just finished 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Following the surrender there was much visiting of Santiago, and a volume of experiences and observations might be compiled, but few of them have any special bearing on the war and its consequences. The terrible destitution of the majority of the people was a subject of general remark, and Cuban habits and customs were a never failing source of astonishment. Naked children running about in search of food had a queer look to Yankee eyes, and long lines of hungry citizens waiting their turn at the public distribution were not a pleasant sight to men reared in a land of plenty, but they themselves in these recent weeks had not been unknowing to the pangs of hunger. There were few nooks and crannies of the quaint old Spanish city that these Massachusetts boys, with all of the curiosity proverbially ascribed to them, did not see.

ERGEANT BARTON AND LIEUT. E. N. BENCHLEY OF THE 6TH U. S., WHO WAS KILLED AT SAN JUAN.

No sooner had the surrender taken place than the men began to speculate on the prospects of an early return to the continent. They were not soldiers by trade, they preferred the occupations of peace, and no one could see why they were not sent home at once; forgetting that so many thousands could not be moved immediately. Malaria was getting in its deadly work, the commissariat had never been any too good, and the conveniences of camp life were of a wholly negative character. Hungry and discontented, there were long letters of complaints sent to friends at home, where there was a kindred sentiment that the government should exert itself to put an end to the prolonged suffering in Cuba. The Rev. L. M. Powers, a Somerville clergyman, wrote as follows of his observations in and about the lately beleaguered city: "I arrived in Santiago the day after the surrender. It is difficult for a New Englander to imagine the indescribable filth of that city and its inhabitants. My first effort was to get to the 2d Massachusetts volunteers. Fortunately for me, but unfortunately for them, their camp was the one nearest the city, about a mile and a half from the city limits. In trying to find them I got lost in the dense undergrowth, and wandered about for three hours in the Cuban mid-day sun, which melts, wilts, boils your blood, and leaves you with quivering muscles, unwilling to act. The appearance of the 2d Massachusetts was a shocking revelation. Men and officers had been for thirty days without a change of clothing, without tents, and without blankets. Most of the time they had had only hard bread and bacon to eat, and only a tomato can to cook in. Nearly all of them had lost from twenty to thirty pounds in weight. The condition of the sick was what stirred me most. Nearly 200 were on the sick list, those unable to sit up lying on the ground without adequate care. Of the doctors one was away at the division hospital, one (Dr. Hitchcock) was very sick, and the other was without medicine and apparently discouraged beyond hope. The sick had no food

different from the well. I went back to the city, hired a donkey, got a bag of meal from the Red Cross people and whatever else they could spare, bought about twenty dollars' worth of jellies, wines and delicacies myself, and took them out to camp."

This clergyman was a veritable good Samaritan, and his well-expressed opinions of the regiment each and every one fully reciprocated. Towards the end of the month, owing to improved rations and the buoyant qualities of hope, the conditions of the Infantry were possibly somewhat improved; at any rate Lieutenant King writes to this effect on the 29th of July, stating that the list of the sick is lessening and the men are improving. Only three men were then in the hospital, and one of them was expected out that very afternoon. "Sergeant Barton helped us wonderfully yesterday by going and interviewing his aunt, Clara Barton, and returning with malted milk, oats and condensed milk enough to feed our sickest men for a week or more." (The Lieutenant was in error as to the degree of kinship between the Sergeant and the great philanthropist.) The officer had a private stock of cocoa, condensed milk and breakfast food on board the Knickerbocker, and, as soon as he could get it from the boat, he used it in helping out the sick, and it was of great service. There was also a private medicine kit with which the Company had been provided. This outfit was largely the result of the thoughtfulness of Lieut. W. F. Gilman, and it was carried upon the field strapped upon the back of one of the men. Lieutenant King had no doubt that this was the means of saving the lives of a number of men.

Our Lieutenant also states he was the first line officer to enter Santiago, going thence aboard the Knickerbocker and thus securing a number of things which contributed to the comfort of his men, and he details somewhat the items of rations already referred to in the diaries of his enlisted followers.

ROBERT TAFT IN MARCHING ORDER.

GEORGE MARTIN, THE GREEK.

On this same date a private, writing home, says: "You remember, perhaps, how I wrote last winter to a number of places for a summer job. I got it and I don't seem to be able to shake it." Describing a sick comrade he says: "I helped him down to the brook and washed him to-day. I thought I never should get him back to camp, he was so

weak. It is awful to see men waste away as the men are here—mere skin and bones, and not strength enough to walk alone. I shall go on guard to-night, and though a detail of only nine men is posted, it is difficult to find nine in the regiment strong enough to carry a gun. We expect to be paid off soon, also to get some new clothes. This will be a Godsend, as our clothes are mostly filthy rags."

Friends at home will never know how much their letters did towards keeping their boys alive during those tedious days of waiting in fever-haunted Cuba. No matter when the mail-pouches came they were opened at once and their contents read ere anything else was done, and hope, blessed, eternal hope, kept the bodies going till relief came at last. Says one writer, "We go to bed at dark and get up as soon as it is light. All of our cooking must be done before seven o'clock, for it is so hot from that time till it rains about noon, that the men cannot stand the sun; the humid heat here is so different from the dry heat of the States. One of the boys walked from his tent over to the regimental headquarters, about 100 yards, where I was seated under a tree, and when he reached me he fell over dazed and talked wildly for a while, but he came to himself soon. . . . . So many give up when they go to the hospital, just lose heart and give up. Wood is so scarce and the water so far to fetch. I prefer eating only once a day about half a cup of boiled rice, which I have to buy, as the government does not supply it. In lieu of better means some of the men are carrying water in bamboo tubes about six feet long, whence they have punched all the pith except from the last joint. They do very well."

Sergt. George H. Hill. George T. Jones.
Walter I. Gage.

"It is now 5.30; we have had roll-call, and it is cool, so I will write a little. The guinea hens are cackling over in the woods. All around us, in the different camps, I can hear the reveille turning out the men for another long day. The sun is just rising over the hill, and I suppose it will be a scorcher." The foregoing was for August 10, and for the next day or two the same scribe may as well tell the story, for he was ever taking notes:

"Bert Kincaid was going to the hospital to help to-night, but he was suddenly taken with a chill, so I am going to take his place. It is so hard to find a well man to do any duty now. I had a thousand times rather feel the way I do than to be so sick that I must go to the hospital and lie on the ground, for the hospital is only a shed with a dirt floor. . . . . Last night and to-day I have been working at the hospital. You know what a big, strong fellow Harry Wentworth was; well, he is all wasted away, and it is a question of only a few days as to how long he will live. When we were paid off, Lieutenant King took his money and sent it to him by me, but he seemed to know his condition, for he said, 'What can I do with this? Take it back to Lieutenant and tell him to keep it for me.'

"About three o'clock this afternoon a man came into the hospital dressed in citizen's clothes, and asked if this was brigade hospital. We told him it was the regimental hospital. Then he wanted to know where C Company of the 2d Massachusetts was. Fred. Maynard was the first to recognize him, and said, 'Isn't this Mr. Bartlett?' Sure enough, he was Lyman Bartlett's father. I told him I would go to the regiment with him. It was not long before Lyman and his father were hugging and kissing each other.

"The boys said that we were to start for home to-morrow, and only the ones who were strong enough to walk over to the regimental headquarters could go, so every man who could stand alone was ready to go over and pass in front of the surgeon. I helped George Stebbins half way over and then he said he could go alone the rest of the way. The news of going home and of seeing the meeting of Lyman and his father broke me all up, and I have been crying for joy. When I got back to the hospital and told Gilman and Maynard that we were going home to-morrow, although they had been sick, they got up and walked 300 yards to the Company. Mr. Bartlett has come down with some food for us, but now we won't need it."

Homeward Bound.

Sluggish indeed must be the blood that does not quicken at the thought of going home. This it was that saved the lives of many of the Infantry boys. The sea air, inspiring as it was, did no more for these fever-stricken men than the certainty that at the voyage's end there were home and mother. Let the boys themselves, in their own words, continue the narrative:

"On a cattle steamer, the Mobile, now and we have started for home. It hardly seems true, more like a dream. The morning of the 12th of August was full of excitement, for we were to go home, but not all of us, for some of the fellows were yellow-fever suspects. Arthur Wintersgill was one of them. I was so sorry for him; seems to me if I had been kept on the Island after the Company left, I should have given up. Before we left the camp we were ordered to destroy all the clothing, tents, haversacks and ammunition in our possession. So the trenches that we dug to save us from the Spanish bullets we used to bury our old clothes in. The most of our men were brought to the boat in old army wagons, though the distance was not great, the men being so weak. No very sick men were supposed to go on board. The whole brigade of three regiments is on board."

Camp was broken at about 2 p.m. on August 12th, and a small part of the Company marched to the landing in Santiago Harbor. No quarters were assigned that night; there was a heavy rain, making everybody miserable. On the 13th the Company was located between decks in the fore part of the vessel with none too much room, the men being taken out to the transport in lighters. The distilled water furnished is used so rapidly that it hardly has time to get cool. At first ice-water was had by the men, but the results were such as to warrant its interdict. On the 14th came the death of Sergeant Harry Wentworth, and his body was committed to the deep, a sorry ending to a life that had promised so much.

Other men are ill and in the hospital; some are out of their heads, and their

performances would be funny were they not so sad. At nine p.m. of the 18th, the Mobile arrived off Montauk and anchored. Possibly some of the Company had heard of this easternmost extremity of Long Island before this trip was undertaken, but not many. Their knowledge of geography was increasing at a rapid rate. Within an hour of her dropping anchor friends from home were trying their best to get into communication with the 2d Regiment, a special schooner having made the trip from shore, and the editor of the Worcester Gazette was conversing with Halleck Bartlett, the devoted citizen who had come back with his son and the latter's Company. The editor also hailed Lieut.-colonel Shumway and Major Fairbanks, but a long interview was prevented by the arrival of a government gunboat, which ordered the smaller craft away, the latter having evaded the quarantine restrictions under the guise of a fishing-boat. Still the meeting was sufficient to warrant many an inspiriting message to the home city of the Worcester boys.

F. C. Hale. L. A. Brigham. E. F. Drury.

After the landing, the morning of the 19th, came detention camp, about one mile away, lest these returning lads should bring and spread contagion, and there they were held till the morning of the 22d. Only nine Company C men could make this distance afoot. Meanwhile, the patriotic efforts of Worcester people to alleviate the pain and suffering of their soldier boys were bearing fruit. Though only a small part of the generous contributions could be transferred to the Mobile before her departure from Santiago, the remainder was not lost, for it was passed on to the members of the 9th, which did not come away so soon, and in the 9th were the Emmet Guards, another company of Worcester boys.

The new location of the regiment was very cold compared with the climate of Cuba, and many took colds, which long served to remind them of their arrival in "the States." Khaki uniforms, where possible, gave place to good old Union blue. Even before the landing Sergeant Hill, who had been left behind in Florida, made his appearance, and soon afterwards Captain Allen, who in his home had rallied from the rheumatism which had incapacitated him after El Caney, reported also, both men in such physical condition that they seemed to be veritable giants to their debilitated comrades. Lieutenant King was completely used up, and the command of the Company had devolved on Sergeant Longley till he, too, had to give up, and the landing was effected under the direction of Sergeant Fletcher.

The Worcester friends of the Company were not long in putting in an appearance, and just as soon as they were permitted to enter the camp the boys were grasping the hands of Captain Rider, Lieutenants Clark and Gilman, A. A. Rheutan, Julius Zaeder, and others who were anxious to do all in their power to add to the comfort of the men.

Says one of the happy soldiers: "Surely the people have not forgotten us, since we have all we want to eat. Food comes to the camp in cartloads, and every man has a cup of milk each day. To-day, when some of the boys were sitting in front of their tents, General Miles and Secretary Alger passed through the street. All of the men arose to their feet and came to attention as they went along, but Gage was so weak he fell back again. Secretary Alger asked if many were in that condition, and I think it means that we are to leave here soon."

committee, and went to work. They were Capt. P. L. Rider, Lieut. W. F. Gilman, Julius C. Zaeder and A. A. Rheutan. The introduction of the subject to the public was in the shape of a local item in the Gazette of August 22d. On the 23d the work of receiving contributions began, and there were busy times in Captain Rider's store for a while, since the proposition had struck a responsive chord. An Elm Street lady was the first contributor, and she called to leave ten dollars. The largest gift was one of $100 from James Logan. There were two of fifty dollars each,

HALLECK BARTLETT AND RELIEF GOODS AT MONTAUK.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF CUTS THE "ONLY" WATERMELON.

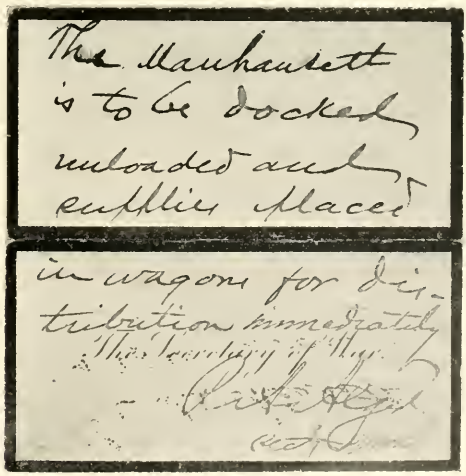
WORCESTER HELPS THE REGULARS.

While Worcester and the public generally were taking care of the volunteer, no one appeared to remember the regular army soldier, though upon him had come the brunt of the service. He was from everywhere, and no one community felt that any one regiment was its particular protégé. Hence, when in the presence of several reporters, General Young said to ex-Lieut. Gov. Haile, "In all this generous giving no one has anything for the regular, though he went through the hardest of the strife," it occurred to certain Worcester people that very likely their city might take an interest in helping the regulars. They came home, constituted themselves a

but the contributions came in smaller sums generally. H. D. Perky, in addition to a generous amount in cash, contributed a large quantity of the products of his factory, and besides sent down an expert cook to aid in sharpening the boys' appetites.

In all there was raised the sum of $1,207.96. The purchases were made at once, necessities and luxuries expressed in a special car to New London, and on the 25th of August the steamer Manhansett, loaded with Worcester's giving, was seeking the privilege of unloading at Montauk. As usual, there intervened the obstacle of red tape. Fortunately, the committee had fortified themselves with the presence of Major E. T. Raymond and Senator

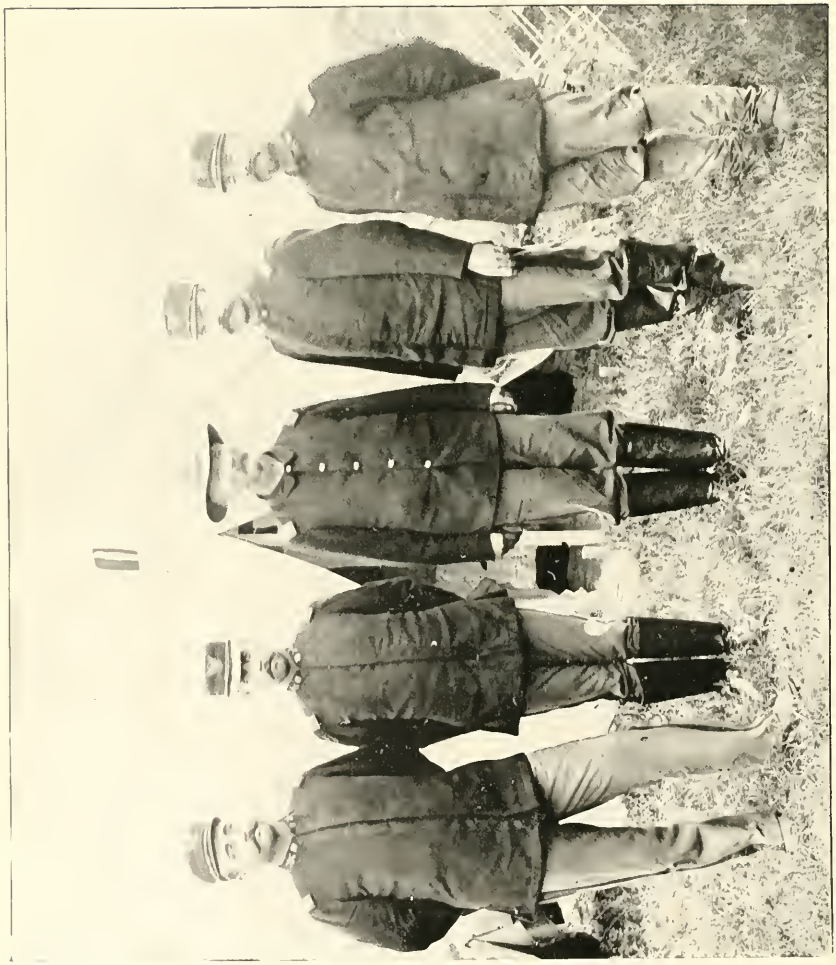
Geo. F. Hoar, the former an old soldier of the Rebellion and used to military delays; the latter one of the most influential men in the nation. A combination was thus made that the obstructionists found exceedingly hard to beat. A carriage was borrowed from a Mrs. Trumbull of the New York Volunteer Aid Association, and then ensued a wild chase after the officers in authority who could and would break through the cordon of martinets who, though inwardly desiring the offering, could see no official way of letting it in. At last General Wheeler, who was in command, was found at lunch, and with him the man of all others most needed at the moment, the Secretary of War, R. A. Alger. The latter, as soon as he ascertained the wishes of the Worcester gentlemen, wrote upon two visiting cards (see cut above), and they were the "open sesame" admitting the supplies which did so much to tone up the regular soldiers, whose welfare had been carelessly neglected.



At the same time General Wheeler telephoned a command to admit, while Captain Rider, thoroughly covered with Long Island mud, raced back with his precious order. He could now obtain from the dock authorities what had been denied him before. He wanted five wagons, and he got them, one for each regular organization. Very little time was occupied in loading them, and then with Julius Zaeder, A. A. Rheutan, Lieutenant Gilman, Lieutenant C. F. Bigelow and George Hubbard as drivers, the cavalcade set forth, carrying comfort to hundreds of suffering men. Grateful letters from officers in these regiments tell how thoroughly appreciated were the efforts of Worcester in their behalf.

The gentlemen directly concerned and the generous givers never did a better act than when they thus befriended the boys whose interests, in the general devotion to particular regiments, had been overlooked. All of the money contributed was expended as directed, save $148.56, which, at first, was turned over to the fund for bringing back the bodies of those who had died in Cuba, but when the nation took hold of that matter, the residue was given to the local Volunteer Aid Association.

The stay of the 2d Regiment at Montauk was brief, yet to many an anxious heart it was all too long, for



Capt. Barrett, Co. A. Major Fairbanks. Lt.-Col. Shumway. Capt. Allen, Co. C. Lt. Tisdell, Co. A.

few could forget that home was only a few hours' ride away, and the people there were just as desirous of receiving as the soldiers were of going. There were two or three days of rumors and expectations, and then on the 27th the departure for New London actually came. The round dozen of Company C men who marched down to the landing to go aboard the Block Island did not constitute any part of the triumphal procession, yet every heart was beating more rapidly at the thought of "Home, Sweet Home." The ride across Long Island Sound is a brief one, and at 11 a.m., amid steamer whistles and the cheers of thousands of onlookers, the dock is reached and another stage on the homeward route is passed. There are Worcester friends among the people, and Colonel Wellington and Mayor Dodge are conspicuous in the throng. Here, too, is ex-Lieutenant Gov. Haile from Springfield, who has run down from his summer home at Watch Hill just to take the hands of the soldiers.

There was to be no prolonged stay in the Connecticut city, and soon, comfortably placed on a north-bound train, the 2d was speeding toward the Bay State. Had every man been able to eat all that was provided for him, there had been displays of gastronomic powers unequaled before. Every one had the idea that all the boys were hungry, a notion not far from the truth, and acted accordingly. However, there is an end to all things, and even a famine has its limits. By the combined efforts of Connecticut and Massachusetts, our boys reached their respective cities and towns in a fairly well-filled condition. Before reaching Palmer, Governor Wolcott and others were greeting the returning brave, and at the latter place the comrades of four months' campaigning separated, only the Worcester and Gardner companies continuing to the east.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon when the goal of their hearts' desire is reached, and the great Union Depot swallows up the special train. Apparently every one in the city who had the least affiliation with the soldiers was in the station, or as near it as he could get. They were there to receive their boys with open arms and with the loudest acclaim, but the sight of the homeward-bound lads, so worn and wasted, so wan and feeble, killed the shouts ere they were uttered, but the boys got greetings they most desired, those from the hands and hearts of loved ones who had not ceased to lament their absence a single day of all the Cuban separation.

The band was there, and the day was all that the most exacting could ask, and, either afoot or in carriages, the soldiers made their way to the Armory. Through streets thronged to their uttermost, under banners proudly waving, "Johnny came marching home again;" but the ranks were thin, and the lads in hospital or, worse than that, in their graves, were not forgotten. There were some who viewed the return through eyes that were dim with tears for the soldier who was sleeping his dreamless, silent sleep in a far-away island. Just thirty-one men of C Company came home that day. The others were in hospital in America or Cuba, or for some other reason had been left behind. Those who had a part in this day's honors were Captain F. L. Allen, Sergeants Hill, Fletcher and Barton, Corporals Colburn and Eldridge, Musician A. F. Wheeler, Artificer E. A. Stearns, Wagoner F. B. Maynard, Cook A. G. Biersdorf, and Privates Bartlett, Bradley, Briggs, W. H. Butler, Clarkson, Crossman, Dean, Dennis, Drury, Farrow, Flynn, Gage, E. J. Martin, Merrifield, Pope, Prince, Rix, Roberts, Taylor, Tucker and Zaeder.

Private Roberts was taken to the hospital directly from the station, dying one week later. Bradley and Martin took their last march together, maintaining to the end the reputation of the "Bradley-Martin" combination.

The leave-takings are brief at the Armory, and then come the home scenes, with which the public has no part; in many cases weeks of prolonged illness, covering much of the furlough of sixty days, at whose end, November 3d, there was a final gathering in Springfield, and discharges were

granted which merged the soldier again into the citizen. Whether for better or worse, the campaign was ended and the Light Infantry volunteer of 1898 lapsed into the ranks of those who pursued the routine of every-day living.

THE DEAD IN COMPANY C.

Fred Baldwin Taft, a recruit who came into the Company for the war, was the first to go, dying in Cuba, July 14. Having been in the regular army and a sergeant, his comrades thought him disease and bullet-proof, but the Cuban situation over-ruled all calculations. He was born in Charlton twenty-five years before, was married, and was in the Fire Department when he enlisted. His body, on its return from Cuba, was buried in Charlton. He died with his head on Knibbs' knee.

James Woodbury Wheeler died Aug. 2d in Cuba. He was thirty-two years old, a native of Weymouth, and had been in the Company in earlier years. He was in the insurance business, was married, and, standing nearly six feet in height, he was a good soldier and his comrades say, "a faultless man." His body rests in Lynn.

Silas I. Mayo died Aug. 7 in Cuba. Private Mayo had been in the Company about four years. By occupation he was a paper-hanger, and before going to the front had been in the employ of E. G. Higgins Co. His twenty-sixth birthday was spent, July 8th, in front of Santiago. He left many and dear Worcester affiliations. A comrade affirms that Mayo had a premonition of his approaching end, for, the day before his death, he repeatedly said: "I am going home to-morrow." His remains were carried to Fairfield, Me., for interment.

Arthur Dawson Stewart died Aug. 10th in Cuba. A boy of nineteen years, he was a native of Grand Pré, Kings County, Nova Scotia, and when he enlisted was a machinist in the employ of Wyman & Gordon. All that was mortal of him was borne to Hortonsville, N. S., for burial. Stewart offered prayer over the grave of Taft.

Harold Benning Wentworth, sergeant, died and was buried at sea, Aug. 14th. He was a Worcester boy, twenty-eight years old, whose father was for many years the janitor of Mechanics Hall. As a high school pupil, and as a member of the gymnasium classes of the Y. M. C. A., young Wentworth had been conspicuous for his physical vigor, and that he, the best all-round man of the Company, should fade so readily was not only a great grief, but a surprise as well. His occupation had been athletics, having held the position of physical director in the Y. M. C. A. of Worcester and in Holy Cross College. He left a widow and one brother.

Robert Henry Dowse, corporal, died at Montauk Point, August 26th. He was born in Sherborn, but had lived much of his life in Worcester. His trade was that of a wood-carver. His parents being engaged in fruit-growing in California, the son had repeatedly been across the continent to visit them. His thirtieth birthday was Aug. 24th, just two days before his death. His illness beginning in Cuba, he had failed to rally on reaching home shores. Sherborn is also his burial-place.

William David Roberts died in Worcester September 3d. He had returned with his fellows, but the fever was upon him and he did not long survive the sight of home, having been taken in a carriage from the station to the hospital. He was only nineteen years old, being one of the recruits of May 3d. His birthplace was Staffordville, Conn., but he had been in Worcester a couple of years. Young as he was he had been two years married, and besides his widow left a mother and other relatives. When enlisted, he was employed in Darling's mill in Cherry Valley, where he is buried.

Joseph Clarence King died at division hospital, Santiago, Cuba, Sept. 5. Born in Leicester, he was eighteen

GAZETTE.

WHEELER. VAUGHAN. COLBURN. CAPT. ALLEN. FLETCHER. HILL. E. J. MARTIN.
CROSSMAN. STEARNS. TUCKER. RIX. FARROW. CROOKER. BRADLEY. ZAEDER. CLARKSON. BIERSDORF.
MERRIFIELD. PRINCE. ALLEN. MAYNARD. DENNIS. FLYNN. BARTLEIT. POPE. W. H. BUTLER.

COMPANY C AT MONTAUK.

years old at enlistment, was a printer by trade, and unmarried. He was one of the boys whom necessity forced to stay in Cuba. His waking eyes never saw home again, but his body rests in his old home town.

First Lieut. Arthur C. King died in Worcester June 30, 1901. Though surviving the war nearly three years, the death of Lieutenant King was directly traceable to the hardships of the campaign, through which he bore himself in a most soldierly manner. With delightful unanimity, his men speak well of his kindness of heart and his evident intention to do all in his power for the good of his men. He wore himself out in their behalf. Lieutenant King was a native of Worcester, thirty-four years of age, and had been a member of the Light Infantry for ten years. He had long been connected with the wall-paper business, and his last engagement was with a Philadelphia house, where he was when seized with his fatal illness. His funeral was held on the third anniversary of his taking command of the Company, when Captain Allen was obliged to leave. He was interested in the effort to retain the memories of the war, and was the President of the Cuban War Veterans. He was married, and in addition to a widow with two children, he left a mother and two brothers. He is buried in Hope Cemetery.

Royal H. Pitts died in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, June 3, 1899. He was one of the May recruits, went through the campaign, suffered from the fever with all his comrades, but apparently did not so thoroughly recover. At the Memorial Day exercises in Lynn he had been requested by the Company to place a wreath on the grave of Wheeler; this he did, but in so doing became overheated, caught a severe cold and died. He was much interested in the Legion of Spanish War Veterans, and was its Adjutant-general. His grave is in Hope Cemetery.

Eugene F. Drury died in the City Hospital of Worcester, Nov. 1, 1902. He was one of the May recruits of the Company, having been added to the list on the 9th. He was born in that part of Leicester known as Cherry Valley, but much of his time had been spent in Worcester, where he had attended the public schools, and his drill in the St. John's Cadets had given him a military taste. His vocation was that of a clothing salesman. As one of the Company has said, he was a typical soldier, and when the Infantry had returned and he had recovered from the illness that every one had, sooner or later, he enlisted in the regulars Jan. 9, '99, and was assigned to the 9th U. S. Infantry, then at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. On the 24th of March following, the regiment left for the Philippines, and he participated in all the campaigning of his three years' term. He was at Guadaloupe Ridge, Zapote River, San Fernando, Santa Rita, Tarlac, and many others in the islands, and then went with the 9th to China and saw all that the regiment did, except Tien Tsin, his battalion being slow in leaving the boat. He was one of those who entered the sacred city. On getting back to Manila he was detailed as orderly and telegraph clerk to General McArthur, and later to General Chaffee. This work he gave up, that he might go with his Company to Samar Island, for if there was active warfare anywhere Drury wanted to have a hand in it. He was discharged Jan. 9, 1902, and came back to Worcester, but disease was already upon him, and though for a time he resumed his old calling, it was not for long, as his nervous disorder, neuritis, incapacitated him for work. He was buried from the Catholic Church of Leicester, in St. Joseph's Cemetery, leaving parents, brothers, a widow and two children.

PERSONALS.

All of the Worcester men in the Second had reason to be proud of the city's representation among the field officers of the regiment. Lieut.-colonel E. R. Shumway, a former Captain of Company A, and a veteran of the

SERGT. H. B. WENTWORTH.
F. B. TAFT.

W. D. ROBERTS.
R. H. DOWSE.

J. W. WHEELER.
A. D. STEWART.

J. C. KING.
S. I. MAYO.

COMPANY C MEN WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE

War of the Rebellion, merited and always received the very highest regard of all the soldiers. They felt that he was ever one of them and with them.

Major H. B. Fairbanks was familiar with all the history of the Company, for he had long been one of its captains. Devoted to the militia from his very boyhood, there was no wonder that in every position he proved a perfect fit. His presence on the firing line, during the long and tedious marches, in the fever-stricken camp, was ever resourceful and a power to encourage and inspirit. Not alone Company C, but all the companies owe much to their young and energetic Major.

Second Lieut. Herbert H. Warren.—It was the fortune or misfortune of Lieutenant Warren to be detached from his Company even before leaving Florida, hence all of his Cuban experience was apart from the Light Infantry. All that he saw of his old friends was when he casually met some member, or in the pursuit of duty, he passed the regiment. On reaching Florida he was prostrated with illness, from which he rallied slowly, so slowly that it was deemed improbable that he would be able to accompany the Second on its departure. At this juncture, June 5th, there came an order for the detaching of several commissioned officers for duty at the division headquarters till regulars could be found to take their places, but as the supply of regulars was never equal to the demand, the detail became permanent. Also, as the health of the Lieutenant improved he was able to go along with the expedition.

While lacking thus the spirit of fellowship which comes from tenting on the same camp-ground, he did have a far wider experience of men and events than his associate officers who were with their respective companies. All the distinguished officers whose names are indelibly impressed upon the pages devoted to the Spanish War were frequently met, and he is able to give an estimate of their appearance and characteristics from Shafter, Wheeler and Lawton downward.

It goes without saying that all of the duties pertaining to his position were faithfully performed, and that he himself found in their performance a degree of exhilaration that all staff officers recall with pleasure. As a member of General Lawton's military family he was near enough to that gallant soldier to appreciate his magnificent manhood, and later to lament his untimely death in the far-away Philippines. Day and night, in the saddle and afoot, he carried messages and orders, saw to the placing of regiments and companies, was present at the attack on El Caney, helped to encircle Santiago, saw the Spanish flag come down and the American go up; then he, too, yielded to the insidious fever, and July 30th was furloughed home to his own father's house, whence he did not emerge till well into September, though he was out in time to do a deal of work in making ready the muster-out papers of his Company, and with his fellows to receive the Springfield *yale* in October.

Not alone Lieutenant Warren, but his friends as well, have a deal of pleasure and pride in the fact that his conduct before El Caney was such that by General Lawton he was recommended for the brevet rank of captain.

Fred P. Dean.—The experience of Private Dean, after the war, in helping to return to America the bodies of the soldiers dying in foreign lands, entitles him to more than passing mention. In company with Sergeant Barton, he had found and located the grave of Lieutenant Benchley, after the San Juan Hill engagement, and, naturally, when the return of that brave young officer's body to his native land was contemplated, attention was turned to Dean as the man to direct the effort. Accordingly he was mustered out Oct. 3d, 1898, by special order of the War Department. However, he had not waited for the arrival of the order, but accompanied by Undertaker Frank Sessions, he had sailed for Porto Rico, on the first day of the month. It should be stated that under Colonel Clark's

LIEUT. E. N. BENCHLEY.

direction, Private Dean had located and marked every 2d Regiment grave in Cuba. The identification of the grave by means of the wire-woven horseshoe which Dean and Barton had placed at the foot of the improvised cross erected above the remains of the Lieutenant, was a happy outcome of the thoughtfulness which prompted the act. The body of Lieutenant Benchley came back to Worcester in November, and after the funeral in the First Universalist Church, it was buried in the National Cemetery at West Point. The horseshoe with its barbed wire accompaniment is one of the precious relics in the Light Infantry's collection.

The return of all American bodies buried abroad became a necessity, and many communities took up the matter in behalf of themselves, Worcester being the first to act. Each regimental commander had the privilege of recommending a man from his command to accompany the government burial corps. Colonel Clark of the 2d Massachusetts, in the spring of 1899, named Private Dean, and expenses were to be borne by the city of Worcester, Mr. Dean not caring to join the corps at that time. The first landing was in Porto Rico, where it was found that all the stenciling appliances for the proper labelling of the caskets were at the bottom of the vessel's hold, with a large cargo of matter above the same. Happily at this moment the deftness of Dean's hands became known, and his use of the brush rendered it unnecessary to unload the entire cargo to get at the hidden mechanism. So well did he do his work that on the way to Cuba it was proposed to him that he join the corps and continue the work begun in Porto Rico and thus be on the pay-roll of the government. To this he consented, and before he returned to Worcester he had lettered the name, rank, company and regiment upon the receptacles of no less than 1278 poor fellows who had perished afar from their homes. Also he made and turned into the government plans of all the places whence the bodies had been taken.

The expertness of our private had become so well understood that in the fall of 1899, he was offered further employment in the same line in the Philippines. He received his appointment

FRED P. DEAN IN THE FIELD.

from the Quartermaster-general, and started on what proved to be an absence of nine months. His second trip, under the same auspices and for the same purpose, was made in 1900, starting in October and covering about the same interval as his first. Again he was called upon in 1902, leaving September 14th, and was gone fifteen months, getting back just in time for a Thanksgiving dinner, 1903. During these three expeditions he sailed entirely around the Philippine Archipelago and went in and out among the islands themselves till the indicated lines of his travel look very much like a bazar dress pattern. Every accessible body was disinterred and by our skillful letterer the receptacle was directed for the long return trip across the Pacific. In this way, in the West Indies and the Philippines, he lettered caskets containing the remains of more than 9000 men who had died away from their native land.

Mr. Dean recalls with pardonable pride the fact that he was called to the presence of Colonel Patten of the Quartermaster's Department, and was by him thanked for the character of his services, including the plans he had turned in, thus making it possible to answer all questions as to the reliableness of names and records.

In 1899 there seemed to be a chance for Mr. Dean to secure a permanent situation in the Red Cross service, a position for which he was specially fitted, but it was filled before his recommendations could be filed, but the following letter from Lieutenant King of Company C is held by him as a precious souvenir of the regard in which his commanding officer held him:

I feel that I owe you, in person, a great debt of gratitude for the whole-souled, self-denying manner in which you devoted yourself to your sick comrades. I have hoped for an opportunity to express publicly the appreciation I felt for your efforts so freely given at that distressing time, the month succeeding the surrender of Santiago, when in the entire 2nd Regiment there was not a well man, and when those who were least sick had to devote themselves to the care of others. I recall with pleasure the fact that not only did you do cheerfully and willingly all that you were detailed to do, but that you were ever on the alert to render others timely assistance, such as the preparation of dainty dishes from humble materials. How well I remember the "blanc-mange," served on a mess-tin, but cunningly tricked out with green leaves, which made it look like a delicacy from Delmonico's, that you brought me one night when I was far from well; and the tender care with which you tended the sick in hospital, bathing them and ministering to their comforts as a mother would have done, and continuing to give to them out of our limited resources as great a variety of nutritious dishes as even so skilled a cook as you proved to be, could devise.

LIEUTENANT BENCHLEY'S CUBAN GRAVE.

The many ways in which you rendered most valuable aid to the then commanding officer of "C" Company (myself) I shall never forget, and only trust that as long as you live you may be the recipient of as good treatment from those with whom you come in contact as you have given to your comrades in distress. Believing that in such a wish I am wishing you all the good that is likely to come to any man. I am,

Most sincerely yours,

ARTHUR C. KING,
Late 1st Lieut., "C" Co., 2nd Mass., U.S.V.
July 8, 1890.

CAPTAIN WINSLOW S. LINCOLN.

With his own experience in military affairs, and with a knowledge of the parts borne by his father and brother in the War of the Rebellion, it was not at all strange that our ex-Light Infantry officer should early volunteer in his services in the struggle with Spain.

June 4, 1898, he was offered an appointment as Captain of immunes, with the choice of white or colored troops, but yielding to the wishes of his family and friends, he accepted the position of Captain and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, etc.

In June, 1898, an order was issued by the War Department directing him as Captain and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. V., to report to Major General J. J. Coppinger, commanding the Fourth Army Corps, for assignment to duty in that command, and on June 26th he reached headquarters at Tampa, Florida, and reported to the Adjutant-general. The following day he was assigned as Chief Commissary of the Third Division, Fourth Army Corps, Brigadier-general Jacob Kline commanding, and subsequently was transferred to the Second Brigade of that same division, Brigadier-general James Rush Lincoln in command. This brigade consisted of the 69th New York, 3d Ohio, and 2d Georgia regiments of volunteer infantry.

The camp was at what was known as Palmetto Beach, about three miles from Tampa, and near the beach. Sanitary conditions were abominable, and during the latter part of his stay here, after the rainy season had set in, life was almost intolerable.

After the Protocol had been signed and all hope of active service removed, the patriotism of every volunteer officer was sorely tried.

Early in July the Fourth Army Corps was ordered to Fernandina, Florida. But two regiments of his brigade joined in this movement, the 2d Georgia being detached and ordered to remain in Tampa. The camp at Fernandina was laid out about two miles from the sea beach in sand almost knee deep, infested with, it seemed, every known insect, the air fever-laden, the hospitals full and the duties arduous and trying. In spite of a strong fight against conditions Captain Lincoln's health became so impaired that by order of General Lincoln, the brigade commander, he was conveyed to a small hotel on the beach and placed under the care of Hospital Steward Wood of the 69th New York. He was desperately ill, but a determined will and the excellent care of Wood pulled him through, and after four weeks he returned to quarters.

After five weeks at Fernandina the third movement of the Fourth Corps was made, this time to Huntsville, Ala., where the Third Division was given a most beautiful location, and, for the first time, the camp was a comparatively comfortable habitation.

The long siege with fever and dysentery had told severely on Captain Lincoln's strength, and at last, by the advice of the surgeons, but much against his wishes, he was sent home on sick leave. The 3d Ohio Regiment had been mustered out and sent home, and only the 69th New York remained, so that the duties of Brigade Commissary were minimized. He returned from sick leave on November 2d, soon after the order had been issued reorganizing the Fourth Army Corps, and assigning Major-general Joseph Wheeler to its command. Captain Lin-

coln's new assignment was to the First Brigade, Second Division, Brigadier-general Gilbert S. Carpenter commanding, and stationed at Anniston, Ala. This brigade consisted of the 1st U. S. Regular Infantry, the 4th Kentucky, V. I., and the 3d Alabama, V. I., and the division was under the command of Major-general Royal Frank.

Winter quarters were now established and the division settled down to routine duty. On January 1st, 1899, came this welcome order: "Captain Winslow S. Lincoln, C. S. U. S. V., is relieved from duty with the First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Army Corps, and will proceed to Havana, Cuba, and report to Colonel A. L. Smith, Chief Commissary of the Division of Cuba, for duty as assistant in his office," and on the 16th of the same month he reached Havana and reported in accordance with this order.

He was at once assigned to the distributing depot at Quemados, nine miles from Havana, the base of supplies for the Seventh Army Corps, Major-general Fitzhugh Lee, the 2d Volunteer Engineers and the beef supply plant of Swift & Co. furnishing fresh beef for Camp Columbia and the troops in the city of Havana and its suburbs. This was a most important and responsible assignment. About 15,000 troops were rationed from this depot, and cash sales of stores to offi-

CAPTAIN WINSLOW S. LINCOLN.

cers and men ran from $8000 to $12,000 per month. The beef contract of the Swifts provided that transportation from tide water in the United States to Cuba be furnished by the War Department, and transports were not at all times available. In consequence of this arrangement the contractors were unable to keep a supply of refrigerated beef on hand, and it became necessary to purchase beef on the hoof from the supply in the hands

of native owners and the dealers from the "States" who had invaded the market.

Captain Lincoln's knowledge of cattle values made him a valuable officer for this duty, and the Chief Commissary, Colonel Smith, recognized this at once and assigned him as beef purchasing and inspection officer, and as such he did good service for the department.

Captain Lincoln was a strict disciplinarian, not only for those under his orders, but for himself as well, and the depot at Quemados was a model one, not alone in its arrangement, but in the economy of its management. One clerk, one commissary sergeant, one sales clerk and eight Cuban laborers sufficed to perform the labors of its administration, and that the work was well done was attested by Major-general John C. Breckenridge, Inspector General U. S. A., who pronounced the depot an excellent one.

In March, 1899, came the general order honorably discharging the volunteer staff, and on April 10th Captain Lincoln left Cuba for home via the steamer "City of Havana," to Savannah, Georgia.

After five days' quarantine on De Fuskie Island, Savannah Harbor, he went north, homeward bound. His official connection with the United States service terminated June 1st, 1899.

While his was not a service of brilliant achievement, it was one of duty well and faithfully done under conditions of discouragement, and with an absence of that exhilarating influence which comes with active service in battle. It was a record to be proud of, from the very fact that there were none of the spectacular elements which make such duty easy and light. It may be said with all truth that his services were held in high esteem by every officer under whom he served, and the noble traditions of the family lost none of their lustre through him.

Captain Lincoln joined the Light Infantry first in 1865, and served his enlistment period in the ranks and was duly mustered out; beginning June, 1875, he was Aide-de-camp, with rank of Captain, for nearly a year; in September, 1876, he enlisted again, and thence onward was rapidly promoted. Through the various gradations he was thoroughly drilled in the school of the soldier, holding the important position of first sergeant, passed through the lieutenancies, and finally reached the infantryman's goal, the captaincy, heading the Company from November 23, 1880, to October 3, 1883. For this soldierly experience he had received a boyhood's preparation in the Highland Military Academy.

Possessed of a competence, having a delightful home with wife and children, maintaining one of the finest estates in Worcester, the Willow Farm on Chandler Street, corner of May, what reason was there for him to leave so much comfort for the rough life in the field? The old French motto, *noblesse oblige*, found here a fitting application. Name and heredity would not permit him to stay when others were going, hence the commission, the service, the impaired health, the two invalid years at the dear old home, and last of all the final muster out, May 3d, 1902. Though the bugle has blown for him the last tattoo, his comrades and friends do not forget, and in Light Infantry annals they write in bright, large letters on their scroll of fame the name of the latest Lincoln.

AT PRESENT.

How well the khaki wearers have borne their parts in the intervening years may be gathered in the following roster of names, residences and occupations, as far as the same can be obtained. Unless otherwise indicated in the list, the state is Massachusetts and the city Worcester:

Captain Frank L. Allen, contractor and builder.
Lieutenant Herbert H. Warren, dentist.
Sergeant Arthur S. Longley, bookkeeper.
Sergeant George W. Stebbins, custodian, Art Museum.
Sergeant George H. Hill, broker.
Sergeant Charles T. Fletcher, U. S. A.
Sergeant William E. Barton, business, New York, N. Y.
Sergeant J. Warren Holbrook, salesman.
Corporal Charles H. Colburn, foreman.
Corporal John L. Wilmot, trucking.
Corporal Charles H. Vaughan, Jr., carpenter and builder, Minneapolis, Minn.
Corporal Pelham W. Lincoln, manager, Manchester Depot, Vt.
Corporal Clifford T. Eldridge, bookkeeper.
Corporal George E. Rix, bookkeeper.
Cook August G. Biersdorf, chef, Boston.
Musician Aurelius F. Wheeler, dentist.
Musician Harry T. Chapin, U. S. Army, Boston.
Artificer Edward A. Stearns, Highway Department.
Wagoner Fred. B. Maynard, insurance, Pittsfield.
Privates:
Harry H. Adams, U. S. Army.
Olney T. Aldrich, Fire Department.
John H. Allen, salesman, St. Louis, Mo.
Lyman Bartlett, bookkeeper.
George H. Bejune, bookkeeper.
George E. Bennett, U. S. Army.
James F. Bradley, clerk, Boston.
Emory A. Briggs, electrician, Navy Yard, Charlestown.
Irving A. Brigham, foreman, Westboro.
Charles A. Browne, U. S. Army.
Clarence E. Butler, salesman.
George C. Butler, U. S. Army.
William H. Butler, with Natural Food Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Fred A. Clarkson, salesman.
Leonard E. Crooker, Fire Department; has served in U. S. Army.
Forrest E. Crossman, advertising agent, New York, N. Y.
Fred P. Dean, sign-painter, but the most of his time since the war has been given to returning to America the bodies of deceased soldiers.
William G. Dennis, clerk.
William W. Eddy, Buttrick Co., New York, N. Y.
George S. Farrow, salesman.
James H. Flynn, U. S. Army.
Walter I. Gage, bookkeeper, Boston.
O. J. W. Gleason, letter-carrier.
Louis B. Glixman, clerk and Common Councilman.
Henry J. Greene, insurance.
Fred C. Hale, draughtsman, Norwich, Ct.
Ralph E. Henderson, machinist.
Willard J. Humes, court clerk, Grafton.
Roland Johnson, carpet-finisher.
George T. Jones, bookkeeper.
Herbert W. Kincaid, manager, New York, N. Y.
Charles H. Knibbs, trucking.
Edward J. Martin, shipper.
George Martin, U. S. Army.
Waldo A. Merrifield, shipper.
Alonzo J. Pembleton, Fire Department.
James E. Pope, optician, Newark, N. J.
Burton A. Prince, foreman.
Winfield D. Rheutan, clerk, Richmond, Va.
Charles M. Sands, livery, Montpelier, Vt.; has been in U. S. Army.
Robert Taft, Police Department.
James H. Taylor, machinist.
James E. L. Todd, manufacturer.
Fred. J. Tucker, farmer, Rutland.
Arthur T. Wintersgill, machinist, San Francisco, Cal.
Edwin D. Wooldridge, electrician, Lynn.
Emil Zaeder, lawyer.

MUSTER-IN ROLL OF COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR TWO YEARS, FROM MAY 10, 1898, UNLESS SOONER DISCHARGED.

[The data, in order, cover rank, name, age, birthplace and occupation.]

CAPTAIN.

Frank L. Allen, 35, Worcester, civil engineer.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Arthur C. King, 31, Worcester, merchant.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Herbert H. Warren, 34, Clinton, dentist.

SERGEANTS.

Arthur S. Longley, 26, Millbury, bookkeeper.
George W. Stebbins, 29, Worcester, engraver.
George H. Hill,* 30, Worcester, manufacturer.
Charles T. Fletcher, 27, Worcester, draughtsman.
William E. Barton, 24, Worcester, publisher.
Joseph W. Holbrook, 24, Barre, salesman.

CORPORALS.

Charles H. Colburn, 26, Orono, Me., envelope cutter.
John L. Wilmot, 23, Boston, clerk.
Charles A. Vaughan, Jr., 26, Worcester, carpenter.
Pelham W. Lincoln, 25, Worcester, salesman.
Clifford T. Eldridge, 23, Worcester, clerk.
George Edmund Rix, 28, Memphis, Tenn., clerk.

MUSICIANS.

Aurelius F. Wheeler, 25, North Fenton, N. Y., dentist.
Harry T. Chapin, 23, Worcester, electrician.

ARTIFICER.

Eddy A. Stearns, 25, Worcester, blacksmith.

WAGONER.

Fred. B. Maynard, 22, Worcester, salesman.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Harry H., 20, Ludlow, Vt., florist.
Aldrich, Olney T., 23, Sutton, electrician.
Allen, John H., 22, Panton, Vt., clerk.
Bartlett, Lyman, 20, Worcester, clerk.
Bejune, George H., 20, Springfield, bookkeeper.
Bennett, George E., 23, Worcester, contractor.
Biersdorf, Augustus G., 23, Coburg, Saxony, cook.
Bradley, James F., 25, Putnam, Conn., bookkeeper.
Briggs, Emory A., 20, Athol, clerk.
Brigham, Irving A., 27, Westboro, shoemaker.
Browne, Charles A., 42, New Bedford, gasfitter.
Butler, Clarence E., 20, Sanford, Me., clerk.
Butler, George C., 18, Hartford, Conn., machinist.
Butler, William H., 30, Providence, R. I., accountant.
Clarkson, Fred H., 18, Worcester, engraver.
Crooker, Leonard M., 30, Shrewsbury, carpenter.
Crossman, Forrest E., 22, Worcester, theatrical.
Dean, Fred P., 40, Worcester, sign painter.
Dennis, William G., 24, Worcester, salesman.
Dowse, Robert H., 20, Sherborn, woodcarver.

*Owing to illness Sergeant Hill did not go with his company to Cuba, but was detailed for duty in the Adjutant-general's Department, 4th Army Corps, rejoining the Infantry at Montauk.

Drury, Eugene F., 27, Leicester, salesman.
Eddy, William W., 29, Fitchburg, reporter.
Farrow, George S., 23, Botsford Portage, N. B., clerk.
Flynn, James H., Jr., 21, Springfield, laborer.
Gage, Walter L., 21, Hyde Park, manufacturer.
Gleason, Odiorne J. W., 29, Holden, letter carrier.
Glixman, Louis B., 20, Russia, painter.
Greene, Henry J., 19, Woodstock, Conn., student.
Hale, Fred C., 21, North Dana, draughtsman.
Henderson, Ralph E., 25, Belfast, Me., machinist.
Humes, Willard J., 25, Millbury, lawyer.
Johnson, Roland, 26, Lancashire, Eng., finisher.
Jones, George T., 23, Worcester, clerk.
Kincaid, Herbert W., 27, Lewiston, Me., salesman.
King, Joseph C., 25, Leicester, printer.
Knibbs, Charles H., 19, Worcester, manager.
Martin, Edward J., 24, Wilton, N. B., clerk.
Martin, George, 21, Constantinople, Turkey, clerk.
Mayo, Silas L., 25, Fairfield, paperhanger.
Merrifield, Waldo A., 23, Worcester, bookkeeper.
Pembleton, Alonzo J., 27, Bandalier, Mich., electrician.
Pitts, Royal H., 23, Sudbury, Vt., undertaker.
Pope, James E., 26, Laconia, N. H., optician.
Prince, Burton A., 21, Worcester, student.
Rheutan, Winfield D., 21, Worcester, clerk.
Roberts, William D., 18, Stafford, Conn., salesman.
Stewart, Arthur D., 19, Grand Pré, N. S., machinist.
Sands, Charles M., 19, Parisville, N. Y., farmer.
Taft, Fredk. B., 30, Hingham, salesman.
Taft, Robert, 22, Charlton, shoecutter.
Taylor, James H., 32, Manchester, N. H., clerk.
Todd, James E. L., 25, Turks Island, West Indies, salesman.
Tucker, Fred J., 24, Auburn, farmer.
Wentworth, Harold B., 28, Worcester, teacher.
Wheeler, James W., 32, Weymouth, insurance.
Wintersgill, Arthur T., 20, Worcester, machinist.
Wooldridge, Edwin D., 21, Cornwall, Eng., clerk.
Zaeder, Emil, 22, Worcester, lawyer.

CENTENNIAL OF THE LIGHT INFANTRY WITH HISTORY—JUNE 6, 1903.

Not since Worcester celebrated its bi-centennial has the city seen a more enthusiastic occasion than that which brought to an end the one hundred years of the Light Infantry's existence. For many a long day the event had been talked over and hundreds of members have regretted that their active connection with the Company could not be at this particular time. For a century young men have practiced the drill peculiar to their day and generation; have had their taste of camp life, possibly of real soldiering, and then have taken their places in the veteran ranks, to be thereafter recognized as the "has beens"; valuable reserves, however, for times when numbers count and contributions are necessary for the proper observance of certain days.

Such an occasion was that just past, and it is safe to state that very few men who ever wore the uniform of the Light Infantry were not in hearty sympathy with each and every plan to make the event memorable. Fully five years ago, the veteran organization began to prepare for the celebration, and, when the time was ripe, was able to turn over a considerable sum of money to the general fund. In addition, the citizens, who have a justifiable pride in their oldest military company, were ready to lend a hand, so that the bills, though heavy, were readily met.

The campaign, which began Wednesday evening, June 3d, and terminated early in the morning of the 7th, though not so bloody, was quite as trying as any ever passed through by the Company. If the boys obtained any sleep at all it was by snatches, and even those they thought wasted. There was so much to see, and so many things to be done, that sleep, though so blessed by Sancho Panza, was passed by till some more convenient season.

The Company left Worcester for Boston late in the afternoon of the 3d, en route to Portland, to assist in the observance of the same birthday by the twin company of that city. Though sleeping places were assigned on board the steamer which conveyed them to the lovely city on the Casco, such assignments were quite superfluous. The best of weather prevailed, not a drop of rain falling throughout the entire period, though it began the very next day after. Even the fires and smoke of Maine were not amiss, since they served to cloud the otherwise burning rays of the solstitial sun. Maine's chief city did her very best in entertaining the boys in blue from the mother State, and no time was wasted.

It was a very generous thing for the Portland boys to do, viz., to volunteer to anticipate their own day and to yield the auspicious 6th to the Massachusetts company. If old Governor Strong a century since had only reflected on the possible mix-up in the future, he might have prevented the coincident dates by holding one charter for just twenty-four hours, but he did nothing of the kind, and the dates of birth are the same, and for all time the companies are twins.

That special train home from Maine bore a happy array of young men, all intent on getting the most possible out of the trip. Never was the old Latin motto, "*Carpe diem*," or "Seize the day," more literally obeyed; indeed, the boys seized the night also. Their arrival in Worcester, though late, was enthusiastic, and from Union Station to the Bay State, red fire marked the march of the returning and visiting citizen soldiers.

Then when the 6th, the long expected, the dreamed-of day, dawned, the city was agog to see her own boys and those of other states. It is true that a coincident circus may have added to the throngs; it is pretty certain that the mass of the people were out to see their militia company and those who

LIGHT INFANTRY MARCHING TO FRAMINGHAM CAMP.

were to parade with them. Owing to faulty railroad connections, some of the Connecticut soldiers were late, hence the start from the Armory was a little more than one hour late, but when the lines did appear they were most heartily greeted. While, on occasion, Worcester has entertained more soldiers, she never had on one day a greater variety. In addition to the Light Infantry, in their new uniforms, and their twin brothers from Portland, were all of the city's five organizations, with the Fitchburg Fusiliers, the United Train from Providence, a company from the 1st Heavy Artillery of Boston, and two companies from Hartford, Conn.; and what attention their bright uniforms excited! There was the brilliant red of the Governor's Foot Guard, along with the white of the City Guards, that followed close behind.

Somewhere along Main Street it would seem that nearly every Worcester citizen took a glance at the men with the guns. By no means inconspicuous were the lads from the Highland Military Academy with their natty suits of gray. When at last the lines returned to the Armory and there stacked their rifles, preparatory to the day's outing at the Lake, there were few if any who were not glad that they had had a chance to see just how lively and reliable men could be on their one hundredth birthday.

Over the variety and pleasures of the day at Edgemere it is unnecessary to linger, for when did youth and vigor ever fail to find amusement in the passing hour? The games, jokes and songs, will their memory ever fade? A suspicious hoarseness for days afterwards told how zealously many tried to add their voices to the general hilarity. While the suspension of electrical connection delayed the return from the Lake and compelled the soldiers to march, their armless passage through Front Street was not the least interesting of the many episodes of that eventful day.

Meanwhile, hungry hundreds were waiting, with more or less patience, in the vestibule of Washburn Hall, wondering where their uniformed compatriots were. Half past six p.m. extended to some time past eight before the arrival of the most important part of the Company, and the lines were formed for the hall above. Mechanics Hall has seated many a gathering, but never a jollier one than that which filled every seat, and some overflowed into Washburn Hall below. Caterer Brigham has no reason to apologize for the appetizing menu which claimed the time and attention of every one till past nine o'clock. The music of the bands, along with the singing of all between courses, made the time pass rapidly.

Finally, when Captain Rider indicated a change from a feast of viands to that of thought and reason, no one would blame him if through his frame there ran a thrill of pride at the happy progress of the celebration. In a few and fitting words he passed the further exercises into the hands of James Logan, a veteran member of the Company. It was a lucky day for the Infantry when this same boy of Scottish birth took into his head to play soldier for a while, since to no single individual is due more of the success of the observances than to him. He was only a clerk in one of Worcester's business establishments when he first essayed his military rôle, but he played his part well, as he has every other one that he has undertaken since. Whenever the boys want something done they are likely to turn to their veteran, Logan, who is ever ready, both to raise money and to talk. He took both parts in the centennial play, and took them finely. His introductions and his own response to the toast, "The Ladies," were excellent.

It would be a pleasure to reproduce every word spoken here, but it must suffice to state that whether it was Mayor Fletcher, Lieutenant-governor Guild, or Alderman Chapman of Portland, all were enthusiastically received. Space, however, is found for the comprehensive story of the Company as told by Major Frederick G. Stiles, who, bearing his weight of almost seventy-eight years, with clear, ringing voice recited the tale of a century. He was greeted with enthusiasm by his audience, which rose to receive him, every

one reflecting on the Providence which had preserved for this duty a man who, more than sixty years ago, had signed his first enlistment paper, had won his golden laurel leaf in the War of the Rebellion, and now, the oldest surviving member of the Company, could tell its story in a manner to interest and delight every listener:

In the year 1803 there was but one uniformed military company in the town of Worcester, an artillery company, founded and commanded by Major William Treadwell (of Revolutionary fame) in 1783.

But there were two companies of State militia, that met once each year for inspection and enrollment. No two persons were dressed alike, and their guns were of every conceivable pattern and make, and their parades were looked upon as a burlesque by the people of the town.

So much for the military of this Commonwealth previous to the formation of the Company whose birth and one hundredth anniversary we are here to-night to celebrate.

It has been said that it was at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft, the founder of the Second Parish Church in Worcester, and who carried a gun at Concord—and also at Bunker Hill in 1795 (then a student at Harvard College)—that an application was made to the Legislature for a charter to form an independent military infantry company in the town of Worcester. The petition for the same was written by Levi Lincoln, Jr., and signed by several leading citizens of the town, and sent to the Adjutant-general of the State at Boston. And it is a singular coincident that one hundred years ago to-day permission was granted by the Legislature of the Province of Massachusetts for the formation of two independent military companies, one at Portland, the other at Worcester; both at that time being within the State of Massachusetts.

On June 6th, 1803, the charters were signed by Caleb Strong, then Governor of the State. They were designated as the Portland Light Infantry and the Worcester Light Infantry; both these organizations are on active duty today, with all the strength and vigor of the first parade, but of those who made up their rank and file not one remains.

The last survivor of the original Worcester Light Infantry was Charles Tappan. He was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1784. He came to Worcester as an apprentice to Dr. Isaiah Thomas, and served his apprenticeship in the office of the Massachusetts Spy. He was one of the charter members of the Worcester Light Infantry (in 1803), and for ten years was identified with it.

In 1813 he removed to Portsmouth, N. H., and soon after went with others in the Swedish brig Margaretta to St. John, N. B., and filled her with British goods, intending to take them to Bath,

James Logan.

Me., to dispose of. All they had to fear were American privateers, and they hired Captain Samuel Blythe of H. B. M. brig Boxer to convey them to the Kennebec River. It was agreed that when they were about to enter the mouth of the river, two or three guns should be fired over them, to have the appearance of trying to stop them should any idle people be looking on.

Lieutenant William Burroughs of the U. S. brig Enterprise lay in Portland Harbor, and hearing the guns, got under way, and, as is well known, captured the Boxer after a severe engagement which lasted forty minutes, in which both commanders were killed, and three days later, Sept. 8th (1813), were buried at Portland in the same grave with military honors. Tappan, after disposing of the cargo of the Margaretta, went to Boston, and after a few years removed to Washington, D. C., where, in 1874, he died, aged 90 years and 8 months, the last of the original members of the Worcester Light Infantry.

Major F. G. Stiles.

For one hundred years, the 6th day of June when it did not fall upon Sunday, or when the companies were not engaged in actual service, has been set apart by both organizations to celebrate the anniversary of their birth. And it is most fitting that after the lapse of one hundred years these twin companies, the Portland and the Worcester Light Infantry, should celebrate their natal day together.

We are here for that purpose to-night, to keep the record unbroken, and give inspiration to those who, in the years to come, shall comprise their membership. For we feel assured that these two organizations, that have surmounted all obstacles for one hundred years, are too deeply imbedded in the hearts of the people of Portland and Worcester to ever die out. Their existence must be perennial.

When the Worcester Light Infantry was organized in the town of Worcester in 1803, it was the aim of the citizens to elevate to a higher standard the militia of the State, to bring about uniformity of dress, equipment and efficiency of discipline, and to establish an independent volunteer militia.

This was accomplished, and soon after a rifle company and a cavalry one were added to Worcester's military force. These commands flourished until a change in the laws in relation to the militia was brought about by public sentiment being adverse to the expense (which was considered a useless one), and as a result, about 1834, a majority of the State militia were disbanded by general orders.

But the Worcester Light Infantry escaped annihilation, and held on through all the opposition that was brought to bear upon it. And it is a matter of pride to us that to-day—with a record of one hundred years behind it—it stands among the first who in every emergency have entered the field of active service whenever and wherever the need came, and has been either as a company or by representation in every war of the United States since its formation.

On August 4th, 1807, the Company, under the command of Captain Enoch Flagg, voted its services at a moment's notice to James Sullivan, then Governor of Massachusetts, but were not needed at that time. War with England, however, was only postponed, not averted, and on September 14th, 1814, the Worcester Light Infantry was ordered by Governor Caleb Strong to Boston to repel British invasion.

In 1840 the Company voted its services to Governor George N. Briggs for the Mexican War, but the quota of troops from Massachusetts being full, it was not ordered to report.

On the evening of April 16th, 1861, the members of the Worcester Light Infantry had assembled for drill at their Armory in Horticultural Hall, when, between ten and eleven o'clock, Colonel John W. Wetherell of Governor Andrew's staff appeared with verbal orders (for Captain Harrison W. Pratt) calling out the Company for active duty, and to report at the State House, Boston, forthwith.

The order was received with cheers. Absent members were notified, and in six hours every member had assembled for duty. It was the first company to leave the city, and a part of the "Old Sixth" Regiment, the first to leave the State, and in passing through Baltimore, Md., April 19th, 1861, on its way to Washington, D. C., the first blood of the Civil War was shed.

Never can I forget the enthusiasm of the people of our city when upon Saturday, August 3, 1861, the Light Infantry had returned to its home, with honor untarnished, and the proud assurance that had its response to our country's call been less ready, or the arrival of the 6th Regiment (of which it formed a part) been delayed twelve hours, the capital would have been in the hands of the enemy.

Right well did the Company deserve the royal welcome given it in behalf of the city by its honored Mayor, Col. Isaac Davis, who, at one time, was an active member of the Worcester Light Infantry, and always its friend.

After the return to Massachusetts and muster-out of the "Old Sixth," other companies were recruited by officers and privates of the Light Infantry who had received commissions to raise them: One company for the 25th Mass. Vols. in 1861; one company for the 34th Regt., 1861; one company for the 42d Regt. in 1862; one company for the 51st Regt. in 1862; and one for the 42d Regt. in 1864.

All these companies, until mustered out by expiration of term of service, gave the Worcester Light Infantry a record of furnishing more than 600 officers and men for the armies of the United States in the Civil War.

On May 3d, 1898, the entire State militia of our city was again called into active service in the Spanish-American War: the Emmet Guards being assigned to the 9th Regiment (afterwards called the Bloody Ninth), Battery B for coast defenses, and the City Guards, Wellington Rifles and Worcester Light Infantry as a part of the 3d Battalion, 2d Regiment, Mass. Vol.

Levi Thaxter, First Captain, Light Infantry.

Militia, commanded by Major H. B. Fairbanks, a former captain of the Worcester Light Infantry.

The prosperity of the Worcester Light Infantry has depended upon not only its founders, but upon every officer and member that has been enrolled since its organization, but especially upon the first three commissioned officers: Levi Thaxter, captain; Enoch Flagg, first lieutenant, and Levi Lincoln, ensign. These officers were all living more than half a century after the Company was formed.

Captain George F. Peck, who is with us to-night, commanded the Company in 1855, and sent invitations to these officers to attend the fifty-second anniversary. Neither of them was able to accept, but all sent acknowledgment and regrets.

Ensign Levi Lincoln lived sixty-five years after the Company was formed, never losing his interest in it, but always having a word of cheer, and an open house, for all who comprised its membership.

Ensign Lincoln had a notable career. He was Governor of the Commonwealth nine years, from 1825 to 1834, and it was his distinguished honor to preside when, June 16th, 1825, the Legislature received General Lafayette, and also to represent the State on the following day, when the corner-stone was laid of the monument on Bunker Hill. He was six years in Congress, collector of the port of Boston, President of the State Senate, and in 1848 the first Mayor of our city. And the name of Lincoln has been on the Company roll from its inception to the present time.

Three brothers were enrolled in it: Enoch Lincoln, who was afterwards Governor of Maine; William Lincoln, the historian, and John W. Lincoln, who commanded the Company from 1812 to 1816, during the last war with England. He held several town offices, and was high sheriff of the county.

William S. Lincoln, a son of Levi, commanded the Company from 1832 to 1834. He was Colonel of the 34th Regiment, Mass. Vols., in the Civil War, and was breveted general.

Daniel Waldo Lincoln, a brother of William S., commanded the Company from 1838 to 1841. He was Mayor of our city in 1863 and '64.

Another brother, George Lincoln, was a member at one time, and afterwards ranked as captain in the regular army. He was killed at the Battle of Buena Vista in Mexico while rallying an Indiana regiment that had stampeded. His body was brought to Worcester, and buried with military honors by the Worcester Light Infantry, who volunteered for that duty.

William Lincoln, a son of William S., was a member of the Company in 1861, and served with it in the Old Sixth Regiment.

Levi Lincoln, Jr., also a son of William S., commanded the Company from 1875 to 1877.

Winslow S. Lincoln, youngest son of William S., commanded the Com-

Captain P. L. Rider.

pany from 1880 to 1883. He served in the Spanish-American War of 1898 as a captain in the regular army. He was a member of our Veteran Association, and was with us two years ago at our ninety-eighth anniversary.

Pelham W. Lincoln, a grandson of Ensign Levi, is an active member to-day, and served with the Company as corporal in the campaign of 1808.

We are proud of the Lincoln record, and doubt if it can be equaled by any other military company where so many members of one family, even to the fourth generation, have been enrolled in its ranks.

All told, there have been forty-four commanders of the Worcester Light Infantry from 1803 to the present time, all but four of whom I have personally known.

I well remember the Company in my boyhood days. It was the banner company then. It had one rival in the Holden Grenadiers. The annual muster always ended with a sham battle, and when the two companies were on the same side they invariably carried all before them; but when, as sometimes happened, they opposed each other, it was actual war.

If time permitted, many other events in the history of the Company since my day might be related, but it needs no eulogy other than the record it has made for itself in the past, and is still making to-day, as a military organization.

All honor to those who first made up the rank and file of the Worcester Light Infantry. And to-night my heart goes out to those members with whom I was associated sixty and more years ago, of whom but few are living. The memory of the old days and the friendships formed then have not faded, but grown brighter with the flight of years. In this busy life of ours where ordinarily one's own affairs make up its circuit, is it not well that there are days so imbedded in our hearts, so marked by great events, that they seem a part of ourselves? Such a one is the birthday of the Portland and the Worcester Light Infantry.

"If stores of dry and learned love we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things and facts, whate'er we knowledge call—
There is the common ledger for them all.
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love we write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart—
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear.
Warm golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still."

First Lieut. F. M. Clark, Jr.

Roster of the Worcester Light Infantry at the Company's Centennial.

Captain, Phineas L. Rider.
First Lieut., Frederick M. Clark, Jr.
Second Lieut., Herbert H. Warren.
First Sergt., William Stevenson.
Q. M. Sergt., Lewis M. McCallum.
Sergt., George W. Stebbins.
Sergt., James C. Stevenson.
Sergt., Frank A. Springer.
Sergt., Roland Johnson.
Corp., George S. Farrow.
Corp., Harry L. Hastings.
Corp., Edward J. Martin.
Corp., Leonard W. Russell.
Corp., Howard K. Hobbs.
Corp., Charles A. Peterson.
Musician, William I. Whiting.

PRIVATES.

John F. Anderson,
Percival R. Bowers,
Charles T. Buckman,
Harris M. Crandall,
Clarence T. Davis,
Frank E. Dodge,
Karl H. Dodge,
William C. Deacon,
George J. Drabble,
Henry A. Falardeau,
Leo C. Falardeau,
Frank L. Fisher,
Leroy J. Flint,
George W. Grant,
Harry H. Greene,
John Hall,
Fred'k A. Harford,
Mahlon E. Havener,
Melvin A. Henson,
Walter R. Hewett,
Charles E. Holton,
John I. Hoyt,
Gilbert S. Jackson,
Fred Kingdon,
Wm. H. McCormick,
Wm. R. McKenzie,
Arthur S. Morse,
Charles E. Merrill,
George W. Munger,
Wm. I. Needham,
Eli F. Nichols,
Giles S. Pease,
Edmund J. Power,
Herbert C. Putnam,
Howard W. Robbins,
Robert I. Rose,
Wm. H. Sampson,
Henri A. Scott,
Roscoe H. Shedd,
Thomas S. Shedd,
Eugene L. Tinkham,
Arthur J. Wallace,
Ralph W. Ward,
James C. Whittle,
Henry E. Wheeler.

Second Lieut. H. H. Warren.

Captain Charles S. Holden.

First Lieut. Edward B. Fish. Second Lieut. Harry T. Gray.

WELLINGTON RIFLES COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

WELLINGTON RIFLES, COMPANY H, 2D REGT., M.V.M.

ORCESTER'S third Company in the Second Regiment was the Wellington Rifles, scheduled as "H" in the regimental list. In 1894, owing to the disbandment of certain organizations elsewhere and the growth of the city, it became evident that Worcester was entitled to one more company of infantry. Receiving the hearty approval of the militia officers in Worcester, measures were taken to realize the advantage thus offered. The first move was made April 17th; the next day recruiting began, and, on the 24th, a roll of fifty-eight names was submitted to the Mayor and Aldermen for approval, and after receiving their endorsement was, on the 25th, filed with Governor F. T. Greenhalge. On Sunday, the 29th of the month, Edward B. Fish, whose name headed the list, was notified by the Adjutant-general that all the petitioners should be at the Armory for inspection the following evening. Colonel Fred. W. Wellington, a member of the Governor's staff, was the officer assigned to the duty of examining the would-be soldiers. His report being favorable, company formation proceeded, and the evening of May 2d saw its official beginning, for then, in the presence of Colonel E. P. Clark and others, fifty-six men were mustered into the service of the Commonwealth. The same evening officers were elected as follows: Captain, Charles E. Burbank; First Lieutenant, Walter E. Hassam; Second Lieutenant, Wright S. Prior. This was an excellent beginning, for all these men had received more or less military instruction, the Captain having been one year at West Point, while the lieutenants were graduates of Vermont's Norwich University, a military institution, whence Admiral George Dewey went to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Two days later came the first drill of the Company. The organization was very near its fourth anniversary when the alarm of war added zest to the hitherto peaceful career of men who up to that time had experienced nothing more severe than their initiation into camp life at Framingham. The name by which the Company is known is a tribute to General Fred. W. Wellington, long and favorably known for his services in the militia of Massachusetts.

As with the other companies, the first meeting after the issuing of the Governor's proclamation was at the Armory on the evening of the 29th, and it proved a crucial moment in the lives of these young men. Soldiering for play and soldiering for business were so very different that an earnest and vigorous presentation of the situation was made by several of the members; particularly, Lieutenant Fish assured them that they were entering on no picnic excursion; this to contradict an impression which in some way had received credence that the affair would result in a few months' sojourn at Niantic or some other seaside locality, thus proving a red-letter holiday season, a prolonged outing, as it were. The Armory itself was crowded with a throng of visitors, all anxious to further the cause or to satisfy a natural curiosity to see how the men endured the ordeal.

C. F. Kinney, F. B. Jordan, A. W. Preble, H. E. Boyd, J. O. Norcross, H. A. Mower, C. A. Jones, L. S. Jones, A. W. Wilson, G. A. Savage, L. H. Gale,
A. E. Wilson, G. P. Taylor, F. M. Hill, S. Slocum, C. E. Monroe, E. B. Fish, C. S. Holden, C. H. Claflin, J. H. Allen, E. W. Darling, F. L. Vaughn,
A. B. Scott, R. B. Taft, W. B. Cumings, 1ST LIEUT. W. E. HASSAM, CAPT C. E. BURBANK, 2D LIEUT. W. S. PRIOR, G. E. Hill, R. H. Pitts, C. S. Short, Jr.,
A. C. LaPointe, H. C. Prentiss, F. R. Spiers, F. J. Soarrell, G. A. Goodnow, M. F. Ames,
A. L. Purinton, H. H. Devlin, H. N. Sawyer, H. H. Ames, C. H. Sparrell, E. L. Pierce, H. T. Gray, F. R. Mayers, W. H. Earle, D. E. Brigham, C. E. Smith, C. D. Stalker,
A. A. Berger, F. E. Colesworthy, J. L. King, C. M. Haye, F. H. Pierce, C. T. Tatman, R. M. Green, G. S. Bryson, H. C. Young, G. N. Jeppson, G. D. Barber.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF WELLINGTON RIFLES.

Captain Holden early proclaimed his desire to recruit men, not "boys," for the exactions made demanded settled convictions and firm determination. Had the question been one of the Company's going as a whole, there would have been no hanging back, but the individual examination and the possible rejection of many put a new view upon the entire matter. Out of a membership of sixty, forty-one voted, two were out of the city, and one was unaccounted for; the others were present and did not vote, evidently requiring more time for deliberation. Saturday and Sunday were busy days, particularly the latter, for the Armory was a market-place for patriotic young men who desired to serve their country in the field. They came in great numbers to talk the matter over, and many of them enlisted. Monday was an anniversary in a triple sense to Company H, for not only was it "H's" birthday, but it was that of Captain Holden, and the anniversary of his wedding-day as well; yet so enrapt were all in the passing trial, it was deemed best to omit entirely all recognition of these events. It was, however, a day of preparation, for on the morrow there was to be the transferral to Framingham as the first step in the campaign.

It was under rainy skies that the men gathered at the Armory on the 3d for their final assembly, and, with their comrades of the other companies, heard the words of prayer and farewell by clergyman and Mayor. For an hour Major Fairbanks had been putting the recruits through a course of facings and step which brought about something of order in their march to the station, for the majority of them had come into the Company wholly ignorant of the military art, having, however, youth and patriotism, without which good soldiers cannot be made. In the formation of the line for marching to the station, the "Wellingtons" were second, being preceded by Company A, the City Guards. Wherever "A" and "C" went there also marched "H," and the route of the Guards and the Light Infantry is already in print. There was, however, to the individual his personal part. Among the thousands who thronged the sidewalks some face, some word were for him alone. Till that moment he had never realized the real meaning of marching in uniform, with his feet keeping time to the music so often heard before, but never sounding as it did then. Sombre skies and saddened strains were not calculated to bring joy to his heart nor smiles to his face.

Nor were the beholders any more jubilant than the participants, for their sons and brothers were in the ranks. As the line files into Front Street from Main, after the review by the Mayor, one mother, unable to longer control her feelings, rushes through the crowds of people standing by and grasping the hand of her boy exclaims: "God bless you and all the boys," a prayer quite in keeping with the wishes of every one. When the companies were entering the station, passing through the lines of the Grand Army, a lady prayed audibly, "May the blessings of God rest upon you all the time you are away from your homes, and may He bring you back safely to your friends and families." Some inconsiderate persons tried to stop her, but she still prayed on; the boys passed by her with uncovered heads, and a fervent "amen" followed the close of her petition. Such scenes and words accompanied the soldiers right up to and into the cars, and even when seated therein, through an open window a mother passed her ten months' old boy, that he might receive his father's farewell kiss, and as the latter passed the precious burden back he exclaimed, "May God care for both of you." Such scenes as these make one wonder whether soldiering ought not to be confined to those who have not assumed the duties of husband and father.

These men who took the train for Framingham as would-be soldiers in Company H were those whose names follow, apparently in the order of their signatures in the enlistment book:

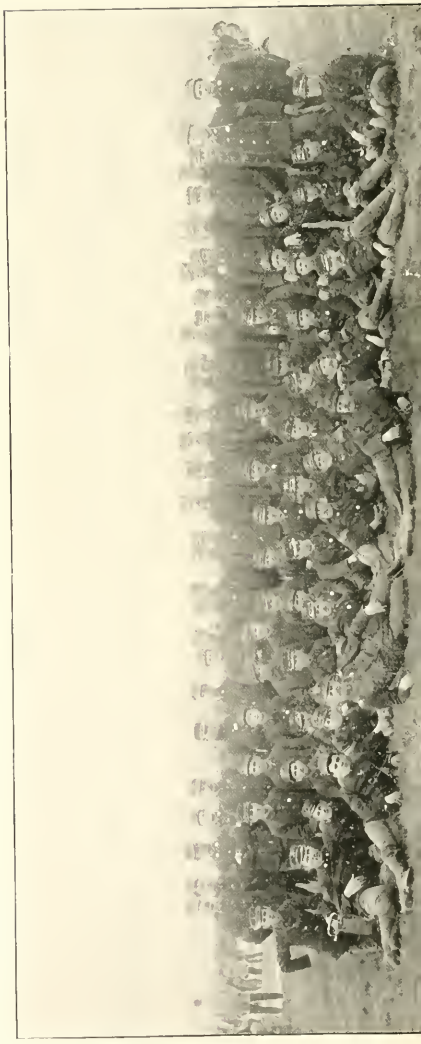
Captain, Charles S. Holden,
First Lieut., Edward B. Fish,
Second Lieut., Harry T. Gray,
First Sergt., Charles E. Monroe,
Sergeant, Harry C. Young,
Sergeant, Clarence E. Smith,
Sergeant, Dexter E. Brigham,
Sergeant, Fred. B. Jordan,
Corporal, Frank L. Vaughn,
Corporal, Marvin F. Ames,
Corporal, Joseph L. King.

Harry C. Amell,
Herbert A. Coates,
Arthur W. Gould,
Everett H. Green,
Charles M. Haye,
Fabian H. Hakanson,
Walter F. Hooker,
Louie S. Jones,
William H. King,
Albert F. Love,
Harvey N. Mills,
Edgar H. Norton,
Fred W. Tait,
John C. Ware,
Leaver Whittaker,
Willard O. Bachelor,
Dana A. Bryant,
Henry W. Mirick,
Chas. F. Parker, Jr.,
Wm. S. Smith, Jr.,
Harry Walsh,
Charles Smith,
George Mills.
Walter G. Adams,
Albert B. Scott,
Archie L. Purinton,
Albert W. Pratt,
F. E. Colesworthy,
Joseph T. Lindsey,
Wilfred A. Baudett,
Albert E. Newton,
Charles J. Flint.

RECRUITS.

Willis Gleason,
Wilson Allen,
Earle E. Clark,
Charles P. Hubbard,
Herbert J. McCutcheon,
Arthur F. Paradis,
G. Warren Hodgins,
Silas Undergrave,
Charles E. Lovejoy,
Jeremiah W. King,
Alston D. Kimball,
Everett W. Lawrence,
Fred. R. Hinckel,
Herbert E. Lego,
George A. Reed,
Harvey Randall,
Charles W. Sleeper,
William Green,
Franz H. Krebs, Jr.,
William H. Stiles,
George L. Shedd,
Clarence E. Cook,
Harry H. Devlin,
Abel E. Whitaker,
Henry A. Mower,
Joseph S. Gendron,
C. W. Thompson,
William MacC. Bond.
Charles E. Buck,
Albe L. Farmer,
Frank M. Hill.

Of the seventy-four in number, thirty-one are recruits, while in the Company proper marched fifteen men who were original charter members, viz., Captain Holden, Lieutenants Fish and Gray, Sergeants Monroe, Smith, Young, Brigham, Jordan and Vaughn, Corporals Ames and Joseph L. King, Privates Purinton, Jones, Hill and Mower.



THE "WELLINGTONS" AT CAMP DEWEY.

Framingham presented only a continuation of the unfavorable weather through which the march to Camp Dewey was made and where tent-life began. It was a cold greeting that the boys had, and their patriotic impulses had a severe wrench, but they proved equal to the strain. Wednesday, the 4th, saw the arrival of the 9th Regiment, including the Emmet Guards from Worcester, and great quantities of wood were brought into the camp for the purpose of building fires in the several Company streets for the comfort of the men. Thus early were they introduced to real campfires, about which, up to that time, they had received only the glowing impressions from stories told by relatives who had passed through the trying times during the Rebellion, and in whose narrations there were none of the shivers which now coursed up and down the spinal columns of these late recruits to Uncle Sam's defenders. Thursday took Captain Holden to Worcester for recruits, since the medical examination had made sad havoc in the ranks of the "Wellingtons," and general wonderment set in over the unhealthy state in which they had been doing business up to the date of their falling under the observation of these argus-eyed surgeons. Not only recruits but also men who had served a long time were dropped, twenty-five in all being thus rejected.

Evidently the government was not intending to take on possible additions to the pension rolls, if weeding out weaklings could prevent. However, on subsequent examinations many of the men at first rejected were accepted. Regular police duty starts this day, the 8th Regiment arrives, and a rainy evening renders the big camp-fire all the more agreeable to those who seek its consolations. The daily or nightly fire in the Company streets became a prominent feature of camp life and, naturally, rivalry arose as to who should have the highest pile and the most brilliant flame. It was through ambition in this direction that a lad in another company fell from his towering cobpile of four-foot wood, and on account of his consequent broken leg failed to accompany his comrades to Cuba.

The first detail for guard duty from the "Wellingtons" comes on the 6th, and includes H. A. Coates, C. M. Haye, F. H. Hakanson, A. W. Pratt, A. E. Newton and W. O. Bachelor, the last three being for brigade duty. The number of men in the Company is fifty-eight, and drills are in evidence; also the rain, which, like the poor, seems ever present. The 6th Regiment appears in camp for the first time. Queer items crop out at the examinations and enlistments. When G. W. Hodgins was asked the name of his nearest friend or that of the person to be notified of his death or illness, he replied that that was a very reasonable question, for he had no expectation of returning. Of course light was made of his apprehensions, but the soldier's premonitions were correct, since he died on his way home and his body received ocean burial. The week ended with the reception of twenty-two recruits, of whom twenty passed the physical examination, so closely had the Captain looked over the array of militant humanity in his quest for additions to his Company.

Sunday, the 8th, beheld the first religious services, these being held in the mess-hall, and Chaplain Wellwood preached. It was a cold, blustering day, and every one had a hard time to maintain anything like bodily comfort. Company K was the first to be mustered into the United States service, and the other companies are anxiously awaiting their turn. Captain Holden of the "Wellingtons" is Officer-of-the-day. The 9th day of May was the one on which, just in the edge of the evening, Company H took the oath of fidelity to the government, no one accepting Lieutenant Weaver's proffered opportunity to step out, if he preferred that course to taking the obligations. The boys had traveled too far to back out then. There is very little glamour in this camp-fire, for, aside from the bugles and a single drum corps, there is no music. All the melodious accompaniments of annual weeks in camp

Captain Charles E. Burbank.
First Lieut. W. E. Hassam. Second Lieut. W. S. Prior.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, COMPANY H, 1894.

are omitted in this assemblage for actual war. There are visits from friends, and the men themselves obtain passes home, but, for the most part, there is little to interfere with drill and guard duty. A good half inch of ice greets the early risers on the 10th, rather a sorry prelude to their early departure for Floridian heat, and Governor Wolcott, with a portion of his staff, visits the camp. As an offset to the cold, the tent of Captain Pierce of Greenfield catches fire, through the explosion of a lamp, and for a time excitement reigns, though no great damage was done, except to the Captain's mattress. A fire will always gather a crowd in peace or war. The 11th brings Worcester's Mayor and a large array of visitors from the Heart of the Commonwealth. Also the day is significant in that government rations are given out for the first time. To many, the day was memorable on account of

certain liquid and nicotine gifts made to the Company by a Boston friend, liberal in quantity and quality. The air is full of rumors of departure, and one exceedingly nervous individual, "a regular holy jumper," one comrade calls him, actually fainted when he learned that the regiment was ordered away. It was in one of the waiting evenings that a bright kid from South Framingham made his appearance and sang so melodiously that when the hat was passed, he secured nearly seven dollars from the generous listeners. A light heart and a free hand were ever soldierly characteristics.

The 11th of May burned itself deep into the minds of the men, for during its hours they had seen the Governor of the Commonwealth as the central figure in a hollow square, formed by the regiment, whence he delivered to the officers their respective commissions, and gave to all the men a word of farewell. Always inspiring and impressive, Roger Wolcott was never more so than when he said "good bye" to the Second Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, for that is the name devoted to the erstwhile Second M. V. M. It is after 5 p.m. when the line of march is taken for the station in South Framingham, and every step of the short trip is watched by thousands of spectators. By the side of a smooth-faced private of "H" Company marches a middle-aged man wearing the bronze button of the Grand Army. He is the father of the newly enlisted soldier, and his heart is sore at the emergency which takes his only child from him. The proud young soldier had come back to Worcester from a good situation in New York city, when the declaration of war was heard, and almost paralyzed his parents by the statement that he had come home to enlist. "Why, Allie," says the father, "we can't let you go. You are all we have; you know that your brother Frank is in his grave, and it isn't fair to take all that your mother and I have." But to this the boy replies, "How many times have you told me of your enlisting when you were a boy of sixteen and your mother was a widow. How you teased your mother till she, in her loneliness, consented, and when you marched away in the 36th Massachusetts Volunteers grandma walked all the way from camp to the station keeping her eye on you only. She gave her consent, and it is only fair for you to do the same now." "Oh, well," and the reply is wrung from the father's heart, "if you put it that way I suppose I shall have to consent." So Allie enlisted and his father is keeping step with him to-day for the last time in their lives, since, when next they meet it will be in the fever-stricken wards of Montauk, where the glazed eyes of the dying boy hardly recognize the loving father as he, in his agony, sees his only son going out into the unknown, another victim to the perils of war. But to-day they heed very little the comments of beholders, who cannot help seeing the unusual sight, and the lunch prepared by the mother in her Worcester home is carried away by her boy; and, as the section bearing the Company moves off, some one remarks a soldier's hand extended from a car-window and upon it a father's lips linger as they press a farewell kiss. The lighted torch was thus passed along. Everywhere the stories of deeds in Rebellion days bore similar fruit.

Bonfires light the way as the regiment in two sections proceeds southward to Newport, and it is nearly midnight when, on the steamer Plymouth, the soldier boys steam out into the Sound on their way to New York, where they find themselves at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 13th. Many in the party are getting eye-openers as to the magnitude of the world and the possibilities of sound, for steam whistles salute them as they round into the steamer's station. They are soon transferred to the Saratoga, a steamer said to have been the very last American craft to leave the harbor of Havana, and it is expected that the trip southward will be made in her, not entirely a pleasing prospect, for the depths of her hold are not only hot, they are filthy. However, there are good times for some of the party, since Major Fairbanks is speedily taken away by

Captain W. E. Hassam.
First Lieut. W. S. Prior. Second Lieut. E. B. Fish.
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, COMPANY H, 1896.

his parents to breakfast, and Captain Holden, with Privates J. W. and J. L. King, are carried off for a similar purpose by relatives and schoolmates. When Lieutenant-colonel Shumway and two of his captains went ashore, they were met by W. O. Cloys, a G. A. R. man, who insisted on dining them; nor were the men aboard the transport wholly neglected, for the crowds ashore in their enthusiasm threw to them all sorts of fruit and, by means of an improvised trolley, managed to send over flasks of fire-water, thus enabling thirsty soldiers to more easily while away the hours. Water is scarce, making other liquids all the more acceptable. One side of an episode is told by "H" men with great glee, to the effect that in the afternoon a man came near the Saratoga in a rowboat asking for Lieutenant Green

of the 71st New York, saying that he had a package for him. To these roguish fellows it seemed nothing amiss to proclaim themselves friends of the Lieutenant and their willingness to deliver the package as directed. They took good care of the package, which abounded in the best of cigars and tobacco, but just how Lieutenant Green regarded the ruse no chronicler has told. At nightfall the transport moved up the stream to the vicinity of the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World and there awaited the morning. There was no regret when it was learned that the trip southward was to be continued by rail, and there was joy instead of grief when from Jersey City, in three sections, each man having a seat to himself, the Second U. S. Volunteers starter for Dixie, leaving, it is said, disconsolate two self-styled Massachusetts girls, who proclaimed their willingness to kiss the whole regiment. Our boys never knew how it happened, but they steamed away, leaving the 71st New York in their cars, where they had been for a large part of the day. The Second came to the landing late, boarded the cars at once and started. Again the last were first.

As often happens when armies move, there is lacking of food, and stomachs are calling loudly long before sandwiches and coffee appear, and one clamorous fellow shouts: "Do they think cigarettes and newspapers proper food for starving soldiers?" The versatility of the men of the Second is evident in the pulling of an aching tooth by a dentist officer, the painting of a letter box and the lettering of the car by a private with deftness of brush. The eyes of the soldiers are sealed as they pass through historic scenes, and it is early morning when their trains draw into Washington and they have a chance to stretch their legs and, in the hardby troughs prepared for watering stock, perform their ablutions, an opportunity that they are not slow to improve. It is a merry hour for the boys and a busy one for hucksters of all kinds, for these travelers are hungry; it is near breakfast time, and if Yankee tricks are occasionally played on the people who have goods to sell, it is simply doing just as the fathers did more than a generation before.

Every mile of the trip on the 15th was over and through classic territory, for from the Long Bridge in Washington till the night absorbed them in the Carolinas, they were passing over soil on which soldiers of the Revolution had struggled and later ones of Rebellion days had fought for four years, testing whether the republic should live. Fortunately Colonel Clark, Lieutenant-colonel Shumway and Major Whipple had been participants in the later war, and they were able and willing to point out the interesting points as the trains sped along. Naturally they had most interested auditors whenever they chose to instruct. Still it must be remembered that these young men were not out on a strictly historical excursion except as they were themselves makers of history, so it must not be wondered at if the fun and frolic incident to the congregating of several hundred men with the major part of their lives before them had their full course. For instance, when a heavy grade developed the fact that the train was too much for one engine and, through the doubling up necessary, the 3d Battalion's train was stalled for an hour, what more natural than that the boys should go swimming, particularly as the day was warm and Old Potomac close at hand? Then, was there ever a boy who could forego the opportunity to make uncomfortable the fellow whom they caught disrobed? In this case, though G—r did not find his uniform on the banks where he deposited it, he did find it nicely preserved for him on the train, while the "bare" show of which he was the principal performer was extremely edifying to the beholders, and when, later, the same active fellow had a side-hill skirmish line all to himself, he drew applause that was deafening.

The stops for engine needs were occasions of great enjoyment to all the men, who were on hand to greet the populace, which seemed able to rally

in great numbers from the most sparsely settled regions, and, black or white, particularly if of the gentler sex, they were the objects of cavalier attention by the lads in blue. Flowers of every description were lavished upon the boys, roses by the barrel found their way on board the train, and some of the soldiers for weeks afterward had their hands full answering letters that came pouring in through the souvenir hardtack which, bearing their names and addresses, they had given to the girls along the way. Again these boys of a later date were only repeating what their fathers did nearly forty years before. As the journey progresses southward, the soldiers note a gradual increase in temperature and a decided lengthening of the snouts of swine, which everywhere in the South apparently run at large, till they, with that sense of the fitness of things characteristic of Massachusetts people, denominate them "ant-eaters," a name whose appropriateness no one who has seen a southern "razor-back" will question for one moment. Some specimens were caught and taken along, and it is on record that Captain H. of the "Wellingtons" ran down one of the swiftest of the porcine racers and carried him aboard, but his tender heart relenting, piggy was released before the train started.

At Rocky Mount, North Carolina, there was a pleasing episode in the appearance of Annie Tillery, a miss of twelve summers, who in a graceful manner presented the headquarters officers with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, with her best wishes for the success of "the soldiers of Massachusetts." Outside there was a large delegation of citizens carrying a flag and making the welkin ring with cheers for the Old Bay State and the Second Regiment. However, the cheers of the

Sergt. C. H. Sparrell, Corps. G. N. Jeppson, H. C. Young, W. E. Earle, H. T. Gray,
Sergts. E. L. Pierce, C. H. Clafin, C. H. Holden, C. E. Monroe, Samuel Slocomb, H. H. Ames.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, COMPANY H, 1896.

natives were not so much of the "hurrah" variety as they were of that old-fashioned rebel yell that many a veteran recalls, and Colonels Clark and Shumway were not slow to indicate their recollection of times when they heard it in combats fierce. One tall, lank fellow with a big, gray mustache and an imperial, giving an expressive look, asked if any one there had any remembrance of hearing that sort of a cheer before. "I believe I have," said Colonel Shumway, "and if I am not mistaken you are one of the fellows we were looking for then." "I think you speak the truth, friend," said the ex-Johnny, "and if my memory serves me right I believe we captured you." And that is just what happened, for Colonel Shumway was taken prisoner during the Civil War and was locked up at Florence, not so very far from where this colloquy took place. The younger men cheered heartily as the two veterans grasped hands across the chasm which the events of the Spanish War were doing much to close.

The verdancy of sharp New Englanders i. e., a few of them, was well exemplified when at one of the stations Captain Holden secured five crisp, new, unfolded one-dollar bills for his fiver, which had proven too large for use along the way. When he exhibited them he was greeted with a simultaneous exclamation, "Where did you get them?" and when he replied that a fellow around the corner was giving them away there was a hegira of impecunious "Wellingtons" that wellnigh empted the car. How much they got when they found the "fellow" they never told. It was while riding through this land, not over-attractive to northern eyes, that a lady of southern blood and uncertain age expatiated on the beauties of the country and in stilted terms wanted the young men to note how "beautiful" everything was, a word which caused the lads to think that appreciation must have been left out of their composition, or their standard of beauty differed essentially from that in vogue in the "Ca'linas."

Savannah, Georgia, dawns upon the tired travelers early on the 16th, and one reliable chronicler records the sight of an alligator eight feet long, and there was no suspicion of alcoholic expansion about the writer either. The day's experiences did not vary essentially from those of the 15th; more pigs were stolen, pies of nondescript variety were bought or appropriated, and in a spirit of mischief certain pranks were played which, under other circumstances, would have brought out some of the shooting-irons still preserved in the fiery land. For instance, in one place horses were unhitched from the vehicles, bells were rung, and as one writer expressed it, "The d—l was raised generally."

In another case, where the boys had run off with two boxes of cigars and the saloon-keeper complained, Major Fairbanks settled for the damages, unwilling that his command should lie under the imputation of taking what did not belong to it. Never was there a better illustration of the truth of the old maxim: "Satan finds plenty of mischief for idle hands to do."

This journey southward of nearly five days' duration had its ending very early on the 17th, when the train was left on a siding at Lakeland, Florida. The arrival was of no consequence to the passengers till, after sunrise, there came the march through deep sand to the borders of Lake Morton, where camp was pitched, the 3d Battalion finding itself at the left of the line. Apparently the place chosen was that used for picnic occasions and was as good as the entire region afforded. Evidently the troops had been sent to Florida, that they might, in a measure, become acclimatized before essaying the Cuban campaign in the very height of summer's heat. The pine trees with their trunks branchless for thirty or forty feet, excited the admiration of the men, and long streamers of moss pendant, in no way lessened their appreciation. While Captain Barrett of the Guards is the first Officer-of-the-day, Lieutenant Gray of the "Wellingtons" is the

first Officer-of-the-guard in the new camp, to be known as Camp Massachusetts.

Men of the Second found the vicinity considerably stirred up on account of a shooting affair which had just happened. The 10th U. S. Cavalry, a colored organization, had arrived the day before, and a member had asked to be served with a drink of soda-water in the town. To this request came the reply: "We don't sell anything to learned by observation that the colored troops were not, on the whole, any worse citizens than the white and that they were just as good customers. They commenced to treat them accordingly."

The nearly two weeks' stay in this place was productive of improvement in drill and, above all, of that indefinable something which distinguishes work from play. On the 18th came the first distribution of government rations, and with the same came the

O. L. Fagerstrom. H. A. Mower. W. F. Hooker.
F. M. Hill. F. H. Krebs, Jr.

damned niggers." Whereupon the soldier drew a pistol and in the altercation which followed an unoffending bystander was shot. At any other time than when armed black men were in the majority, there would have been a lynching, but the conditions were not favorable just there and then. Captain Bigelow of the 10th, himself a West-Pointer, commenting on the affair, says: "Little by little the people natural craving for the good things of home, never so thoroughly appreciated as at this moment, all being certain that on reaching home again there would be no more complaints about food and cooking. We never know how we really look till others see us, and Burns' wish, expressed in verse:

"O wad some Pow'r the gittie gie us
To see ourse1s as others see us!"

had a ready fulfillment in the case of the Second, for Captain Bigelow of the 10th Cavalry writes: "We were joined by the 71st New York and the Second Massachusetts. The men looked, and doubtless were, younger than the regulars. They were of lighter weight, and comparatively pale looking. They took hold of their drill with a will, and I believe attained a high degree of proficiency in it, but they did not seem to know or learn much about laying out and taking care of a camp. When I rode through their camp I was struck by the closeness of their tents to one another, the company streets seemed narrow, and the officers' tents not far enough from the men's. In every direction I saw old newspapers, tin cans, cast-off clothing, and other rubbish. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there was more dirt in one of their company tents than in our whole camp. I understand that the commanding officers of these regiments were allowed to choose the sites for their camps. If that was the case, they might perhaps have done well to have fixed their choice upon points close to the camps of the regulars, which would have served as object lessons to them."

The foregoing criticism expresses most excellently the great difference between men to whom soldiering is business and those to whom it comes as a variation in their course of life. The boys of the Second were anxious to get all they could in the way of drill, that they might the better assail the Spaniard, and they gave the least thought possible to mere "slicking up," which, at the best, the most of them had always thought to be women's work. However, there were observers who said that our Massachusetts men approached nearest the regulars in their drill and general proficiency, and Captain Arthur H. Lee, a representative British officer, considered the men the largest soldiers he had ever seen. It is just possible, also, that Captain Bigelow was not in the Second's camp when he made his observations. The boys themselves say that the comment is unjust, so far as their regiment is concerned, for their lives were made weary through the eternal "picking up," ever in order. There was another organization in his list. Then, too, the Massachusetts lads say that the regulars were not immaculate; their camps were littered, and their men, too, often drunken.

As to comparisons between branches of the service and regiments from different states, the following, condensed from observations of Richard Harding Davis, will doubtless interest many: "The first two regiments of volunteers to arrive at Lakeland, which lies an hour's ride farther back from Tampa, were the 71st New York and the Second Massachusetts. They made an interesting contrast. The New York men were city-bred; they had the cockney's puzzled contempt for the country. Their nerves had been edged by the incessant jangle of cable cars and the rush and strain of elevated trains. Their palates had been fed on Sunday papers and Wall Street tickers; their joys were those of the roof-gardens, Coney Island and the polo grounds. The Massachusetts men, on the other hand, were from the small towns in the western half of Massachusetts; they were farmers' sons and salesmen in country stores, some of them were country lawyers, and many of them worked in the mills. They took to the trees and lakes contentedly; their nerves did not jerk and twitch at the enforced waiting; they had not been so highly fed with excitement as the New York boys; they did not miss the rush and hurry of Broadway. Their desires were curiously in character. One of them wanted to see a stone fence again 'before he was shot,' and another 'wanted to drink water from a well again out of a bucket.' He shut his eyes and sucked in his lips at the recollection. The others all nodded gravely; they all knew they had drunk out of wooden buckets. The New York men knew nothing of stone walls. They made jokes of their discomforts, and added others from Weber and Fields, and their similes showed that they had worked, when at home, in the law courts, the city hospitals and in

the department stores. They were more nervous, restless and argumentative than the New England men, and they, at that distance, held the Spaniard in fine contempt. They 'wouldn't do a thing to him,' they said. And later they certainly kept their word. The Massachusetts men were more modest. I told them that the New York men were getting up athletic sports, and running races between the athletes of the different companies. 'Oh, well,' said one of the New England men, 'when they find out who is their fastest runner, I'll challenge him to run away from the first Spaniard we see. I'll bet I beat him by a mile.' It is a good sign when a regiment makes jokes at the expense of its courage. It is likely to be most unpleasant when the fighting begins. It seemed a fact almost too good to be true that the great complaint of the New York men was the superabundance of beans served out to them, and that the first complaint of the sons of Massachusetts was that they had not received beans enough. 'Beans for breakfast, beans for lunch, beans for dinner—t 'ell!' growled the New Yorkers. 'And as for beans,' shouted a Massachusetts warrior, 'they don't give you enough to fill a tablespoon.'"

In the definite arrangements for camping, H. A. Mower was put in as cook, with W. H. Wood and W. G. Adams assistants, and, with the exception of a lack of variety, the fare was good; as one man wrote home they had two pieces of bacon, a potato and coffee for breakfast; for dinner the same, less the potato, while for supper they had beans and coffee, always accompanied by all the hardtack that any one cared for. By common consent, First Sergeant Charles E. Monroe was made the weather recorder, and sometimes the mercury in his tent rose pretty high, though he finds no difficulty in dining there with the record of 107 degrees as he eats his dinner. One of the other sergeants had great difficulty in getting enough to satisfy his appetite, but once at least he was compelled to cry, "Hold, enough!" on the sixth helping of beef and potatoes.

On the 20th Sergeant F. L. Vaughn was made regimental commissary sergeant. Nor were the boys in their

First Lieut. Fish. Capt. Holden Second Lieut. Gray.

YBOR CITY.

Lakeland life forgotten by the folks at home and, while nearly every one was remembered, perhaps the most notable gifts were those sent down by the employees of the Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Company to their old associates, Hakanson and Pratt. It was a large receptacle filled with one hundred pounds of canned goods in great variety; tobacco in all its alluring phases, and other things calculated to remind the recipients of home and the good old times.

It would be a sorry place that afforded no diversion whatever, and Lakeland is by no means destitute of ways of whiling away the time, aside from the drills which form a part of everyday business. Baby alligators are twenty-five cents each, and the boys take particular pleasure in sending them as presents to their homes, laughing to themselves as they fancy the expressions there when the ugly reptiles arrive. Sergeant Young sent two scaly fellows, seven inches long, to his wife, and for some time they were on exhibition in the window of Captain Barrett's shoe store. One of them lived nearly a year, and both of them, after passing through the hands of the taxidermist, are retained in the home of Sergeant, now Captain, Young. Lieutenant Gray cheered his folks at home by sending there a rattlesnake's skin, seven feet long, and having fourteen rattles. One boy in his letter home complains of the number and variety of bugs and all sorts of creeping things. He says: "I had not been in camp an hour before I had killed two scorpions;" and he is confident that when the old home is again reached there will be much less complaining than in the former times. It was here that four prominent Company H men acquired the well-earned name of "Weary Willies." Work for them had few attractions. The "Wellingtons" are all sociable and, in learning their surroundings, Quilty, George C. Gilmore and Reynolds called on a family which had moved down from North Carolina. The father, now a staunch Union man, had been a Confederate soldier. The boys got a hearty welcome, including cake, milk and whatever good things the house afforded. The old-time Gray and the later Blue harmoniously blended.

In Company annals, it is worthy of mention that on the 26th came the first dress parade, and on the 27th a letter was received from James Logan of Worcester containing a check for $50, an act quite characteristic of that liberal gentleman. This day also there came from the Worcester Supply Company a 4 x 5 camera, which, with its set of 100 films, was placed in the care and keeping of Sergeant Young as the one best calculated to use it in taking snap-shots on Company proceedings. The 28th of May brought a check for $5 from City Clerk Towne of Worcester, the same being some sort of arrearage due the Company. On Sunday, the 29th, Chaplain Wellwood conducted religious services and singing was furnished by Captain Holden of the "Wellingtons," Captain Allen, Sergeant Will Barton and R. H. Pitts of the Light Infantry. At the services Colonel Clark improved the opportunity to give his boys some excellent advice. Late in the evening of the same day the Colonel called his officers together for a conference. Five men in "H" Company were reported sick, and one of them, J. L. King, did not return to the Company again for duty. Our soldiers are of a social nature and, getting acquainted with the neighboring people, are surprised to find that some of the supposed southern natives are really from Connecticut. One observing youth wrote home that if he were to characterize central Florida, he would say it consisted in "niggers, log cabins, hogs, swamps and pine trees." It was at Lakeland that the great military question as to whether a cow should be challenged by a sentinel arose. The guards had been duly placed and the orders were to challenge anything that attempted to pass, so when a poor innocent bovine beast, in pursuit of better fare, essayed to pass the vigilant guard, he vociferously challenged and only failed to fire at the advancing animal through the opportune arrival of the corporal. To what

FOUR SCENES IN BREAKING CAMP, LAKELAND.

extent the man was commendable or censurable, the annals do not reveal. Of the sentinel himself, it might be said that, when he was present, his Company was not without its Bond, and that, later, as a regular, he was one of the men who accompanied Funston on the memorable adventure resulting in the capture of Aguinaldo.

The rumors of departure bore real fruit on the 30th, for then the reveille sounded at three a.m., and breakfast was eaten by the "Wellingtons" at four o'clock, yet all this undue haste did not secure their going before afternoon. After taking down their tents there was plenty of time to discuss the probabilities of this regiment of infantry being changed into one of heavy artillery, with which the air for some days had been heavy. Dame Rumor never has so much to do, is never so busy, as when a parcel of men in uniform find almost nothing to do. Had some ingenious fellow suggested in the morning that there was a possibility of the Second Massachusetts being changed into cavalry for rapid service in Cuba, it would have developed into an order from the War Department before night. The hot, moist atmosphere was conducive to rapid growth. On reaching Ybor City, the placing of the camp near that of a heavy artillery organization gave more weight to the above mentioned rumor. Meanwhile regular infantry drills progressed as usual. While not so well situated as the Lakeland camp in the way of shade, the new place had the advantage of a fine supply of water, coming as it did from a large spring near by, and in great abundance. The departure of the regiment from Lakeland was made notable by the adoption of resolutions of respect by the citizens, and the going was amid the enthusiastic cheering of the people. The Bay State boys had made a good impression.

The seventy-seven men and boys

who made up the Wellington Rifles were representatives of many walks of life and of several nationalities. There were men whose ancestors came to America in the Mayflower, who were justly proud that later forbears fought in the Revolution and whose immediate fathers were soldiers in the War of the Rebellion. Others could go no further back in American lineage than their parents, who had come to this land as a refuge from oppression in their own countries. Indeed, some of these young soldiers were not born in America. There were lads whose extraction was purely Irish; several had the names and language that proclaimed a French origin. At least one was a child of that far North which had sent to these western shores the first explorers, far before the day of Columbus and his adventurous vessels, and the only Italian in the regiment hailed from Worcester and Company H. So suspicious was every one at the onset, the report gained credence that DeMarco was a Spanish spy who as an American soldier was playing a deep part for the enemy. Even Colonel Clark admonished Captain Holden to "watch him closely." The fellow countryman of America's discoverer was no spy; on the contrary he was a valuable member of the Company.

There were just as many individualities as there were men in the Company. Though there might be a marked similarity in protests and approval, there were varieties in their expression and, as the days went by, the wonderful versatility of the Yankee soldier became apparent. These men had come from the shop, the store, the farm and the professions. Many were skilled workmen. There were several men who could have wired a house for electric connections, could make anything capable of manufacture from wood, and others were salesmen of approved ability. One boy set himself up as regimental barber and did a thriving business in camp. His tariff was not high—officers free and only 75 cents per month for enlisted men. In Cuba it was a matter of pride with him that he shaved General Ludlow one day, and the officer, in his gratitude for the gentle yet thorough manner of his work, presented the soldier with a Krag rifle with all the appurtenances. DeMarco was interpreter for the regiment, his Italian serving to make known the words of the Spanish foe. There was a Boston lawyer who had thrown up his briefs that he might have a hand in what he considered a righteous war. Lindsey was an expert cabinet-maker, though by trade he made patterns. He was the fabricator of the field desks that became great conveniences in subsequent weeks. The great majority of these soldiers were wage-earners who had given up their respective occupations that they might have a part in what they deemed a nation's effort to right a great wrong. Their pay was small compared to what they had earned, but for a time they were soldiers from choice, willing to bear and endure if thereby they might help humanity.

The last day of the month saw an active lot of soldier lads getting their new camp in shape and in exploring their surroundings. The orbicular oyster, which every one at some time confronts, was undergoing a gradual opening. June 1st introduced the men of the Second to a real Florida rain storm, where three inches of water fell in an hour. Soldiers waded around in water and sand to their ankles, though like everything in that porous soil, all traces of the storm soon disappeared. The "Wellingtons" had to omit morning drill on account of a late breakfast, and at this date no one seems to know why the cook failed to get his pots and kettles around on time. An afternoon battalion drill had to be adjourned on account of the rain. On the 2d, there were company and squad drills in the forenoon, also the school of the soldier, and at 4 p.m. came battalion drill. From the hospital, men return to duty. The next day all were obliged to remain in camp, and drill advanced as usual, said drill, in some men's estimation, being the real end of a soldier's life. The fourth day brought the paymaster, and the boys got what was coming to them, about fifteen dol-

lars for each private, and how that money burned in every man's pocket. Passes were granted and French leave was taken till at one time, 10 p.m., only seventeen men remained in camp. It is hardly to be expected that all of the pay was sent home; a more reasonable conclusion is that a large part of it found its way into the tills of Tampa traders, who would have been glad to see pay-day come oftener. General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the U. S. A., rode into camp on this day and gave fully ten minutes to asking questions as to the outfit of the men, their condition, etc. One of the pleasant recollections of this camp was the appearance, one superlatively hot day, of "Bill" Rice, of the Guards, having in tow a wash-tub half full of water, in which sailed unrestrained four or five half lemons, from which he essayed to sell first-class "ade." He was strong, if his drink wasn't, and the scene itself was better than any potable. It was from this camp also that the Lieutenant, whose name is suggestive of watery depths, with a comrade of aquatic proclivities, withdrew and undertook a quiet swim in a neighboring pool, but whose natural modesty was terribly shocked at seeing a man and two women, all in conditions *naturelle*, likewise bathing across the pond. However, as the opposite parties seemed to be in no way disturbed at the presence of the Yankees, and as the latter thought retreat no part of a true soldier's outfit, all continued to swim in the most amicable manner, but Lieutenant ——— never heard the last of his mermaid adventure.

On the 5th, "H" Company had a chance to do heavy duty through being called out to help load certain pieces of artillery; this, too, though

J. T. Lindsey. John D. Allen. Corporal A. F. Love. H. A. Coates. H. C. Amell.

it was Sunday, but the army knows very little difference in days. There was the celebration of mass for soldiers of the Catholic faith, but no other service. Monday there were company drills and the school, while Captain Holden finds time to send home a cheerful reminder in the shape of a small alligator. In the evening came orders to break camp, and at nine p.m. tents were struck, though there was nothing to follow but waiting. In the evening cartridges had been given out, as though there were danger of an irruption of the enemy. Tuesday, the 7th, sees the regiment at Tampa City, but still fated to wait, a condition to which soldiers, sooner or later, have to become used. There is no camp, there is no transport ready, and no hotel awaits tired mortality, hence rest must be sought where it may be found. Some find it on Mother Earth. Captain Holden and Adjutant Hawkins enjoy the hospitality of a lawyer friend, who gives them the use of his yacht, which lies hard by, and the Springfield man, with the reckless adandon bred of war, wraps himself in the tablecloth before he lies down to pleasant dreams. Two "Wellingtons" find themselves close by a box of lemons as they seek repose upon the dock, and if on the 8th there is any suspicious prevalence of this citric fruit among their fellow soldiers, it must have come from the affinity that the aforesaid box manifested for those lying near it. Does any one know just why the 2d Massachusetts was chosen with the 71st New York for service in this campaign along with the regulars? Every one expected that Roosevelt's regiment would go, but our Bay State boys had no such powerful sponsor. Perhaps the reputation of the Old Sixth in the Rebellion days held over and the quota from Massachusetts in this case was soonest ready. However, after the affair was all over a soldier who was near General Joe Wheeler when the selection of volunteer regiments was in hand says he heard the General say: "The 2d Massachusetts is the finest and manliest regiment of volunteers ever seen, and they shall go anyway." Be all this as it may, they were chosen and possibly the good opinion of the ex-Confederate settled the question, and the boys are glad to know that the gallant officer thought so well of them.

After all, in spite of long waits, things were really progressing, and finally the Company finds itself on the Concho, a vessel in no way remarkable for comeliness nor comfort. Before long, these patriotic young men who had thought themselves uncomfortable on land began to think that almost any spot ashore would be felicity itself compared to the crowded condition of the transport, which already had aboard the 25th Colored Infantry and a portion of the 4th. There were stores to be loaded, and of this work the Company did its part, and they had a chance to study the shipping by which they were surrounded. The heat was intense; they had worked hard, they had breakfasted early, but not till nearly 7 p.m. did they get anything in the way of food, save what they could buy of the ship's crew. When rations did come, though of the same old canned beef, coffee and hardtack, they tasted good, for there is no sauce like downright hunger. The sun sets blood red, and at nightfall the boat moves out into the bay for anchorage, perhaps for greater certainty of keeping the men on board. Somewhere between night and morning came the alarm described in the story of the other companies, and the "Wellingtons" had to take their portion of discomfort in the hold. In this horrible plight the vessel returns to the pier and men gasp for breath. All night the search-light beams over the bay, and glad are the soldiers when morning dawns. There had been little opportunity for washing for two days, and some of these cleanly fellows were anxious for a chance to rid themselves of superfluous Florida matter. One innocent landsman, reared among the hills of Worcester County, undertook to free himself by the application of sea water along with a plentiful use of common hard soap. The trouble he had in ridding himself of his saponaceous coating, those can appreciate who

have ever undertaken such a task. So uncertain was everything while the transports were receiving their loads, many of the boys plunged into the "briny" for a cooling dip. One of "H's" sergeants was thus disporting himself when, quite a way out, he saw the Concho in motion. He had no liking for being left. It was a clear case of "the other side," i. e., outside of "Jordan," and the way he pawed the waves was a caution, and to the infinite

Sergt. C. E. Smith. (Now First Lieut.) Artificer A. L. Purinton. First Sergt. C. E. Monroe. Sergt. H. C. Young. (Now Captain.) Sergt. F. L. Vaughn.

amusement of his comrades. Through the indescribable filth of the shore, he swam up to the dock, only to see the transport quietly returning. Had he taken time to examine the final coating imparted by the sea, he would have found a little of everything.

The next two days see little variation in transport life, though on the 10th there is a distribution of Bibles to such as need them, and on the 11th occurs the memorable inspection of feet, not to see if they are webbed, but for reasons never satisfactorily rendered. One jocose fellow averred that all who had corns or bunions had to take salts, and those who had ingrowing nails were put down for a dose of quinine. Few escaped one or the other.

The 12th brought the transferral to the Knickerbocker, a low, black craft belonging to the Cromwell Line, running between New York and New Orleans, of possibly 1800 tons burden, built for passengers and freight. She had recently been devoted to the carrying of Italian laborers. The story of her thirteen staterooms and other coincidences have already been stated, and Private Dean of the Light In-

fantry adds a painted "13" to the significant array. The next day furnished more work in the way of exchanging stores, and the 1st Battalion of the Second came on board.

Snowball.

Probably there is no member of the Second who does not recall the coal black face of "Snowball," who through the vicissitudes of war had become a popular member of the organization, although his enlistment was by no means regular. The story as told in the Boston Herald is as follows, though the writer evidently drew considerably on his imagination: "It was here (Washington) the little black face of 'Snowball' appeared in his rags and tatters and said to a member of Company H, 'Say, boss, yo' doan wanter tak' 'er small cullud boy to Cuba wid yo', does yo'?' His large mouth and black eyes won him a place in the ranks of Company H, and a nondescript uniform, furnished by popular subscription, soon changed the tattered urchin into a comical looking soldier. Snowball did go to Cuba and stuck to the Second through thick and thin, leading a checkered life. He had his good traits as well as bad."

Captain Holden says his introduction to the regiment was when they were getting aboard the transport, and attracted by his wistful look and evident desire to go with the men, the Captain exclaimed "Jump on," and jump he did, just as the gang plank was drawn on. He had come from Washington in company with a battery of artillery, but for some reason his affections for the big guns had cooled and he was quite fancy free when he fixed his attentions on the boys from Massachusetts, and thereafter there was no division of his regard. He was as true, as he could be to anything, to the soldiers from the Bay State. He had a name reserved for special occasions, viz., James Dennis Sargent, but for ordinary occasions he was just "Snowball," of course thus yclept through the law of contraries. He thought he was about sixteen years old, and that was doubtless very near the truth. His appearance was artlessness itself; he looked the very picture of innocence, and his worse detractor would aver that he never stole anything that was nailed down, but nature made him with such a way of looking out for himself he seldom went hungry, and if he wanted anything he had a remarkable manner of reaching for it. He was as brave as Toussaint and as tireless as Sisyphus. He was thoroughly immune, so far as any of the Cuban ailments were concerned, and his cheerful face was a source of much comfort to the boys themselves, though his habits of appropriation and other peculiarities sometimes drew upon himself merited and condign punishment. He came home with the regiment, but by that time he had become as much a child of the Second as of the Company; he had his career written up in many papers of the State, and "Snowball" divided honors with commissioned officers in his popularity. Since those days he has sampled reformatories and the regular army, each, it is hoped, contributing to his good.

Snowball.

H. M. Mirick. F. W. Taft. John J. Moore.

The 14th has a prominent place in the history of the Company and Regiment, for on this day, after assidnous labor in getting supplies aboard, after just failing to crush the sides of a companion steamer, and after many starts and stops, at last the vessel moved down the bay and anchored near Egmont Key. Though the sea is wide as compared with the space occupied by ships, yet they manage to collide at times, and some of the men have not entirely gotten over laughing at the evident fright of one of their field officers when there was danger of collision with a nearby vessel, though it must be remembered that John, Duke of Marlborough, doughty soldier that he was, would flee in terror from the cry of a cat. It is barely possible that our officer did not like deep water; he was not a Baptist.

Of the scarcity of rations, of the seasickness, drills, inspections, baths and the principal incidents of this expedition, the story has been told in the recitals of the "Guards" and the "Light Infantry," though the "Wellingtons" tell of the quarrels among the black soldiers and of the commotion on the 17th, when the ship's crew drove overboard, after a prolonged chase, a black cat which some of the soldiers had brought aboard as their mascot. As long as superstition holds sway among sailors, and it seems interminable, there will be no tolerance among them of a black cat. They may never have heard of Poe's story of the animal of that color, nor yet have dwelt on the Scriptural story of Jonah when he took his roundabout way to Nineveh, yet all the same to them black cats will always be Jonahs. As to their *compagnons de voyage*, the colored 25th Regulars, the "Wellingtons" could not say too much in their praise. Though they gambled for high stakes and sometimes quarreled fiercely among themselves, they were the soul of politeness to their white comrades, paragons of personal neatness and cleanliness, and so honest that the boys of the Second had no fear of leaving exposed their choicest possessions. Nothing was ever disturbed. To the end of the trip it was a daily delight to see the orderly sergeants of the 25th line up their men for roll-call and to note the precision with which the names were called, though there was not a scrap of paper in sight. The Orderly had his names in his head.

As the trip advances *mal de mer* lessens and an increased demand for food is heard, and it is loud at times. On the 18th a careful Yankee observes that he sets his watch ahead one hour, for again he is within the limits of the seventy-fifth degree range, and Tampa must have been just west of it. The sight of land, with speculations as to just what part of Cuba is seen, excites the keenest interest, and when at last the eastern end of the Island is rounded and far-famed Santiago is neared, there is as much desire to leave the vessel as there was a week before to embark. They hear the cannonading and, obedient to orders, they stand out to sea at nightfall, seeing on the 22d the landing of a part of the regiment, all the

time growing more and more hungry and less and less resigned to the prison ship. During the last night aboard there was a raid made on the vessel's ice-box, and the officers of the ship were vociferous in their expressions of rage thereat. It was stated that every man was to be searched as he went off, but seemingly all this was forgotten when the men finally disembarked, and soldiers marched by red-handed; at least, they bore off their plunder openly and no notice was taken of them. Justice always did have a reputation for blindness. Yet even at this late date all cannot land, for Sergeant Vaughn with Privates Jones and Shedd are detailed to remain on board and see to the proper care of the knapsacks, which are not carried off, the expectation being that the vessel would move along the coast and render the remainder of the cargo at another landing, but weeks really passed before the baggage was seen again.

The "Wellingtons" joined in the acclaim of all who beheld when, late on the afternoon of the 22d, the Starry Flag went up on Mount Losiltires, west of the landing place. It is ten o'clock a.m. of the 23d when the "Wellingtons" reach land, and start at once to catch up with those who have gone before. The blue uniforms of the men are left on the Knickerbocker, along with their knapsacks, from which they were to be parted a number of weeks, their garb during the actual service on the Island consisting of the brown canvas, not unlike the "butternut" clothes worn by the Confederates in Rebellion days. Not only was it more comfortable, it was also almost an ideal color for assimilation with the surroundings. With his usual luck, B——d retained his blue clothes, and was a marked man.

The planting of the American flag on the summit of a hill to the eastward of the landing has been mentioned before. A condensed account of the affair as given by a participant is not amiss here. The story is told by Edward Marshall, correspondent of the New York Journal, in his "History of the Rough Riders":

"Over at the right of Daiquiri a sugar-loaf mountain rose sheer a thousand feet. It was called Mount Losiltires. On the very summit of this queerly shaped hill was a block-house. During the morning bombardment, it had been a shining mark, but apparently had escaped unscathed. There never was a harder climb than the one by which I reached the summit of Mount Losiltires. Finally, however, I reached the top. The sun was blistering hot and the climb had exhausted me. I sat down to get my wind. While I was sitting there, Surgeon La Motte, Color-sergeant Wright and Trumpeter Platt of the Rough Riders came up by another and an easier route. They had with them the flag which had been presented to Captain McClintock's troop by the ladies of Phoenix, Arizona. It was a beautiful silk flag, and

COMPANY H IN THE TRENCHES.

DEMARCO AND THE CUBAN.

it is now a flag with a history. A consultation followed as to how to raise the flag. There were no lanyards on the weather-beaten pole left by the Spaniards. Just at this moment a sailor came climbing over the edge of the hill. I have forgotten his name. I wish I had it. The Rough Riders, after investigating the interior of the block-house, found a ladder long enough to reach up to the tiny cupola above the structure. Wright and Platt had found

C. M. Fuller. George C. Gilmore. Dexter Miner.
L. F. Quilty. A. E. Newton.

this ladder and presently Platt appeared on his knees on the hot, slippery tin roof. He remained on his knees not more than five consecutive seconds. The roof was too steep and Platt came to grief with great rapidity. It was here that the sailor came to our relief. Like a cat he crept out on the slippery roof. A moment later he rose and securely lashed the flag of the Rough Riders, staff and all, to the little timber which stuck from the peak of the block-house. The little bay in which the transports were anchored lay like a sheet of silver in front of us. The ships looked like toy ships from our point of vantage, and our soldiers looked like toy soldiers. The flag had been waving in the breeze perhaps a minute before these toy soldiers and the men on those toy ships got sight of it. And when they did, bedlam broke loose. Every steam whistle on the warships screamed its loudest, every soldier in the invading thousands yelled his hoarsest, and the Cubans, proud of the new Lee rifles which had been distributed among them by the navy, fired them off in greeting volleys to the Red, White and Blue which fluttered brightly at the top of Mount Losiltires."

It was on this first day's march that the soldiers discovered how delicious were the contents of a green cocoanut. With its muzzle nicely sliced off and the interior stirred, each nut afforded nectar fit for the gods. The mango had been proclaimed harmful to Americans, but even while the admonition was ringing in his ears, B—d was seen shaking the branches for his favorite fruit, and strange to tell mangoes didn't seem to harm him. Captain Bigelow of the 10th Cavalry proclaimed green limes as the choicest of all Cuba's products in the fruit line, and that he aimed to keep his knapsack well supplied with them all the time he was there. Sergeant Monroe had been detailed to remain behind with a squad of men to look after certain belongings of the Company, hence he was able to see the country for himself and at his own pace, as he writes to his mother weeks afterwards. After a march of about five miles he and his party went into camp near the 1st U. S. Cavalry, though a short quarter of a mile farther would have taken them to their own regiment, but they did not know this till the next morning. "The first day we went through cocoanut groves and we had milk and nuts to burn." All the boys had their first night of getting acquainted with landcrabs, and so disturbing an element were they that many found very little sleep. The lunches of that first day were made almost luxurious by the results of the icebox-raid of the night before, and it was a good thing to get these comforts when possible, for there were straits of hunger before them.

AZETTE

CUBANS TAKING THEIR EASE.

The morning of Friday, the 24th, was utilized by the "boys" in finding out just where they were, in beholding the landing of the cavalry horses, in delightful bathing in the ocean, and in getting their share of enjoyment from the wine so thoughtfully left by the enemy. Perhaps to their unacclimatized systems the latter find had better remained unfound. Private Mower, that he might the more easily hasten his mission, wore down to the landing Lieutenant Fish's coat, with its straps. Evidently he made the most of his opportunity, for it was not long before some of the regulars were making inquiries about "Lieutenant" Mower. Clothing that had been worn during the voyage had a little wash and each lad had to set up his own cookshop. Four days' rations were given out, and, had the men been more experienced, they had combined to get more comfort from them than they really did. When the alarm for Las Guasimas fight called them from their bivouac, they marched away carrying their provisions in all sorts of ways. Private Hodgins had the most of his hardtack strung on a string, and the streamer of 'tack was suspended from his bayonet as he threaded the Cuban mazes. Private Gleason, very likely with many others as well, carried his gallon can of tomatoes under his arm until, wearied of the task, he was obliged to throw it away. With no bail for holding, the can was not designed for transportation thus, and the absurdity of the plan should have occurred to the authorities who originated the idea. As a specific for too much bacon or salt pork the fresh ration of canned tomatoes was excellent, but the application of the provision, that was quite another matter. Nor was it food for the stomach alone that some of the boys carried. Brain sustainers also were borne. It was here that Gendron indicated his literary promptings by sweating under the

burden of a big Spanish dictionary which he had found in Siboney. He aimed to make his Spanish first-class.

As to the merits or demerits of the engagement at Las Guasimas on Friday, the 24th, it is no part of this story to dilate. War critics are yet wrangling as to who ordered the attack, but all that is definitely known is that the Rough Riders, with certain portions of regular troops, suffered severely in trying to drive the enemy from his position on what General Wheeler chose to consider the road toward Santiago. The Second Massachusetts happened to be near, and with others went to the rescue. It was well towards the middle of the afternoon when the hurried arrival of a messenger from the fight found the soldiers in all sorts of occupations. They were bathing, cooking, washing, and making the best of their time, when the "assembly" called the men to action. The alacrity with which the negro soldiers grabbed their clothes and rushed naked from the bath to their camps will ever be remembered by those who saw the movement, and the same call, sounded by Randall of the "Wellingtons," produced a similar though perhaps not so immediate an effect. Of what the Company saw and did, let the men themselves discourse. Allie Kimball,

A. D. Kimball. George L. Shedd. C. E. Cook. M. W. MacNiven. Sergt. D. E. Brigham.

writing on the 29th, says: "You can bet we had a good, heavy load (referring to the burdens each man had to carry); it was a very pleasant march at first. By the way, the country through which we have had to march has been fine. It is rather hilly, but there is plenty of shade and fairly good walking. We passed the 1st and 10th Cavalry as they were holding burial

services. Did not hear exactly how many were killed. As it began to get dark we heard that the Spaniards were behind us, so we had to put in and march through the dark and the worst part of the road. It was rather tough work. We reached our camp about nine p.m. and pitched tents. I was detailed on guard duty from two a.m. to five. It was rather hard work after that march."

No pen has yet done adequate justice to the filthy condition of the camping places where Cubans or Spaniards had been. Nor would it be proper to print the same were it written. The inborn sense of neatness characteristic of the Yankee was constantly offended beyond all description. Evidently the natives had not the slightest notion of sanitation. The American went to Cuba none too soon. While snakes were not common in Cuba, Sergeants Young and Vaughn aver that an immense black one went through their tent, while lying here, and from his speed they fancy he may be going yet.

The army is in the enemy's country and long spells in the same camp are not to be the rule. It is perhaps eight o'clock a.m. on Saturday when the lines are formed again and they march about two miles toward the north. There are many waits, everything bearing the appearance of a cautious feeling of the way through a strange land. It is only on the third attempt that camp is finally pitched. Here a halt is made over Sunday and the weary travelers have a genuine and needed rest, though a most vigilant outlook is had for the foe, supposed to be lurking somewhere in the vicinity.

Even in war, man's liking for pets has illustrations. Thus early Captain Holden won the undivided affections of an owl and, perched near by on a convenient bough, this bird of wisdom blinked on the Company proceedings. Even "Snowball" forbore stealing him, but his nightly and thus untimely screechings made it necessary to banish what might have become an owlish "Old Abe." Vigilance on the part of officers as to the habits of their men is always commendable, and the care that Major ——, not the one from Worcester, manifested lest G——n should hurt himself by drinking his canteen of wine obtained in Siboney, was truly noble. He evidently felt that if it all found lodgment in his own stomach, one private at least would be safe from the hospital. Thus was total abstinence for the other fellow enforced.

Monday, the 27th, sees a fresh start of the Second, though it is not a very long one. The bugle rouses the men at 4.30 and a quickly prepared breakfast is eaten, so that they are ready for the advance long before the order comes. After all, the march is not longer than two or three miles and once more a halt is made for camping. The regiment is encamped here till the afternoon of Thursday, the last day of June. On the 28th they were wet down with showers, and rations are becoming scarce, though in the evening small ones of bacon and beans are issued. Perhaps it was here that Corporal Scott won fame for himself through the accuracy of his division of bacon to be given out to his mess. As he and nearly all other men in the Company had concluded to allow their hair to grow on face as well as head, he had no immediate use for his razor, and the latter sharp tool he called into use as he equably and justly sliced up the scanty portion which had to suffice for him and all his messmen. Company

GAZETTE HUNTING FOR LAND CRABS AND TARANTULAS.

H's only representative of the Legislature made a doleful outcry because one of his 'tack had been bereft of a corner. The strait was suggestive of "Give me three grains of corn" in the Irish famine of 1846. The camp is only six miles or thereabouts from Santiago, and all sorts of suppositions fill the minds of the men as they linger, concerning when and how they are to attack the Spaniard. It is on this day that Sergeant Jordan is appointed Chief of Pioneers and gets his

C. W. Thompson. L. Whittaker. John C. Ware. Charles J. Flint. William H. King.

orders from Colonel Clark. Wednesday brings more rain, followed by blazing hot sunshine, though one of the men in his letter says he rather enjoys the rain, since it cools off the earth. Inspection comes at ten a.m. and apparatus for an army balloon goes by during the day; also ammunition for the artillery, and eighty rounds extra are given out to the men. On this day notice is given that mail will be sent home to Massachusetts, and as one writer remarks, "I have only three minutes in which to write and you must excuse some things." In the same letter he complains of a lack of envelopes and asks to have some sent him; also states that through this lacking he can write to his home only. The writer is never a complainer, for he says, "I am feeling fine and am enjoying the trip."

Thursday is the last day of June and it sees the end of the camp, the ascent, several times, of the war balloon and the orders to pack up. The location, as the men find weeks later when they have access to maps, is southwest of Santiago, which in a general way they understand to be the objective of the campaign, but of the struggle neces-

sary to compass her surrender they are as yet ignorant. The silent, close and darkened march of Company H differed in no way from that of their associate companies, though each man had his individual thoughts as he picked his way through glade and bushes, going he had not the least notion where, yet no one was averse to hearing the order to halt, which afforded an opportunity for the men to wrap their blankets about them and to lie to such slumber as the night could give. The darkest night and the greatest danger could not suppress the spirit of mischief innate in some. K——s had discovered that the only clerical member of the regiment was extremely nervous and apprehensive, hence the Boston boy would whisper to his neighbor, but loudly enough for ministerial ears, "Whist! Don't you see that right through there?" meanwhile keeping an eye on the celerity with which clericus reached for his revolver. Tom Hood died punning.

El Caney is only an additional name in the long list of battles in which Americans have been engaged, but it looms up more conspicuously in the shorter list of those fought by the same people on foreign soil. The start for it was made the night before and men "in place rest" are easily roused. They were up and off soon after. These Massachusetts men knew very little of what was in store for them, but they must have had apprehensions that this 1st of July might mark an epoch in their lives, and when in their advance they came upon a battery of artillery planted directly across their way, thereby cutting off the last five companies as they were marching, they had reason to believe that the fight had begun, since right over yonder were the Spanish block-house and indications of Spanish fortifications. The first shot from Capron's Battery was music to the ears of men to war inclined, and one enthusiast counted the successive discharges and says there were just forty-seven. That first gun, some soldiers say, was fired at 6.25 a.m., and different moments might arise from differences in watches. The private soldier sees little but what happens in his immediate vicinity. Says one boy to his parents, "I can't tell you much about the battle, as I hardly know myself. We were there about eight hours, and how those repeaters did sing! Our Springfield rifles with the smoky powder are no good. I have got a fine carbine which one of the 10th Cavalry gave me. It is a dandy. That night we marched all around, I couldn't tell how far; as it was so dark, you almost had to feel your way. We reached the main part of the army on the morning of the 2d, and were placed in position, but did not have any firing to do, although the bullets were flying around in great style." There were those to whose appreciation distance would have lent enchantment. One such, who had been a great boaster, was discovered beating a hasty retreat, when he was halted by the Captain with "Where are you going?" "I am going back to help Sergeant Smith look out for the rolls," is the reply, and positive commands are necessary to keep him in place. Not so with "Snowball," the Company's African protegé. The Captain had to repeatedly order him to keep his head down or he would lose it, but all sense of fear was lost in his anxiety to see what was going on.

Sergeant Monroe writes of his observations thus: "That night (June 30) we started on, just as they were raising their war balloon, and lay down

GAZETTE. THE SECOND DIGGING TRENCHES

EL CANEY BATTLEFIELD FROM BLOCK-HOUSE.

KINDNESS OF COL. F. E. PIERCE

and slept on the top of a hill, with the lights of Santiago in the distance. Early the next forenoon we resumed march, and after a short time halted behind a battery which had opened fire. Here the 1st Battalion and part of the 2d went on and did not notify us; hence we were left behind. They sent back a message, and we started on again. As we neared the battle, which had begun about 6.45, our battalion waited for a regiment of regulars to pass, and before we could connect again the 1st and 2d battalions had gone into the fight. When we came up finally there was no one to show where the rest had gone, so we started along towards the firing. Meanwhile our loss had been quite heavy on account of our powder, which made lots of smoke and so afforded a good mark for the Spaniards. Accordingly we were directed to a sunken road, where we were to remain as support, and here we continued the entire day. The bullets whistled above our heads to beat the band. I fell asleep in the midst of it, I was so tired, and so did lots of the boys. At last, the battery moved nearer, reinforcements came up and the enemy was driven out of his strong position;" and El Caney, which was to have fallen in an hour, really held out for a good long day, one of the longest in the year. Richard Harding Davis's remarks on this event are entertaining at this time and distance: "The plan for the day is interesting chiefly because it is so different from what happened. . . . Incidentally, General Lawton's division was to pick up El Caney, and when El Caney was eliminated, his division was to continue forward and join hands on the right (Lawton's left) with the divisions of Generals Sumner and Kent. The army was to rest for that night in the woods half a mile from San Juan." Thus nicely was the advance on July 1st planned by those in the lead, but as with mice and men, plans "gang aft aglae." That long day in the blistering sun, the stubborn resistance of the Spaniards, all attest how much easier it is to plan than to execute. July's entering day had had its record written in blood and, ere the sun of the following had set, thousands of friends in the Old Bay State were wondering how the boys of the Second fared, and hearts along the banks of the Connecticut are bleeding yet for valiant souls that on that day went out into the unknown, doing what they thought their duty in following the flag as it led them to the defense of an oppressed people; but the enemy has retired and he must be followed up. The march which was to have been taken much earlier in the day, now comes after a short halt, and again recourse is had to Sergeant Monroe's letter: "That night we marched a long way through the darkness, and at last by a roadside lay down and waited till three o'clock in the morning, when we advanced again till we came where another fight seemed to be on. We threw off our loads and prepared to get to the front. Captain Holden appointed me to take charge of the 2d platoon, which was part of the firing line (Lieutenant Fish having been left behind sick). The entire Company then went forward to the crest of a hill, and after an hour's wait we were ordered into camp, having a hill between us and the enemy." There was an ineffectual attempt of the Spaniards to break through the lines at a late hour of the night, occasioning considerable loss of sleep to the Massachusetts boys and others. During this halt, Captain Holden is Officer-of-the-day (or night),

GAZETTE

RESTING ON MARCH TO EL CANEY.

and he finds his duties exceedingly trying, the situation being entirely strange and the prospects of an attack believed to be great. It was here that he found Cuba possessing some sort of a poisonous plant, which gave him an exceedingly sore hand. The camp itself was on a hillside, so steep that the men vowed that they had to sleep with their heels dug into the soil, and on the alarm some rolled to the foot of the hill before recovery.

side. Heedless of his own imminent danger, he orders the men to keep out of range while he discusses the distance with the man who has the gun. "Don't you think it about 1000 yards?" is the query of the private; and on the agreement of the officer, he raises his sight as coolly as though another pound of steam and not the life of a man were the issue. That the council was effectual was seen soon in the hitting of the obnoxious foe. The lesson was a good

Louie S. Jones. Albert W. Pratt. E. H. Vosburg.
Willis Gleason. Joseph De Marco.

When war becomes a business to men, their coolness in times of danger seems wonderful to the novice. On the 2d of July, when the air is heavy with indications of strife, our boys are interested in seeing an officer of high degree, sitting his horse where bullets are flying, and conferring with a regular sharpshooter who was trying to bring down a like character on the Spanish

one for the Worcester observers. Of the conduct of Colonels Clark and Shumway at El Caney, the Boston Herald correspondent spoke in the highest terms, and upon Private Krebs of the "Wellingtons," who was serving as an orderly for Colonel Clark, he bestowed equal praise.

Sunday comes around again and, much to the ease and comfort of tired

boys, a truce is proclaimed for twenty-four hours, and much needed sleep is sought while waking ears catch the sound of heavy firing off towards the sea, firing which they are soon to know was really the death-knell of Spanish power in the New World, for it is the destruction of Cervera's fleet as the Admiral seeks to escape from his long embottling in Santiago Harbor; and somewhere, as a sweet refrain of the day's noise and turmoil, a brass band plays and the soldiers remark that it is the first sound of the kind they have heard since reaching the Island, and some of them think the end has surely come. The coming days, however, are to bring the digging of trenches and occasional removals till finally the city has been circumvented and the Second finds itself on the other side of the bay. The 4th of July is signalized by a continuance of the truce, a sharp lookout for the enemy, and finally a march to a new camp on the top of a hill, whence the Spaniards may be seen very plainly "walking backward and forth." The soldiers strongly suspect that negotiations are afoot to end the conflict, and already they are reckoning the days to intervene between them and home. Really, their hardest trials are in store, but fortunately they do not know it.

A letter from Allie Kimball, dated the 5th, gives a very good picture of the situation as it applied to him and very likely to the most of his comrades: "I hope these letters that I have written will reach you O. K. Please tell the rest of the folks that I can't write to them, for paper here is as scarce as food. All we have had for the last week or two is hardtack and bacon, and not any too much of them. Have been feeling fine, and, as long as I can dodge the Spaniards' bullets, I do not mind the rest very much, although I would like a quart of cold milk, a good bath and some clean clothes. We have not received any news from home yet, but I suppose it is on the way." There was nothing for dinner this day and but little more for supper. Much of the time of the soldiers is spent in the trenches, either adding to their strength or considering the bombardment, which is more or less frequent. So poor is the aim of the enemy that the boys think it fun to sit on the edge of the ditch and speculate on the direction and striking place of the missile. That no one of them was hurt or touched should be sufficient comment on the quality of the Spanish marksmanship. Any veteran of the war of the Rebellion who had a part in the long strain at Cold Harbor and the games of chance played there under fire, can appreciate the rubbers of whist that Captain Holden and Sergeant Young played against Sergeant Monroe and Private Pratt, in which the Captain and his partner were sadly worsted, though their defeat they ascribe, in large part, to their watching of the firing.

AZETTE FORT NUMBER 1 ON SANTIAGO ROAD.

In spite of the abundance of land-crabs and tarantulas, the boys never got used to them, especially the latter. They do say that J—s camped on the safe altitude of a cracker-box rather than undergo the possible touch of the creature, and one night, when dark and drizzly, it was time for the midnight detail to go into the trenches, P——n was so sleepy that even the Captain's voice could not rouse him, till by the introduction of a lantern a full-sized tarantula was disclosed hard by. He came out at once, glad to exchange such proximity for pick and shovel.

Rain is a regular happening and the camps become veritable steam-chests. The 7th of July brings the first mail

STONE BLOCK-HOUSE IN RUINS, EL CANEY

KINDNESS OF COL. F. E. PIERCE

from home, bearing date of June 13th, and a small supply of food. During these days, Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, is exchanged and Lieutenant Fish returns to his company. The size and brilliancy of Cuban lightning-bugs may be inferred from the fact that Bond actually mistook them for Spaniards with lanterns and gave a quick alarm accordingly. Great shouting inside the Spanish lines on the 9th indicates some unusual excitement there. The tendency to see things "big" is often seen among soldiers. When M——r and D——n came in from an exploration of their own, the former saw siege-guns by the score, while the latter, by his side, said, "I didn't see any such guns." Again while M. averred that both of them had been in great personal danger from sharpshooters, D. claimed to have been unaware of any such peril.

The scarcity of writing material is well shown in a letter which about this time is sent by Sergeant Monroe to his mother. It is written upon a small memorandum pad and the envelope is one that had been sent to him, but by reversing it, i. e., directing it upon the back, erasing his own name and with black thread sewing up the opened end, he furnishes his mother with a relic of special value. Though the men grew used to constant rain, they never grew to really like getting wet. Says one victim of interminable dripping, "I had not got my tent pitched, so I lay down between two rubber blankets. I was all right during the first shower, but I fell asleep, and the blanket, slipping down, I awoke with it raining guns and a stream of water running under me. I was disgusted, but I covered the best I could and went to sleep and let the water go it. I awoke in the morning with one side soaked through, but I dried by the fire, and late in the afternoon the sun came out enough to dry partially my blanket. I have made up my mind that if I ever go to another war, nothing less than the rank of Major will do for me."

"Snowball," the Company's mascot, had little realization of the import of a truce, and the boys had hard work in preventing his opening fire on the enemy on the 11th when he came into the trenches, having stolen Krebs' Krag, cartridge belt and all. If he was ready for a fight, why shouldn't the Spaniard be in similar condition? This same Ethiope was thrifty at times, and his military friends do not forget how, having been sent by them to fill their canteens, he did his best to trade or sell them. He needed constant supervision, and let it be said for the Worcester boys that he usually got it.

To make light of difficulties is a test of a good soldier, and one writer says that he has fifteen distinct dishes made from hardtack, and when he gets home he is going to get up a 'tack dinner and invite all of his relatives. However, he is of the opinion that a whole month of 'tack and bacon with "prime" roast beef chasers is likely to lessen somewhat the appetite. Owing to the nearness of the Spanish lines it is possible to see plainly and almost to hear the enemy. Knowing the value of a Red-cross banner, the Spaniards have protected a large part of the exposed portion of the city with that emblem, and American gunners are much disgusted, wishing that they might knock down some of the crosses and thereby have a chance to drop a few shells among "those shacks." Even Mark Tapley might have fallen into melancholy had he found himself encamped with the

ZETTE SANTIAGO AS SEEN FROM THE TRENCHES.

Second Massachusetts in their final location, down in the swamp, alternately drenched and steamed till colds and malaria began to get in their deadly work. There is little or no quinine in the hospitals, and the fever has its own nefarious way. There need be no wonder that they were glad ears on which fell the welcome news, July 14th, that Santiago and the eastern end of Cuba had surrendered. The pent-up yells that ought to have had expression on

CHARLES H. DITSON. SERGT. F. B. JORDAN. WILL O. BACHELOR.
JOHN C. MACKAY. E. W. LAWRENCE.

that day were suppressed to please General Shafter, who seemed to be particularly careful of the feelings of the Dons.

It was an unhappy fate that chose the vicinity of Santiago as the theatre of land operations in Cuba. Shut in by high hills, thus cut off from northern breezes, subject to miasmic effluvia from the adjacent marshes, it had long been known as the most unhealthful locality in the Antilles.

If immediately after the taking of Santiago our boys could have come home, the story of Cuban mortality had been very different, but the authorities at home had become fearful of the introduction of yellow fever, so the soldiers who had bravely held up through the days and weeks of siege must now remain to dispel all signs of the dreaded pestilence. It was hope deferred, making not only the heart sick, but the body as well. Up to the 14th, 443 men in the Second had been reported ill.

After the end, there is a growing civility between the former opponents, and Spaniards make glad certain American hearts by the gift of cigars, while rations find their way into Cuban and Spanish hands. Native cleanliness is

exemplified by the efforts of the men to clean up and to wash their garments after so many days of rain and mud. On the 16th, the next day but one after the surrender, eighty-seven men are arrested for running the guard, that they may visit the city.

How the formalities of the surrender appeared to one boy is shown in his words concerning that crowning event of the Sunday, the 17th: "At noon we had to get out on the top of the trenches and stand like fools while some one about a mile off did some old thing." Of course there were salutes and the flag was raised above the palace of the Governor General. In the afternoon, the regiment paraded before Colonel Clark, who read the message from President McKinley, thanking the men for their bravery and persistence, and the Colonel himself made an impressive speech. During the following days there are many interchanges of courtesies, but "camp life is slow," and a detail to the city for provisions is eagerly sought. They would like to go to Porto Rico, or "any old place" if only there may be a change. On the 18th of July ships enter the harbor and more rife than ever are the rumors of going home.

Our boys found their Cuban allies quite as alert as themselves in the matter of food. Anything left exposed or uncovered was in immediate danger of confiscation. One day, Corporal Scott rushed into the camp, saying, "For G—d's sake, boys, come this way," and obeying his behest, they found a large party of natives doing their best to carry off a quantity of canned tomatoes, all in great gallon receptacles. It would never do to suffer such provisions to disappear in that way, so with a rush the boys bore down on the raiders, making them think that the Spaniards were coming. The cans were dropped and the Yankees had tomatoes galore. Once in their lives, the "Wellingtons" had for fuel what under other circumstances would have been sufficient for a king's ransom. The Captain had ordered them to tear down an old shack hard by, and the fuel thus secured they proceeded to burn, though it consisted in a large part of the most valuable mahogany. They were not, just then, in the cabinet business.

That an army moves upon its belly, as General Sherman was wont to say, has proof in almost every letter written by a soldier, and on every page of his diary there is sure to be some word which confirms the statement. Nor is the truth confined to the private soldier. Officers and privates are alike hungry, and alike welcome a chance to fill their stomachs with something better than they have been having. In this line, Privates Gleason and Mower moved on the 10th, when they went over to a neighboring Cuban village and prepared a supper for ten men, including Colonel Clark, Lieutenant-colonel Shumway, Major Whipple, Adjutant Hawkins, Captain Holden, Sergeants Young, Jordan and Newton and the cooks themselves. The menu, though not printed on gilt-edged paper, was attractive, and consisted in "Rice à la bacon fat & sugar. Green tomatoes, & oil, Sardines, Yams, Cocoanut cakes, Coffee, Rum." One officer commenting on the event and menu says: "Don't leave out the ice water, for that was really the best item in the whole bill of fare." The room which the boys had taken for the meal was a characteristic Cuban home, without floor and with very little furniture. Their table was a door which they had placed upon two

ZETTE CAMP OF THE SECOND REGIMENT ABOUT JULY 8.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ROAD FROM EL CANEY TO SANTIAGO.

barrels, and their seats were improvised from small boxes. Interest was added to the occasion by the woman of the house telling of her little girl being bitten in that very room that day by a scorpion. The Worcester members of the party aver that the Springfielders, casting wary glances in all directions, drew in their heads lest a poisonous "varmint" should fall on them.

Food was an ever present and pressing theme. At home, amid the many distractions and division of labor, it comes most prominently into view at meal time, but when a man has to be his own purveyor and cook as well, his stomach assumes unprecedented importance. In Cuba, men found themselves doing things undreamed of a few weeks before. Thus when certain "Wellingtons" were cooking beans one morning, they were admonished of the nearness of a sitting guinea hen. To kill the bird was the work of a moment, and her flesh made a savory feast for the partakers. Her eggs, far too near parturition or hatching for Yankee use, were traded with the Cubans for good, ripe mangoes, while the wings, sent back to Worcester, adorned for the season the summer hat of an officer's wife. Trading was ever a New Englander's prerogative, and what he could not eat himself was readily exchanged with the natives for something they were delighted to get rid of. The bacon, which had become too rank for northern nostrils, not to mention stomachs, found ready market among those to the manor born. Real shower-baths were possible here, for it rained every day, and any one could see when the clouds would drop their contents. There was nothing to prevent, so the men were wont to soap their bodies and let the cooling rain wash them clean; but one day their Captain reckoned without his host, for though he had plentifully lathered his person in expectations of the shower which once in his experience failed to come, from his oleaginous covering, he had to rid himself in some other and less convenient manner, all the time of course running the gauntlet of his comrades' gibes and jokes.

Some of the soldiers are wondering yet whether they laid themselves open to prosecution by any statute through their palming off nickels upon the citizens of Santiago for quarters and taking twenty cents change for five-cent purchases, or whether the trick, played upon them by the apparently guileless Spaniard, was not a fair offset. Thus, many of them were glad to get their bills changed, and the natives were equally ready to accommodate them with their own debased silver currency, a condition not at first understood by the Yankees. In the supper or dinner described above, coffee was served after the Cuban manner, and those who partook declare that an ordinary cup of it would intoxicate. For the party, there had been used two pounds of the best berry, which was burned twice as much as is the American practice, and then through this mass, boiling water was poured, thus securing a decoction so strong that only the habituated could enjoy it.

So well was this meal away from camp thought of, the very next day eighteen of the Company repeated the affair of the 10th and made merry over the same menu, and on their return brought back a supply of sugar and rum.

Shipping is becoming common in the harbor and considerable washing up is accomplished, and there was need of it, for working in the trenches had pretty

ETTE THE ONLY PICKAXE IN THE REGIMENT.

nearly demonstrated the truth of the words in the burial service, "Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return." Only in this case it was mud instead of dust. Evidently too high living was not in accordance with headquarters notions of camp propriety, and on this day the boys were ordered to remain in camp. With the issuing of the first beefsteak ration on the 21st of July, the long reign of bacon came to an end.

There is some drilling, but the chief incentive is past, for there is to be no more fighting, and officers, no more than enlisted men, care to take overmuch exercise in the hot, humid climate. Foot-gear has become very much down at the heels, and a certain Sergeant in his home letter says that his pair of shoes is really the only decent pair in the Company. One ingenious fellow, not having his mending kit

Joseph L. King. Charles F. Sleeper.
W. G. Adams. Corp. Albert B. Scott. A. J. Paradis.

It was received with grateful stomachs, and as never before the soldiers appreciated the comforts left behind when they enlisted. Of these fresh meat rations it must be said that the first day's sending from the ships' coolers were the best. Cuba's heat soon made the meat unbearable and more was buried than eaten.

with him, repairs his badly worn shoes with wire, certain to hold as long as the leather does. On the 22d not half of the Company responded to the call for drill, so many of the same being sick. Some of the boys move their camping-place down to the side of the stream whence they had already derived about all the comfort that their surroundings

afforded. The 23d brought rations of fresh bread, and with fresh meat life seemed a little more worth living. The camp was moved over the trenches.

One day during the post-surrender wait, certain "Wellingtons" started out to find the commissary department, doubtless in search of food, and an adventure of theirs well illustrates how a West Point education sometimes makes a wretched prig of a man. Unable to find the object of their quest, they made bold to ask their way of a young regular lieutenant whom they met, resplendent in all the refulgence of a beautiful new uniform. Saluting him with all the deference that was his due, they made known their want, but great was their astonishment when, without a word, he turned his back upon them. In their amazement at such usage, they stood speechless, but fortunately at this very moment, who should appear but General Lawton, mounted, and his quick eye detected something wrong. Accosting the young men, he asked them what the trouble was, to which they replied as above. The General immediately called the West Pointer to him and asked if he had been duly saluted by the men and if there was anything out of the ordinary in their request, to which he was obliged to reply that they had done nothing wrong. "Well, then," said the officer, "do you tell these soldiers where the commissary is, and if I ever hear of any more conduct of this character, I'll rip those straps off your shoulders d—d quick." The boys went their way with heightened respect for a man who knew men when he saw them and to whom a private was as good as any one if he behaved himself.

Sunday, the 24th, came with mail from the States, letters from home and the Worcester Telegram of the 7th inst. One of the boys wrote answers right away, and in one of them he says, "You can sleep good and sound every night, as I am as safe as though in a cage and hung up in the parlor, and have felt the same all the time." He proclaims his regrets that he cannot have a good swim, since he is not any too clean, and his unchangeable disgust that the regiment did not get a chance at the enemy on account of the powder they were obliged to use. Knowing as the government did the quality of the arms and ammunition possessed by the Second, it is an ever growing wonder that it was sent away with such an outfit. No wonder that Roosevelt referred to the weapons of the volunteers as "archaic." Some of the Company tried to assume a religious air by going into the city and attending the cathedral, the largest in Cuba, though it would not be strange if curiosity was the ruling motive in the act.

Letters and newspapers were not always sources of unalloyed pleasure, for on one occasion there came, in the Telegram, the news of the death of Lieutenant Gray's mother. His sympathetic comrades, anxious to spare him the sorrow incident to the announcement, carefully destroyed every paper so that he might not see them, but Major F. came along and told the Lieutenant, so all the care of the boys was ineffectual. His comrades felt for him in his bereavement, and he had the consolation that comes from the feeling of touching elbows in the presence of a common danger.

Life in Cuba during these days is not especially varied. Men improve every opportunity to get into the city, and they study with the keen eyes of Yankees the differences between what they see and what they are used to at home. They secure relics and souvenirs from the natives, and many a curio, now highly prized in Worcester, was obtained in these waiting hours. Buttons, machetes, and objects of permanent interest are brought away with them, while tobacco in various forms finds immediate consumption.

Among the places of interest in or near the city was the so-called Virginius Wall, against which Captain Joseph Fry and thirty-six of his men were placed when they were shot by the Spanish authorities, Nov. 7, 1873,

for alleged conspiracy, their vessel having been seized by the Spaniards on the charge of contemplating an attack upon the Island. At the time, the incident aroused public feeling to a high pitch, second only to that of the destruction of the Maine.

As the rations increase in liberality, the number of sick grows larger, not as a result but as a reminder that when there might be a measure of enjoyment the men are incapable of appreciation. On the 25th, the Quartermaster took orders for new suits of clothes, and two days later only fourteen men responded to roll-call, and on the last one in Cuba, only six men appeared. Each day sees more men going to the hospital. The introduction of ice into the camp, the 28th, was a luxury indeed, and iced coffee was a reminder of days at home. For those who remain on duty there is an abundance of work, for the camp must be kept in order and provisions must be obtained from the city. The first death in the Company occurred on the 30th, that of Charles E. Buck, who succumbed to the prevailing ailment. His body was buried at noon. Captain Holden, writing the next day to his wife, said: "We had a sad thing to do yesterday. Charles Buck died in the morning in the hospital. They sent me word and wanted him buried at once. So I took about a dozen men and we dug his grave under some trees and buried him with his blanket and his haversack under his head. It was a sad thing for the boys. I read a few verses, in the absence of the chaplain, and the bugler played taps, and that was the service. We marked his grave so that if they wish to remove him, they can." The last day of the month was noteworthy in that all the commissioned officers were sick, and of the non-commissioned officers, only Corporal Scott was ready for guard duty. He was also acting as Battalion Adjutant. The men were mustered for pay.

The advent of August saw no improvement in the local situation; indeed at 3.30 a.m. Silas Undergrave died, and at sunrise his body was laid near that of Buck. The arrival of hospital supplies renders it possible for men to obtain quinine, and to some extent the progress of fever is stayed. Near eight o'clock in the afternoon, loud cheering is heard in the distance and speedily works nearer. Every one sallies out to learn what it is all about, and the report comes that Porto Rico has surrendered and that Spain has sued for peace. August 2d beheld the arrival of a boat load of immunes who were to work such a revolution in the Cuban campaign, but after their arrival very little was heard of them, though the idea seemed a feasible one. After all it was not yellow fever that the men were suffering from. The hospital was made a little more habitable by the coming of some cot-beds. The knapsacks which had been left on the Knickerbocker when the Company debarked, came up on the 3d, and the men had the privilege of donning their blue uniforms again. The same day, Captain Holden went to the hospital and Lieutenant Gray was left in command. Also on this day came large tents and some of the chroniclers mention luxuries such as Indian meal, pear sauce, pickles and tea.

Those boys inclined to observe things, and there were many such, could not help remarking the wondrous rapidity with which nature renewed herself. The moist and heated air made the surface of the earth a veritable hot-house, and the marvelous vegetation of the land, when it was laying up stores of coal for later generations, seemed repeated. When Lieutenant Fish and his party came in after El Caney, they had much to say about the development of certain corn-planting experiences of theirs, claiming that Jonah's gourd was hardly more speedy in its growth. The natives said that forty days after dropping a seed sweet potato in the ground they could dig ripened tubers. When the regiment came away, grass was growing from the clay-filled bags placed upon the breastworks, making them look like

emerald porcupines, and the grass, scarcely two weeks old, stood knee high over the graves of Buck and Undergrave. Later, in September, when Armorer Hubbard visited the place, the vegetation was so rank that, tall as he is, he could scarcely see out or over the grass which covered those same tombs. Cuba has no twilight. Darkness follows daylight like a pall, and Worcester boys thought that courting there would lack a charm to which they had been accustomed. "The dark-eyed maid with the sweet guitar," they failed to see.

The 4th of August saw the coming of large arrearages of mail, and letters from home were read with eager eyes, though it was after dark when the precious matter arrived. Towards night of the 5th, two of the Company, Randall and Hakanson, passed out into the infinite and were with Buck and Undergrave. In a letter written this day, Allie Kimball mentions the coming to him, the night before, of a revolver with a box of writing paper and envelopes. He says he has not much use for the revolver now, but can use it another 4th. Poor boy, long before that time he was to be where there is no shooting nor other mortal care. His own words graphically describe the situation: "Have not a great deal to write about; most every one has been knocked out with malaria. Have been very lucky myself; have not had it bad myself at all. The only trouble is there are so many sick that those who are half well get all the work and get knocked out again. . . . I understand we are to move at almost any moment towards the United States, and you may bet that United States is good enough for any one. . . . Our usual afternoon shower is coming off, and I am trying to keep dry and write at the same time. One of the men went to town and brought up a lot of stuff to eat, and I have a can of Franco-American soup, mutton broth, which I imagine will taste first class for supper. This noon I had potatoes and onions boiled; for breakfast, coffee and some bum bread. We have had bread lately; they exchange flour for bread in Santiago, but I would just as leave have 'tack. There is plenty of bacon, but no one seems to want any to eat. . . . I don't believe you could hire one out of fifty to remain here at ten dollars a day if they had a chance to get back." On this day, too, certain patients were thought by the surgeons to have yellow fever, the most dreaded of ailments, and if their diagnosis were correct, it meant the detention of the regiment and many more deaths. However, they gave the boys the benefit of a doubt, wherein they were justified by results, and did not report the cases.

On the 6th of the month began the departure of the troops, and on this day the 1st Cavalry went on board the transport, to be followed by other regiments as the time advanced. Private Mower made a trip to town, and returning brought a quantity of canned stuff, much to the gratification of his comrades. Some of the Company put up their large tents. The next day went the Rough Riders and the 10th Cavalry. On the 8th Private Green died, and the men received two months' pay, though few are able to walk to headquarters for the same. Affairs are nearing a windup now, and on the 10th came the official announcement for home-going. Diary-keepers record "plenty to eat," though one lover of the weed chronicles his giving fifty cents for a cigar. The new khaki uniforms were given out the next day, and those of the Company able to do so were marched to headquarters for examination, and several were ordered to remain. At the seven a.m. inspection thirty-two men were present, less than one-half of the Company.

The 12th was a joyous day to the men who were able to pack up and get ready for the departure. Lieutenant Gray commands the Company as it goes on board the Mobile, reaching the same by means of the tug Laura.

K. NONESS C[illegible] F. E. PIERCE

THE MOBILE, WHICH BROUGHT THE SECOND REGIMENT FROM CUBA TO MONTAUK.

Though the men who slept on the upper deck were wet through by the rain which came as usual, they were happy in the change from mud to boards. The next day the effects are all stored away, and the men of the Second Massachusetts, with the 8th and 22d Regulars, are all on board. Early in the afternoon the transport sails away and she carries a load of happy hearts, rejoicing that having accomplished what they came for they are now on their way homeward. All are alert to see the traces of the Merrimac, Reina Mercedes and the grim Moro Castle, so long the guardian of the entrance to the bay. Two hours later the vessel passes Daiquiri, where the landing was made in June, and then with her prow directed homeward, the Mobile steams onward into the night.

The Second Regiment had had fifty days of Cuban campaigning, an experience which would furnish the men with stock themes for the remainder of their respective lives. They had been under fire; they had been through the vicissitudes of the siege; they had dug trenches till they considered themselves adepts with pick and shovel, young men the most of whom would hardly have undertaken such work of their own will at home; they had suffered the pangs of hunger and the pains of thirst; they had shivered with chills and had burned in the embrace of fever, and now they were going home, i. e., all who were alive; but some of those on board the transport were not to see their homes, a few not even their native shores, yet the majority of them were glad that they had been a part of the American army in its humane mission. This part of the story might fitly end

with some remarks upon the climate of the Island and some of the hardships which were peculiar to the regiment. To begin with, the Massachusetts boys were marching, fighting and camping very near the 20th degree of north latitude. Hence they were well within the torrid zone during the summer solstice. They encountered the very hottest weather of the tropical region and during the rainy season. That they came out as well as they did is highly creditable to their constitutions and their care of themselves.

The location of the camp for the regiment was unfortunate, since the men were thereby constantly exposed to the malarial influences, there at their very acme. Armorer George W. Hubbard of Worcester, who a month later was in and about Santiago looking after the bodies of Worcester dead, for the purpose of returning them to Massachusetts, says that he had a summer's experience in Andersonville during the Civil War, but nothing encountered there in the way of malarial surroundings began to equal those of the place where the regiment was encamped. He says: "The site was almost at the water's edge, and from it there was a constant rising of vapor that could be dispelled only by the sun's rays. The moment the sun disappeared behind the hills, the vapor could be seen rising till it enveloped the entire locality and it remained till the next day's sun drove it away." It was cold and heavy and as penetrating as a New England northeaster. When the morning dawned, the men would shake off great drops of dew that had gathered upon their blankets, and some had not covering enough to keep their bodies warm, and as a last resort they would walk the long night away, while their teeth like castanets told of their sufferings. With such experience malarial fever was inevitable.

Now, however, all this was in the retrospect, and years later these men, so glad to get away from Cuba with its sorry memories, will recount to their children's children what they saw, heard and did there. All could not go home with the Company, some being too ill to undertake the journey then. Those left behind were Lieutenant Fish and Privates Cook, Hodgins and Wood. As a care-taker for others, Private Coates also was left, and on this very day of leaving, so long and so ardently wished for, Corporal Marvin F. Ames joined the chosen few who had been finally mustered out. It is a summer sea upon which they are sailing, hence as smooth as glass, a condition entirely to the tastes of these wan and worn mortals, fever and famine wasted. If they had encountered tempests on their way homeward, no one knows how much worse might have been their sufferings. The Mobile was by no means an ideal craft for excursion purposes, having been used as a cattle transport and exceedingly capacious for that purpose, but there were too many indications of her recent occupation to make her exactly agreeable to human passengers. However, endurance was the badge of all soldiers in those days, and, swung in hammocks, they made the best of their plight, anxiously looking for the end of the trip. There is employment for some of the stronger ones in the hold as they look up and identify the knapsacks which are tumbled in helter-skelter.

The saddest sound of the return trip is that of two bells for slowing down, that the body of some deceased comrade might receive burial. No signal was dreaded as that. Eleven times was there the lessened speed, that the dead might be committed to the deep, and eight of the number were from the Second Massachusetts. One, Private Earle E. Clark, was from the "Wellingtons," and his body received ocean burial at 4.30 p.m. of the 17th, the day of his death. Though impressive, there were circumstances attendant on some of the burials which left creepy sensations among those beholding. Thus in one case the head-covering separated

Young, Taft, Hooker, Adams, Miner, Mower, MacKay, Reynolds, Scott, Smith, Vaughn.
Love, Newton, Ditson, Lindsey, Gleason.
DeMarco, Jones, Stiles, Trudel, Jefferson, Moore, Ware, Brigham.

COMPANY H AT MONTAUK.

as the body was committed, and the ghastly face of the dead seemed to look imploringly upon the vessel and Company. A major of the regulars had died before leaving the Island, and an effort was made to carry his encoffined body home, but decomposition became so apparent and, withal, so offensive that burial was necessary. That the coffin might sink the more readily a large quantity of iron was added to the same, but the formation of gases had rendered the casket so buoyant that it would not down and, as far as the eye could follow it, there remained a large portion of the object projecting above the wave, as though its occupant would follow his comrades home again. Nor did that one of the ship's crew to whom fell the duty of encasing the dead, view his task with complacency. Indeed, he received his orders each time with manifest disapproval, and using language far more forcible than polite, he sewed up the poor forms that mothers afar were even then straining their eyes to see. Possibly it was his way of keeping his courage up as he performed his unwelcome labor.

There were variations in the voyage, even though the sea was glass-like in its smoothness. When a man went crazy in his illness there was excitement enough. A member of Company H lost his reason thus, and he made things lively as he undertook to jump overboard. His comrades pursued him in his mad race, hardly equaling his unnatural speed, and only the suddenly outstretched arm of an able seaman saved him from immersion and perhaps death. Those who saw the mishap of the chief musician of the 22d Regulars always tell the story with many a laugh. The man was very much of a dude in his manners and dress, and on the 16th he had arrayed himself in his whitest raiment, and under the impression that not even King Solomon was thus bedecked, and with a plentiful stock of novels, he ensconced himself within the easy embrace of a hammock, quite oblivious to the troubles of the poor ordinary mortals about him. But it has ever been that pride at its topmost notch is nearest a fall, so when a sailor, in his duty of trying to change the dull gray of the Mobile to her former jetty hue, as he climbed over the bulwarks to the outside staging, accidentally gave his pail of black paint a tip, the black mass spilled and, as it went out of the dish, was caught by the wind and completely deluged the white-clad musician lolling near. He was a sight never seen before, and once beheld could never be forgotten. His supercilious ways prevented his receiving the sympathies which usually help to salve over such sore places, and he had to cleanse his garments alone.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore," has been the song of many a weary wanderer as he reaches the land that gave him birth. Places all along the Atlantic coast had been named as probable spots where the soldiers would spend some time in recruiting their wearied bodies, but the eastern end of Long Island was that finally settled upon as best adapted to their needs, and, well on in the evening of August 18th, the Mobile anchored off Montauk Point. To the unskilled mind, it were a simple matter to land the returning brave and allow them to seek their homes, but many a stick of red tape must be unrolled before those homes are seen, for protection to those very homes is in the minds of those who direct the delay. They must remain aboard until assurance is had that no pestilence abides with them, and even then they must be isolated till all danger of its dread appearance is past. In this way, Friday, the 19th, was passed, all companies being lined up and examined, and first the actually sick went off, "a God-forsaken crowd," one onlooker calls them.

It is noon of the 20th when the "Wellingtons" touch the shore and make their way either by conveyance or afoot to the detention camp, a mile and a half from the landing. "Where

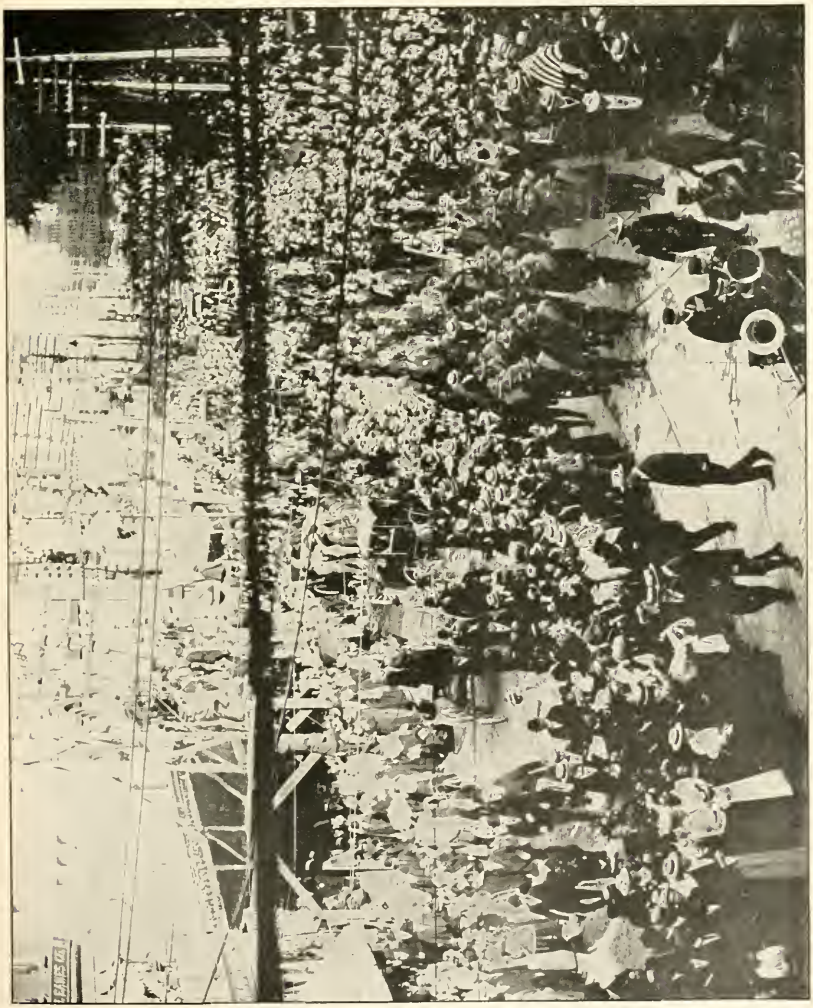
is your company?" asks Major Fairbanks of Sergeant Young, who had led his diminished line into camp. "Right here," is the reply. "But where?" again says the Major, "I don't see any company." "Well," exclaims the Sergeant, here's all I've got," as he points to the three or four men who accompanied him. Food, such as they have not seen for many a day, awaits them, and once more they realize how good are old-fashioned bread, sandwiches, green peas and soup, but survivors have not ceased even yet their reproaches against the physician who advised them to eat heartily of the Bartlett pears which injudicious friends had sent into the camp. It is claimed by some that boys are now in their graves through that well-meant but wholly improper direction.

Then came Sunday, and it seemed truly God's day as the men ate food prepared in the good old way and looked upon scenes something like those among which they were reared. Milk and eggs are decided to be the best items in their bill of fare, and these are dealt out to them as they need. Monday there comes to the "Wellingtons" as their cook a colored man who has filled a similar position in "B" Company. Tuesday, the boys from the western part of the county were gladdened by a visit from W. J. Vizard of North Brookfield, and a severe thunder-storm convinces them that Cuba has no monopoly of that kind of tempest.

It is noteworthy that the first home contribution came to the "Wellingtons" this day, owing to the thoughtfulness of Geo. D. Barber, an original member of the Company and the treasurer of the Veteran Association. He was spending Sunday at Watch Hill, and learning of the arrival of his old friends, he at once set about doing something for their relief and comfort. He packed into a barrel forty dollars' worth of butter, bread and cheese with other edibles, besides towels, pails and basins, and sent the whole lot along without any formal order from his associates. "He helps twice who helps early," and this aid was most opportune, considerably forestalling the later gifts to the Worcester companies by the citizens.

The next day, or Wednesday the 24th, their period of detention ended and they change camps, moving about two miles away from the first stopping place and leaving a detail to sweep up and remove all rubbish. Thursday brought visitors in the shape of Captain W. E. Hassam and Geo. Barber, both gladly welcomed by their old associates. If the men had possessed the power to eat, there was food enough presented to them to enable them to make up for lost time, but nature arranges that only about so much can be eaten, no matter what the inducement. The end is gradually approaching, for on the 26th orders are given to be ready to move on fifteen minutes' notice, and in the afternoon, guns and belts are turned in.

August 27th is the day to be remembered by all who had a part in its glad memories. There is little need to sound the bugle, for are they not going home, and what sound is needed to arouse men whose only thought for many a day has been just what this day is to bring about? They start from their camp at six o'clock a.m., and once in their army-life there is no complaint at the early hour. They go aboard the steamer Block Island, and at 7.40 steam away for New London. They land on Connecticut soil at 9.45, and whatever their former lives, all are pleased to be in the Land of Steady Habits. With their comrades of A and C, they share the dainties provided by the good people along their way through Connecticut, and again with them rejoice at the sight of Governor Roger Wolcott, who greets them at the borders of their own home State and, with other Worcester boys, get a foretaste of Heaven as they reach the Heart of the Commonwealth at 3.45 in the afternoon. How the crowds cheered



WORCESTER RECEIVES COMPANIES A, C, AND H.

and how the flags waved and how the tears started when the people saw what war was rendering back to them, is it not already written?

Some rode in hacks to their homes directly, others went through the streets to the Armory and thence made their way homeward, but to all came, as never before, the truth of the poet's words, "There's no place like home." To them who survived the ordeal of Cuba and Long Island came the same orders that were given to the other companies of the Second, and eventually they, too, repaired to Springfield, there to receive their muster-out and to become, what they formerly were, just common every-day citizens of the Commonwealth; yet not quite the same, for in every mind there was a consciousness of duty done that comes only to him who has sworn to perform faithfully his part as a soldier true.

THE WELLINGTON DEAD.

"All present or accounted for" is an expression heard every day of a soldier's service, if he were present at roll-call. "Accounted for," like charity, covers multitudes of, if not sins, at least a wide range of possibilities. Had the roll been called when the few members rode to the Armory, Aug. 27th, the expression would have covered the commissioned officers as sick in hospital and all others not present as buried beneath the sod in Cuba, the waves between the Island and Montauk Point, in hospital somewhere, or in their respective homes, unable to report with their comrades for the final act of breaking ranks. Moist skies attended their departure and moist eyes greeted their return; nor was the story of suffering and death to end with the return of the soldiers, for on the very day when Worcester was extending a welcome home to her sons, another "Wellington" was dying at Montauk, and on the morrow still another passed; and the death line grew, till, in October, thirteen had answered the final roll-call. Since then two more have responded, and to-day, six years after, there are invalids who date their illness from Cuban privations.

In the battle's lull at Chickamauga, during the night of September 19th, 1863, only a few hours before he received his death shot, General William H. Lytle, commanding a brigade of Union troops, by the meagre light of a tallow candle penned certain lines that must touch responsive chords in the hearts of men, as long as humanity continues to render up its life for home, for friends and for the oppressed of all nations. His theme was "A Soldier's Cap," and the words are as applicable in this the beginning of a new century as they were when written more than forty years ago, although the Ohio General had no thought of the possibilities of a war with Spain for the salvation of Cuba. The last stanza reads as follows, and it is a fitting refrain for all the dead of this fair city in the struggle for the overthrow of oppression in the new world:

"Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away,
That battle-worn cap
Lettered 'Company K.'"

Charles Edmund Buck, the first to die in Cuba, was a Worcester boy, not yet twenty years old when death claimed him. He was born in this city Nov. 12th, 1878, the son of Charles P. and Anne (Coonan) Buck, and was residing on Pleasant Street at the time of his enlistment. He was one of Principal J. C. Lyford's boys at the Winslow Street grammar school, and thence entered the English High in 1895, leaving the same in his second year to go to

work. In the employ of Goddard & Sons, boot manufacturers, when the war began, he was a recruit to the "Wellingtons," but he kept up with the best till the malarial influences of the siege came on, when, after a period of suffering, he yielded up his spirit. His body remained in Cuban soil till it was taken up and returned to Worcester in the month of November, '98, and was finally afforded rest in Hope Cemetery. As no portrait of him had been taken since he was twelve years old, no semblance is given here.

Aloysius Lincoln Farmer was born in Worcester, Dec. 4, 1880, and was one of the smallest and youngest members of the Company. As a lad he was a pupil in Ledge Street, and was a special student at the Holy Cross College when he enlisted. Prominent in athletics, his father a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, it was natural for him to go into this strife if he could. His parents were William L. and Mary T. (McNulty) Farmer, and the former, who died when Allie was four years old, had been a member of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. The home of the family was No. 37 Washington Street. He had preceded his comrades in getting away from Montauk, and he lived till some time later, but his weakness was such that he could not recuperate, and he passed on October 1st, his burial being from St. John's Church, in St. John's Cemetery.

Earle Eugene Clarke.—Private Clarke was a native of Uxbridge, the son of Everett Eugene and Harriet Abbie (Olds) Clarke. His education was had in the public schools. As he was born December 17, 1878, he had not attained the age of twenty years when he was called home, another of the youthful sacrifices made by the nation in behalf of Cuba. He had chosen the vocation of a butcher, at least that is the business assigned in his enlistment paper. He was one of the boys given by the town of Brookfield to the cause. Though he passed through the privations of the campaign in the Island, he was unable to reach the continent with his comrades. Like so many others of the regiment, his illness increased till on the 17th of August it terminated in his untimely death, and his body received ocean burial. No floral wreaths can be placed above the grave of Clarke, but in fancy many such are entwined by those who loved him. His mother says that history was his favorite study, and it is fitting that the final weeks of his brief life should have been given in making a bright page in the annals of his country, one devoted to making Cuba free.

John Michael Moran, who died at Montauk the very day of the Company's return, was born in West Brookfield, Aug. 9, 1879, the son of Patrick J. Moran, the latter having served throughout the War of the Rebellion, in the 22d Connecticut, and in Company K of the 4th U. S. Artillery. His school life was had at Woodland Street, whence he went from the eighth grade to work. He had been a member of the Worcester Drum Corps, and his portrait, as given in this volume, is an enlarged copy of his face as it appears in a Corps group. His brother William had gone to California, and when the war came on, enlisting in the 1st California, he went to the Philippines. Coming back to the United States, John did not rally as did some of his fellows, and when the Company left Montauk, he remained, though his people did not know that he was not coming. The mother had prepared a supper for her boy and his sisters were at the station to greet him, but no brother came, nor did they receive any word as to why he failed them. Again at the midnight train a faithful sister watched for the alighting of the soldier boy, but not till the papers of Sunday morning came did the anxious household know why the son and brother was not there. He died Aug. 27th. His body rests in St. John's Cemetery. The home of the family is on Parker Street.

Fabian Hakanson, who died August 6th, was born in Sweden, May 17th, 1878, the son of Charles A. Hakanson and wife. His boyhood home on Ward Street was near Millbury Street, and

from the fashioning care of Principal F. P. McKeon he went to a business college and thence to the employment of Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Company. The same sterling blood which had prompted Swedes of years ago to follow Gustavus Vasa and Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, stirred that of the erstwhile clerk to fight for the comrades, rode with them to the Armory, but the effort was quite too much for him. Soon after leaving the train he had a chill, and later was conveyed to his home on North Street. He was born in Worcester, Nov. 14th, 1876, the son of Martin and Josie (Hayden) Moore. He was by trade a wire-worker, and his first essay to enlist

John M. Moran. Silas Undergrave. J. J. McLaughlin.
Earle E. Clarke. Allie L. Farmer.

oppressed and, having passed a successful examination, he was proud to march away with the "Wellingtons," but he was one of those who were not to return with his comrades. Later his body was rendered back and it now sleeps in the Swedish Cemetery at New Worcester, the burial being from Union Church.

John J. Moore came home with his was with the Emmets, but, unsuccessful there, he afterwards entered Company H. The very next day after the return, having another chill, he was ordered to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he died on the 31st of August, just three days later.

Alston Dwight Kimball, the son of Herbert A. and Sarah C. (Morse) Kimball, was born in Southbridge,

November 2, 1872. A large part of his boyhood was spent on Dix Street, Worcester, and his early schooling was had on that street also, a pupil of Principal Wm. H. Bartlett, and later he entered the Classical High School. Subsequently he became a salesman, and was thus employed when the war began. Returning to Worcester he solicited and secured the consent of his parents to enlist. His first choice was the navy, but his father dissuaded him from that plan, and being an intimate friend of Captain Holden, persuaded him to risk his fortunes with the "Wellingtons." Frequent extracts from his home letters in this volume attest how well he endured the campaign till he reached Montauk. There the tale was soon told, and on the 28th, the day after his comrades had their reception in Worcester, he was received into a higher realm, where there would be no more going out forever. By the side of the body of his younger brother, Frank, in Hope Cemetery, all that is mortal of Allie awaits the resurrection.

John James McLaughlin was a native of Worcester, born April 22d, 1874. His parents were John and Margaret (Scanlon) McLaughlin, and his early home on Dorrance Street made him a pupil in the neighboring Cambridge Street school, where he grew up under the tutelage of that admirable director of youth, Miss Carrie S. George. From school he became an iron-worker and in that capacity the war found him. As a member of the "Wellingtons" he bore his part till the return of the Company, when, going to the hospital, he was unable to make the trip home with the regiment, but was brought back some days later by his aunt. After his recovery he gained in flesh, becoming, as his portrait shows, quite stout. During this time he was married to Miss Mary O'Day of this city, who, with a daughter, survives him. Though apparently well, he was subject to periods of illness, evidently the result of his Cuban experience, and finally, October 2d, 1902, death ended his sufferings. His burial, from the Church of the Sacred Heart, was in St. John's Cemetery.

Wm. Capen Green.—Though born in Worcester, Dec. 12, 1877, the son of Ellis and Ellen M. (Capen) Green, this member of the "Wellingtons" hailed from Spencer, in which sterling hill township the larger part of his short life was spent. He had the advantages of the excellent schools of Spencer and was graduated from the David Prouty High School in 1897, having a part in the graduating exercises. During his school life he was conspicuous in athletics, carrying the pennon of his class and school well to the front on many occasions. His active, strenuous nature led him to join a local hose company, and none were more interested than he. From the school to wage earning was a short step, and he was in the employ of the Isaac Prouty Boot and Shoe Company when the standard of war was erected. Devoted though he was to his home, to his vigorous temperament enlistment seemed the only proper thing, and he was among the early recruits to the Company. How he did his duty in camp, on the march, and in the field—are not the items written on the memories of all his comrades? He was one of the victims of fever, Aug. 9th, the scourge which slew so many more of our boys than the bullet or the bayonet. His body lay in Cuban soil till late in the year, when with so many others it was brought back to his home town and there reburied. The Spencer Leader of Sept. 3d gives a whole page to a memorial of the young man, and from a poem by Mrs. Nellie Thayer Bemis, the following stanza is selected:

"Hang the flags at half mast!
For our hero brave and true,
Who gave his life in our Country's cause
'Neath the red, the white, the blue."

Marvin Fisher Ames. — Corporal Ames was a gift of the Empire State to Massachusetts, being a native of Walton, a township among the moun-

tains of Delaware County, and was the son of John Fisher and Mary Anne (Beach) Ames. He was born Nov. 28th, 1868. The father was a veteran of the Civil War, having served his country in Company A of the 144th New York Infantry. Having had the advantages of the public schools of New York State, he came to Worcester and here took a course in Hinman's Business College, and after that studied law with Charles Frank Stevens, Esq., taking the place formerly held by his brother. He had been here about six years when the war began. Commenting on his death, Mr. Stevens says: "Marvin Ames was worth more than the whole island of Cuba." Always interested in military matters, he was a charter member of Willie Grout Camp, Sons of Veterans, where to this day his memory is fondly cherished, and he was also one of the organizers of the "Wellingtons." He was ever found in the path of duty till stricken down with the malady common to those who sought Cuba during these superheated days. He died Aug. 13th, 1898, and, being a yellow fever suspect, his body was not returned with those of his comrades, but remained in the land he had given his life to save, till the spring of 1900. It was March 2d of that year that the closely sealed casket, itself enclosed in a heavy iron-bound box, was received by Sessions & Sons. The latter covered the box with black broadcloth, and two days later it was borne to the Church of the Unity, where a great assembly of the bodies represented by him was gathered to pay their last tribute to his memory. The Rev. F. L. Phalen, pastor of the Church and Chaplain of the 2d M. V. M., conducted the services, while the eulogy was pronounced by Frank P. Goulding, Esq., of the Worcester County Bar, of which the deceased had been a member. By the side of the flag-covered bier, the eloquent speaker was at his best. Willie Grout Camp, under the command of Captain A. R. McAdam, held the right of the line; the "Wellingtons," under Captain Charles S. Holden, turned out fifty-five men; twenty-five veterans from Post 10, G. A. R., were present; of the Camp of Spanish War Veterans there were ten representatives, and of the "Wellington" veteran organization, under command of George D. Barber, there were twenty. Also there were delegations from the General Charles Devens Chapter of American Mechanics and from the Worcester County Bar. The next day, March 5th, the body was taken to Corporal Ames' old home in the Empire State, under the care of Lieutenant H. C. Young, Sergeants F. P. Jordan, A. F. Love, Corporal George E. Burr, Privates E. W. Lawrence and J. B. Nault, with Captain McAdam of the Sons of Veterans. On arriving in Walton, final funeral exercises were held in the boyhood home of Corporal Ames, and there his body now reposes. The expenses incident to his burial were borne by the different organizations in which he was interested, under the direction and instance of the Willie Grout Camp, S. O. V. Many generous gifts were made, perhaps none more so than that of Sessions & Sons, undertakers, who donated their services.

Thomas Francis Keevan.—Westboro did not send many representatives into the Cuban strife, but of the few one was Private Keevan, a native of the town and a son of Thomas and Ellen (Burns) Keevan, born May 17, 1873. The father had been a soldier in the Rebellion days, being a member of Company I of the 50th, the company which has been known for many a year as the "Emmets." Thomas Francis had his schooling in his birth town and became, in due time, a machinist. It was in this capacity that the war found him, and the services of the father so long before prompted the son to go and do likewise; thus we find him in the ranks of the "Wellingtons." With his fellows he did his duty to the end, and when he reached Westboro on his return, he met a re-

ception whose memories linger yet among those who had a part, or beheld the enthusiasm which greeted the home-coming of the young man. But the inevitable illness which accompanied the Cuban campaigners seized him, and for five months he languished, a victim of the fever so fatal to many. Though he partially recovered, it was only to linger weak in body and deranged in mind till April 12, 1901, when,

George Warren Hodgins.—One of the older men of the Company, seemingly Hodgins should have endured the hardships of war better than the majority, but he succumbed earlier than many and was among those left on the Island when the regiment returned. The son of William and Eliza (Nason) Hodgins, he was born on a farm in Calais, Maine, March 17th, 1864, during that battle summer which sealed the

Corp. M. F. Ames. William C. Green. Corp. C. M. Haye.
F. H. Hakanson. G. W. Hodgins.

by his own hand, he hastened his departure from this world. Though the word suicide is applied to his going, there was no responsibility on his part; the blame goes further back, to the privations of his stay in Cuba. His body rests in St. John's Cemetery, Worcester, where the grave is annually visited by his surviving comrades.

fate of the Confederacy, though he was not the son of a veteran, since a defect in his father's right eye prevented his enlistment. Boyhood was given to farm work and the public schools, with a short time in a shop in Calais, till the winter of 1883-'84, when he took a course in Eastman's Business College of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The fall of

1885 found him in Worcester, where in the shop of F. E. Reed Co. he learned the trade of machinist. He remained here four years, going then to the employ of L. Robbins, where he had charge of the planing work till late in 1896. He was a call member of the Fire Department and was considered a most efficient man. His name is recalled with fervor to this day at the Beacon Street engine house. Then for a year and a half he was with his father in Maine, coming back to F. E. Reed's shop, March 1st, 1898, where the war found him. He died Sept. 12th, aboard the transport Missouri, when on his way home, his body receiving ocean burial. It is remembered by an officer of the Company that when, on enlisting, the recruit was asked the name of a friend to whom his name and data should be sent in case of death, Hodgins said: "That is a good idea, for I have no expectations of coming home alive." A member of Salem Square Congregational Church, now merged with Union, he was a most exemplary soldier. His mother died in 1887. His father survives at the age of seventy-six years, and a brother and sister live in this city.

Harvey Randall.

Harvey Randall was born in Montpellier, France, Nov. 28th, 1877, the son of American parents, then in this foreign land, said parents being Dr. Merton Orlando and Myra (Hubbard) Randall. Dr. Randall is a resident of Pasadena, California, and there his son received his education, graduating from the high school of that city in 1897. He came east that he might learn the trade of machinist, being in the employ of F. E. Reed Co. Dr. Randall was not of military age during the Rebellion, but our young soldier had martial relatives in that he was related to the late Dr. J. Oramel Martin of Worcester, an army surgeon in 1861.

Randall was the Company musician, and his was the bugle call which summoned the men when the alarm from Las Guasimas startled the bathers at Siboney. The rigors of Cuban life quickly told on Private Randall, and his was one of the early deaths in the Company, his body remaining in Cuban soil till the return of soldierly remains later in the season. Its final burial is in the family lot at Norwich, Chenango County, New York. That a bright, hopeful young life should be thus summarily ended, is deeply distressing and doubly so when we reflect that more adequate care and attention on the part of the government might have prevented this and many similar tragedies.

Charles Maxwell Haye was another gift of the Empire State to Massachusetts and the nation. The son of Chas Maxwell and Matilda M. (Rider) Haye, he was born in Chazy, Clinton County, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1877. His education was that of the public schools of his native State, terminating, as far as the schools were concerned, in the high school of Plattsburg. His occupation was that of a machinist, and latterly had worked as an electrician, though at the time of his enlistment he was in the employ of Braman, Dow & Co., steam fitters. He was well known

among cyclists, and at one time had worked for the Speirs Manufacturing Co. He had been a member of H Company for some time, and was known as an athlete, being one of the largest men, physically, in the organization, and in its basketball contests he was a star player. At one time he was a reporter on the Worcester Telegram, and that journal ascribes to him an excellent degree of industry and faithfulness. He was ill when the Mobile reached Montauk, and was taken to the hospital, where he steadily grew worse, no efforts on the part of the physicians being able to stay his disease. He died Sept. 3d, and his body was taken for burial to the National Cemetery of Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, N. Y. Though afar from the scenes of active life, his comrades do not forget him, and each Memorial Day, at their expense, flowers are laid upon his grave. His mother resides in Lowell.

Silas Undergrave.—When the call for enlistments came, among the many responding were two brothers from Millbury. Though of French extraction, they were American born and had passed through the usual routine of public school life. They were pleased enough at being accepted by the officers of the "Wellingtons," and with high hopes they marched away from the city on that morning in early May. However, when they came to face the examination in Camp Dewey, as in Bible days, one was taken and the other left. Silas was, as he thought, the lucky one, while Fred returned to Worcester. Both were sons of Silas Undergrave of Millbury, where Silas was born, Feb. 14th, 1872. When the war began he was working as a baker on Norwich Street. With his fellows, he had the ups and downs of Camp Dewey, Lakeland, Tampa and the Cuban campaign, but was one of the first to yield to the attack of fever, and was the very first Worcester volunteer to die on the far-off Island. A victim of typhoid, he passed away August 1st, almost before the real trials of the Cuban stay had begun. After its repose for months in Cuba, his body was returned to his country and now rests in the Catholic Cemetery of Millbury.

AT PRESENT.

The following is a list of the surviving members of the Company during the war, and, so far as possible, the present residence and occupation of each man. Unless otherwise stated, the state is Massachusetts, the place Worcester.

Captain Charles S. Holden, manufacturer, Common Council.
First Lieutenant Edward B. Fish, manufacturer, Rochester, N. H.
Second Lieutenant Harry T. Gray, merchant.
Sergeant Charles E. Monroe, electrician, New York city.
Sergeant Clarence E. Smith, assistant superintendent.
Sergeant Harry C. Young, bookkeeper.
Sergeant Dexter E. Brigham, produce dealer.
Sergeant Frederick B. Jordan, merchant.
Sergeant Frank L. Vaughn, bookkeeper.
Corporal Joseph L. King, 25 Merrick.
Corporal William H. King, electrician, Boston.
Corporal Albert B. Scott, entertainment bureau.
Corporal Albert F. Love, regulator.
Musician William H. Wood, Jr., clerk, Boston.
Artificer Archie L. Purinton, locksmith.
Wagoner Louie S. Jones, salesman, Rochester, N. Y.

PRIVATES.

Walter G. Adams, foreman.
John D. Allen, piano-maker, Springfield. Real name, *Ahlin.*
Harry C. Amell, Fire Department.
Will O. Bachelor, draughtsman, Harvey, Ill.
Joseph A. Barrett, barber.

William MacC. Bond, U. S. A.
Herbert A. Coates, engineer.
Clarence E. Cook, laundryman.
Joseph DeMarco, banker and notary public.
Charles H. Ditson, carpenter, Sutton.
Otto L. Fagerstrom, U. S. A.
Charles J. Flint, machinist.
Chester M. Fuller, piano-tuner, Boston.
Thomas H. Gagnon, collector.
Joseph S. Gendron, reporter.
George C. Gilmore, foreman.
John H. Gilmore, wool-sorter.
Willis Gleason, real estate.
Frank M. Hill, painter.
Walter F. Hooker, belt-maker.
Frederick R. Jefferson, clerk.
Jeremiah W. King, fireman.
Franz H. Krebs, Jr., lawyer, Boston.
Everett W. Lawrence, laundryman.
Joseph T. Lindsey, pattern-maker.
John C. MacKay, clerk, Spencer.
Malcom W. MacNiven, cook, Boston.
Dexter Miner, buffer.
Henry M. Mirick, fireman.
Henry A. Mower, foreman.
John B. Nault, machinist, Boston.
Albert E. Newton, draughtsman.
Arthur J. Paradis, last-maker.
Albert W. Pratt, U. S. A.
James F. Quilty, clerk.
Charles P. Reynolds, mill hand.
Geo. L. Shedd, clerk, New York city.
Charles F. Sleeper, conductor.
William H. Stiles, woodworker, Newcastle, Ind.
Fred W. Taft, agent, Webster.
Clarence W. Thompson, bookkeeper.
Albert H. Tourtelotte, shoe-cutter, Lynn.
George L. Trudel, pressman.
Edgar H. Vosburg, machinist.
John C. Ware, bookkeeper.
Leaver Whittaker, expressman.

MUSTER-IN ROLL OF COMPANY H, 2D REGIMENT, MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR TWO YEARS FROM MAY 9, 1898, UNLESS SOONER DISCHARGED.

[The data, in order, cover rank, name, age, birthplace and occupation.]

CAPTAIN.

Charles S. Holden, 41, Holden, manufacturer.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Edward B. Fish, 27, Worcester, merchant.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Harry T. Gray, 22, Ayer, bookkeeper.

SERGEANTS.

Charles E. Monroe, 26, Shrewsbury, electrician.
Clarence E. Smith, 24, Worcester, clerk.
Harry C. Young, 26, Providence, R. I., jeweler.
Dexter E. Brigham, 38, Shrewsbury, merchant.
Frederick B. Jordan, 22, Worcester, bookkeeper.
Frank L. Vaughn, 29, Waitsfield, Vt., bookkeeper.

CORPORALS.

Marvin F. Ames, 29, Walton, N. Y., lawyer.
Joseph L. King, 22, Worcester, bookkeeper.
William H. King, 19, Worcester, electrician.
Charles M. Haye, 21, Chazy, N. Y., steam fitter.
Albert B. Scott, 31, Worcester, organ-maker.
Albert F. Love, 22, Worcester, piano-maker.

MUSICIANS.

Harvey Randall, 20, Montpellier, France, machinist.
William H. Wood, Jr., 25, Boston, clerk.

ARTIFICER.

Archie L. Purinton, 25, Shrewsbury, locksmith.

WAGONER.

Louie S. Jones, 23, East Douglas, salesman.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Walter G., 24, Worcester, butcher.
Allen, John D., 19, Worcester, photographer. Real name, *Ahlin*.
Amell, Harry C., 20, Montpelier, Vt., clerk.
Bachelor, Will O., 19, Hopkinton, draughtsman.
Barrett, Jos. A., 32, Springfield, barber.
Bond, William MacC., 18, Worcester, insurance.
Buck, Chas. E., 20, Worcester, student.
Clarke, Earle E., 21, Uxbridge, butcher.
Coates, Herbert A., 21, St. Andrews, N. B., housesmith.
Cook, Clarence E., 29, Woonsocket, R. I., laundryman.
DeMarco, Joseph, 25, Potenza, Italy, notary public.
Ditson, Charles H., 20, Somerset, Me., carpenter.
Fagerstrom, Otto L., 21, Werland, Sweden, plater.
Farmer, Allie L., 19, Worcester, student.
Flint, Charles J., 22, Worcester, shipping clerk.
Fuller, Chester M., 22, Worcester, salesman.
Gagnon, Thomas H., 25, Hopedale, collector.
Gendron, Joseph S., 21, Baltic, Conn., salesman.
Gilmore, George C., 22, Hamilton, Iowa, clerk.
Gilmore, John H., 25, Worcester, woolsorter.
Gleason, Willis, 26, Brookfield, engineer.
Green, William C., 20, Worcester, bootmaker.
Hakanson, Fabian H., 20, Worcester, clerk.
Hill, Frank M., 26, Winchendon, clerk.
Hodgins, George W., 34, Calais, Me., machinist.
Hooker, Walter F., 22, Worcester, clerk.
Jefferson, Frederick R., 26, Hamilton, Canada, clerk.
Keevan, Thomas F., 25, Westboro, machinist.
Kimball, Alston D., 25, Southbridge, salesman.
King, Jeremiah W., 19, Worcester, gardener.
Krebs, Franz H., Jr., 29, Boston, student.
Lawrence, Everett W., 19, Worcester, printer.
Lindsey, Joseph T., 19, Prospect, Me., carpenter.
MacKay, John C., 20, London, England, farmer.
McLaughlin, John J., 23, Worcester, brazer.
MacNiven, Malcom W., 24, Cohoes, N. Y., printer.
Miner, Dexter, 20, Worcester, nickel plater.
Mirick, Henry M., 29, Princeton, inspector.
Moore, John J., 22, Worcester, wireworker.
Moran, John M., 20, Brookfield, shoemaker.
Mower, Henry A., 38, West Brookfield, manufacturer.
Nault, John B., 22, Woodstock, Conn., machinist.
Newton, Albert E., 20, Worcester, machinist.
Paradis, Arthur J., 25, Montreal, Canada, last-maker.
Pratt, Albert W., 24, Worcester, clerk.
Quilty, James F., 19, Worcester, clerk.
Reynolds, Charles P., 18, Montville, Conn., mill hand.
Shedd, Geo. L., 24, Boston, collector.
Sleeper, Charles F., 21, Warren, machinist.
Stiles, William H., 33, Bridgewater, Vt., cabinet-maker.
Taft, Fred W., 30, Hingham, salesman.
Thompson, Clarence W., 20, Worcester, electrician.
Tourtelotte, Albert H., 25, Spencer, shoe-cutter.
Trudel, George L., 26, Albany, N. Y., printer.
Undergrave, Silas, 25, Millbury, baker.
Vosburg, Edgar H., 28, Ellenburg, N. Y., machinist.
Ware, John C., 22, Holliston, bookkeeper.
Whittaker, Leaver, 19, Worcester, wood-worker.

Captain Jeremiah J. Moynihan.

First Lieut. John F. Hurley. Second Lieut. William E. McCann.

EMMET GUARDS COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

EMMET GUARDS, COMPANY G, 9TH REGIMENT, M. V. M.

DEVOTEDLY, enthusiastically American, the "Emmets" never forget their Irish origin nor the patriot whose name they bear, but the Company, with all its history, was not the first Worcester military organization that, in donning the blue, did not forget the green. There were heroes before Hercules. As early as 1852, Worcester Hibernians, in organizing the Jackson Guards, really became the first martially arrayed Irishmen in Massachusetts.

In battling for himself, or, as is more often the case, for another, a true son of Erin ever did enjoy the din of arms. With the Household Troops in French array at Fontenoy, or with Sarsfield at Boyne Water, he fought no more valiantly than with Wellington at Waterloo, and in the Irish Ninth at Fredericksburg. Fifty-two years ago, people of Irish birth in Worcester were not so numerous as in later times, but racial traits were just as strong then as now; many a lad from the Evergreen Isle was ready to be the Minstrel Boy in fact as well as fancy, and, ere another decade had sped away, the local bard might truly sing that his Worcester boy

> "to the war has gone,
> In the ranks of death, you'll find him;"

for, among the would-be soldiers who, in the heated nights of August, 1852, met in Fenwick Hall to organize a military company, were men and boys who ten years later were to seal with their life's blood their devotion to this their newly made home.

1852.

Fortunately for history's sake, Worcester has not been lacking in those disposed to note the passing event, and Richard O'Flynn has long been her Irish Old Mortality, ready to keep legible the ancient inscription and to record the happenings of each recurring day. Equally quick to recognize the merit of records already made and tireless in their transcription, he has become a thesaurus of Irish fact in and for the Heart of the Commonwealth. It was a lucky thing that the records of the early meetings of the Jackson Guards fell into the hands of the late Andrew Athy, and of equal good fortune was it that Mr. O'Flynn was ready and able to copy each and every word for the sake of posterity. It was August the 9th, 1852, that the first gathering was had in Fenwick Hall, and among those who signed the roll, on that opening night, was Andrew Athy himself, and he was a member when the Guards were summarily disbanded less than three years later.

The opening sentence of these records is: "The adopted citizens of Worcester held a meeting at Fenwick Hall to take into consideration the propriety of forming a militia company." Then or later the members voted that the object of the organization was to uphold and advance the Constitution of the United States, that the standard stature for members be five feet and seven inches, that no man should be proposed for membership unless of good character and position, and that any one belonging to the Guards seen publicly drunk "shall be dealt with by his comrades." At the third meeting, August

16, it was voted that the Company be called the Jackson Guards, a tribute to Old Hickory, whose Irish antecedents evidently had impressed these later arrivals from Hibernia. At the same meeting a committee of three was appointed to wait upon General George Hobbs, the local representative of the militia, and present to him their petition for recognition. Owing to a lacking in the proper number of signatures, the General declined to receive the document. The necessary names were soon secured and the precious paper was intrusted to the care of Staff Officer Colonel W. A. Williams, who promised to present it to the Governor, then George S. Boutwell, and to give the project his support.

But the military ambitions of our young Irishmen were not to be easily realized, for at the eleventh meeting, September 10, in the presence of a large number of people, it was announced that the Governor had refused to grant the petition, on the grounds that the expression "adopted citizens" was objectionable. Eloquence was not wanting at this stage of proceedings and many proclaimed their determination

Andrew Athy
January 1, 1832—May 15, 1898.

to never, no never, support the Democratic party again, the Governor then being of that political strain, a result of the famous first coalition, but wise counsels prevailed, a committee was appointed to present to the Governor an amended petition, and, from subsequent events, it may be supposed that rancor against the Democratic party gradually cooled. With the amended document, signed by fifty members, another effort was made to join the militia, and this entry for September 21st tells the story of success:

> The deputation waited on Governor Boutwell, the 21st Sept.; were introduced by W. F. Kelly, Esq., of Boston. The Governor received the deputation kindly, told them that there was no action taken on the former petition, and that our request should be attended to. We got the charter at last. It was sent the same evening to General Hobbs.

Hence the 21st of September may be taken as the birthday of Irish militarism in Massachusetts, and the date is significant, for the same numerals indicate a freeman's majority.

The earliest drill room was in the stone edifice on Front Street, now numbered 236, and occupied by James E. Guerin, druggist; later the Company drilled in what was known as Warren Hall on Pearl Street, now a billiard room. The first drillmaster was Major F. G. Stiles, then an active member of the Light Infantry, now President of its Veterans. Permanent officers were elected October 15th, and Michael O'Driscoll was the first Captain. Of the career of the Guards in subsequent months, how they were drilled by Adjutant, afterwards Lieut.-colonel, J. M. Studley of the 51st, how they purged themselves of unworthy members and of their general progress, it would be interesting to write, but it is rather of their successors that this sketch is to treat. However, space must be taken to state that their contemporaries and associates in the militia did not receive them kindly, and they had no end of the fiercest prejudice to encounter. There was no attempt to impugn their military bearing, nor their worthiness as soldiers, but they were a later importation than their critics, hence the objectionable epithets applied to them when they appeared upon the muster field. "Paddies" was a word frequently in the mouths of their traducers, and certain companies even refused to appear in line with the Jacksons, but the proper officers speedily took that spirit out of the objectors, and in the matter of excellence in drill, the honors by no means lay with the "earlier here."

In 1853 the annual muster was at Leominster, and was marked by certain discourtesies disagreeable to experience, but the culmination of prejudice and hatred came at the Longmeadow muster of 1854. This was the year of "Native American" bitterness and certain companies of the 8th Regiment proclaimed their intention to drive the "Paddies" from the field. The Colonel of the 8th very kindly informed Captain O'Driscoll of the plot, and the latter prepared his "boys" for the scrimmage by giving to each one twenty rounds of ball cartridges, to be carried on the person, not in their regulation boxes. Somehow knowledge of this fact became known to the bucolic companies, and their anxiety for a scrap with the Irish lessened rapidly and had no actual manifestation. After fifty years, we can sympathize with the words of a contemporary when he said, "It was indeed a matter of thanksgiving that no attack was made," for the men who subsequently fought for the flag on so many fiercely contested fields would not have yielded a single inch. The discretion of their detractors was commendable.

Unfortunately, the lines of the Jackson Guards had fallen on the evil days leading up to the famous Know-Nothing spasm in national life. In 1854 this party, proclaiming its determination to exclude all foreigners from political privileges, triumphed at the polls and sent a practically unanimous Legislature to Boston and elected as Governor Henry J. Gardner. One of the refrains of the campaign was the disbandment of the Irish companies in the militia, and in due time the promise was kept.

Early in January, 1855, Governor Gardner, with the consent of the Council, issued the order disbanding Irish companies in Boston, Lawrence, Lowell and Worcester, seven in all. Great was the indignation of the parties chiefly affected, and other people blushed that race and creed should form barriers to the performance of military duty. Of course the "Jacksons" met and protested, but as Colonel John Hay has said in verses of a later day,

Richard O'Flynn.
Antiquarian and "Emmet" Historian.

"You may resolute till the cows come home,"

they could not overcome the stubborn fact that as militiamen they no longer existed. The Adjutant-general of the Commonwealth, Ebenezer Stone, came to the city February 17th, and, having broken into the Company's armory, removed all of the public property and carried it to the railroad station for transportation to Boston. It should be stated that the men had refused to give up their arms and equipments. The spoliation of the Armory having been learned by Captain O'Driscoll, he hastened to secure a warrant for the arrest of General Stone, but the officer was speedily released on bail by Mayor Geo. W. Richardson. February 20th, there was an indignation meeting in Fenwick Hall, the very place where the Company was organized, and speech was rife and earnest over the untimely end, though the outcome was the conclusion to let the matter drop, a committee having already waited upon Benjamin F. Butler of Lowell, subsequently the famous officer and statesman, who advised them thus, since the Governor had the power to do as he had done. Here the matter ended, but the memory rankled for many a long day. In the light of later history, when so large a number of these despised Irishmen gave their lives for their adopted country, such a story as that outlined seems almost incredible. At least ten of the names borne on the rolls of the "Jacksons" reappeared on that of the "Emmets" when the latter Company, under Major Chas. Devens, in April, 1861, marched away for Baltimore. A large proportion of the men served in some capacity between Fort Sumter and Appomattox.

The following is the executive action covering the disbandment of the several companies:

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Executive Department,
Council Chamber, Jan. 12th, 1855.

The Committee on the Militia to whom was referred by His Excellency the Commander-in-chief the report made to him by the Adjutant-general in regard to the composition of certain military companies mentioned in said report, the communication of Thomas Cass, Captain of Co. B, of the 5th Regiment of Artillery, and also a communication from B. F. Edmands, Major-general of the 1st Division of the militia of the Commonwealth, with other accompanying documents, have considered the matter referred to them, and report that, from the evidence furnished them, they believe the several companies named in the report of the Adjutant-general are composed of persons "foreigners or of foreign extraction;" that His Excellency as Commander-in-chief has the power legal and constitutional to disband any military company,

with the advice and consent of the Council, and that for the reasons so strongly set forth in the inaugural address of His Excellency, it is expedient that all of said companies be disbanded.

ALBERT H. NELSON,
Chairman of the Committee.

The order of disbandment is as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
HEADQUARTERS,
BOSTON, Jan. 12th, 1855.

General Order No. 2.

The Commander-in-chief having approved the above advice of Council, orders: That Companies B, F and H of the 5th Regiment of Artillery, Company C of 3d Battalion of Light Infantry, Company A of 5th Regiment of Light Infantry, Company G of 7th Regiment of Light Infantry, and Company D, 8th Regiment of Light Infantry, be, and the same are hereby disbanded; and that the commissioned officers, by reason of such disbanding, be honorably discharged after the return of such arms, equipments or other property in their possession as belong to the Commonwealth, to the Adjutant-general, or such officer as he shall authorize to receive the same. Major-generals William Sutton, George Hobbs and B. F. Edmands are charged with the execution of this order, so far as it relates to the companies under their respective commands.

By the order of His Excellency
HENRY J. GARDNER,
Governor and Commander-in-chief.
EBENEZER W. STONE,
Adjutant-general.

The work of time in righting the wrongs of yesterday is well illustrated in the fact that a statue in bronze of Thomas Cass now stands in the Public Gardens of Boston, not so far from the spot where his Company last paraded. He died at the head of his regiment, the Ninth, on bloody Malvern Hill, July 12th, 1862. Somehow there is in all this a reminder of the builders and the rejected stone. Worcester's Jackson Guards were Company D of the 8th Regiment.

1859.

Though temporarily suppressed, Irish love of the bugle call with the answering quickened step could not be held in abeyance always, so four and a half years afterwards we find the sons of Erin again organizing a military company. Had the newspapers of the day a small part of the enterprise of the present, we should not be lacking the exact date and place of meeting, but "June, 1859," is as near as the word of tradition has it. However, that painstaking annalist, Richard O'Flynn, has picked up somewhere a leaf from records of the Company and duly filed it away, and upon the same we may read: "Worcester, July 8, 1860. First Annual Meeting of the Emmet Guards." Either the organization in June, so stated, is wrong or the men arbitrarily took the foregoing date as their natal day. Only two leaves, apparently, of the original records are in existence and these happily Mr. O'Flynn has secured. They are of dates in 1860 and '61. On organizing, Matthew J. McCafferty, subsequently a prominent figure in Worcester and Massachusetts affairs, was made captain. Evidently the new soldiers got to work at once, and we find them marching, drilling, parading and tripping the "light fantastic" as men in uniform have done from time immemorial. They took the name of the Irish leader who, tried and executed for his participation in rebellion to British rule in Ireland, gave before his judges, ere sentence of death was pronounced, one of the most eloquent speeches ever uttered. For more than a century school boys have spoken the dying words of Robert Emmet, and to-day they are just as eloquent as when they fell from the lips of that orator and patriot.

Though in 1859 Know-Nothings rode on their raids no more and, under the lead of Governor N. P. Banks, Massachusetts was putting herself in excellent shape for the coming trial of war, the "Emmets" did not become a part of the State's military arm till 1861. Their industry in the drill-room had not been in vain, and when troubles in Charleston Harbor began to foreshadow open hostilities, and the militia of the Commonwealth was arraying itself for the struggle, this excellently equipped Worcester Com-

pany, not in the militia, volunteered its services to Governor John A. Andrew. Such action was all the more creditable since these young men had grown to honor one political party, and to heartily dislike another. Though the latter was in power, when it came to an issue between union and disunion, with them there was not one moment of hesitation, and they readily offered all that they had, saying that they were ready to march at an hour's notice. M. S. McConville was the Captain, his First Lieutenant was Dwight Foster, tendered to the "Emmets" a place in the militia with immediate service, under the National Government. The Company was at once called together, the proffer was unanimously accepted, and the very next night, after the election of officers, or the 20th of April, as Company C of the 3d Battalion of Rifles, the "boys" were on their way to the seat of impending war, having as their associate companies the City Guards of Worcester and the Holden Rifles, better known among their friends as the

"EMMET" HEROES KILLED AT COLD HARBOR JUNE 3, 1864.

Michael O'Driscoll of the "Jacksons," and the Second Lieutenant was M. J. McCafferty, recently Captain, and who years before had been offered the command of the "Jacksons." Thos. O'Neill, later to fall at the head of a company in the 25th, was Third Lieutenant, and Maurice Melaven was Fourth. According to the story as told by the late Major McCafferty himself, Governor Andrew, through Attorney-general "Rare Ripes," and it is worthy of mention that the "Emmets" and "Holdens," now marching to meet a common foe, were old-time rivals when the men from the hills objected to the presence of the men with a brogue.

Were the whole story of the "Emmets" in the War of the Rebellion to be told here, there would be no space left for the recital of later deeds. It must suffice to state that their three months'

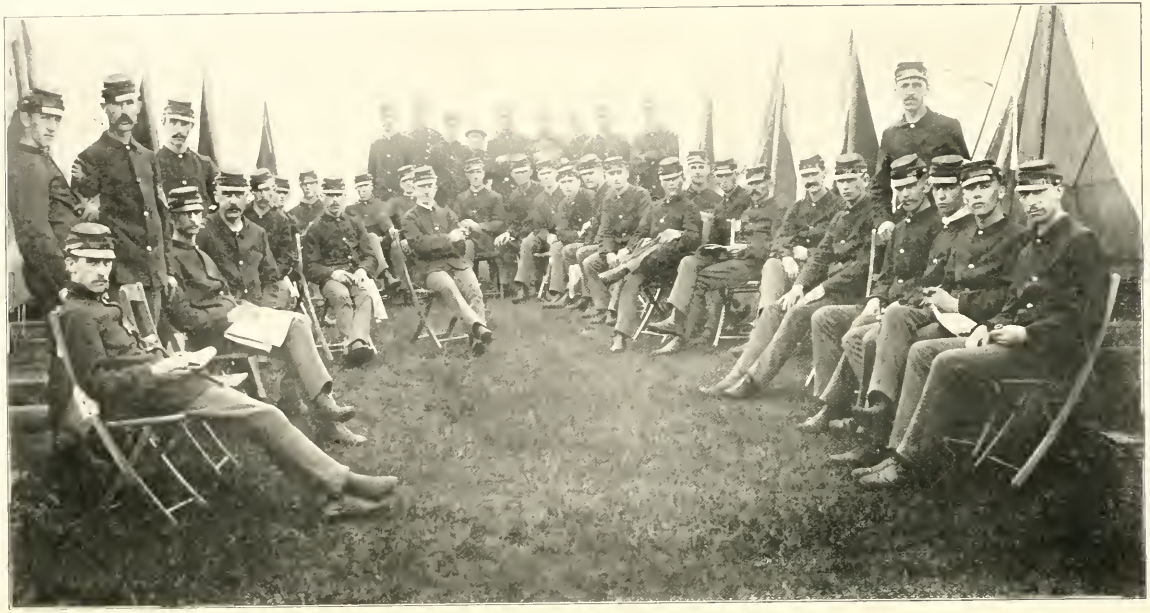
services were followed by years of stubborn fighting throughout the war. They formed the nucleus of Company E in the 25th, of Company I in the 50th, and, as individuals, they enlisted in all branches of the service and in almost every State organization. Wherever they went, whether as officers or enlisted men, they gave good accounts of themselves, and effectually disproved every aspersion of those wretched days in the Know-Nothing fifties. How well they fought let the stories of O'Neill, Daly and McConville tell. Captain "Tom" O'Neill, with his dying message to his mother of devotion to country, and with the folds of the flag pressed to his lips as he passed, will long remain an object lesson for Americans, whether of native or foreign birth. "Three of them," said General Josiah Pickett, "went down in the single battle of Cold Harbor, and when I asked McConville if he knew me, as he lay there, his life blood fast ebbing away, he evidently recognized me, for he touched upon a theme often discussed among the officers, as he slowly and finally exclaimed, 'Seven conscripts and a man,' apparently recalling in his dying fancy some of our talk over our common dislike of conscripted recruits." All of the "Jacksons" have gone where there is no distinction of race nor creed, and, of the older generation of the "Emmets," only a few remain to enjoy the later honors which have been won by their sons.

The war period put an end to active home work under the name of "Emmets," but when the strife was over and the veterans came home once more, they and like-minded friends organized a military company which they called "the Sarsfield Guards," after that soldier of fortune who had served under French colors at Neerwinden and elsewhere in the Low Countries, losing his life finally at the battle of the Boyne in 1690, but, wherever fighting, always steadfast in his hatred of the British foeman. Joseph H. Corbett was their Captain, and, though under another name, they still aimed to carry along the older memories of the "Jacksons" and "Emmets." They were frequently seen in parade and they maintained all of their traditional pride in everything military.

1881.

Thus matters progressed till Monday, Nov. 21st, 1881, when in response to a call there assembled in Integrity Hall fifteen young men of Irish descent, who proceeded to organize a new company for military purposes and named it, like the one of twenty years before, the "Emmet Guards." These originators were among the representative men of their people in the city and they made an excellent start. Their first Captain was Joseph H. Corbett, late of the "Sarsfields," now merged or lost in the later Company. The First Lieutenant was John J. Hughes; the Second, William Regan, both of whom will be recognized as subsequent captains, and Thomas F. McGauley was treasurer. As an independent company they won laurels from their superb discipline and drill, but it was not till 1887 that the Company became a part of the active militia of Massachusetts. A company known as the Jackson Guards of another city in the Commonwealth had been disbanded by the Governor for inefficiency, so on May 10th, 1887, after more than thirty years, our Worcester successors of the original "Jacksons" came at last into their own. "Time at last makes all things even," etc. The situation was largely brought about by Colonel Fred W. Wellington, so long a prominent figure in the military affairs of Massachusetts. The first appearance of the "Emmets" in camp was at Framingham, July 19th, 1887, and they have been regular in their attendance since. On their return from this first camp, they paid a complimentary visit to Colonel Wellington to express their appreciation of his interest in their behalf. An honorary association was formed June 9th, 1887, just between the absorption into the State's forces and the journey to the first camp. Jeremiah

Jos. Marlow. J. J. Casey. W. E. McCann. —— Wm. Tone. P. Dorman. Wm. H. Spencer. D. C. Daly. E. W. Doherty
L. A. Grogan. M. F. Hines. M. M. Gallagher D. J. Moynihan.



P. F. Houlihan. J. F. Hurley. F. A. O'Leary. J. E. McCann. H. P. Foley. M. Carey. P. J. Rice. P. J. Corbett. J. J. Moynihan.
J. F. Duggan. M. A. Hackett. J. J. Toohill. M. J. Maher. F. T. Plunkett. Wm. M. Daly. A. McCurdy. R. M. Burns. J. J. Riordan.
M. Nugent. A. F. Doyle. M. W. Carroll. D. J. Sullivan. M. J. O'Brien. W. J. Booden. J. J. Grady. J. F. Connolly.

THE "EMMETS" AT THEIR FIRST CAMP, 1887.

Murphy was chairman, Richard O'Flynn was secretary, and he was subsequently elected historian, a position which he has filled with credit to himself and honor to the Company.

With the "Emmets" in the piping times of peace, this narrative has little to do. The careful annalist keeps record of all games, contests, dances, excursions and episodes of whatever nature, but the printed story deals chiefly with the Company's experience when, in battle array, it stood for the flag and the rights of a people long oppressed and long struggling to free themselves from foreign rule.

1898.

Though the wreck of the Maine was lying beneath the waters of Havana Harbor and distant baying of the dogs of war was distinctly heard, the annual observance of the birthday of Robert Emmet was held in March, as of yore. On the 3d, or the eve of the day itself which chances to coincide with that of America's Presidential inaugural, the actives heard an eloquent address in Mechanics Hall, wherein the Rev. Geo. W. Pepper of Cleveland, Ohio, set forth the merits of the patriot and the wrongs of his country, while the veterans on the 4th, around the festive board, did equal justice to his memory. Perhaps the imminence of war gave added zest to the drills of March and April; certainly there was no falling off in the ardor of the citizen-soldier. When, on the 29th of March, they had their annual visit from the Inspector General, J. L. Carter, he accorded to the "Emmets" the very highest praise in that, to express his sentiments most mildly, there was not in Massachusetts a better company. Arrangements were made for the observance of the anniversary of the Company just as if there was no possibility of the intervention of grim-visaged war. At their Easter ball, given on the 11th of April, when one hundred and fifty couples joined in the festive occasion, that a distant cloud was in the sky appeared only in the refrain of certain stanzas which graced a page of the evening's programme, the final verse running thus:

"But if we must go to meet the foe,
And leave our dearest homes;
Then God have mercy on those Dons—
Sagastas or Delomes—
They will drop before our solid lines
Like brown leaves in the fall:
So make that countersign, 'rejoice'
At the Emmets' Easter Ball."

As April progressed, various rumors reached the city as to what the number of men in the companies would be in case of war and, unofficially, Captain Moynihan was advised to be ready to make his maximum one hundred men, but he did not deem it necessary to act upon this, for his waiting list gave token of no trouble in that direction. At a Company meeting, April 11th, it was voted unanimously to tender the services of Company G in case of war, and to notify Colonel Bogan, thus putting the "Emmets" first among Worcester volunteers. Sunday, April 24th, the Rev. Daniel F. McGillicuddy, at St. Stephen's Church, spoke with special reference to the impending duties before the Emmet Guards, and promised them the prayers of the faithful during all their service and perils.

The action of Congress looking to a war with Spain over the wrongs of Cuba was taken April 19th, a day laden with Massachusetts memories; President McKinley issued his proclamation calling for troops on the 23d, and Governor Wolcott followed with his call to the State troops on the 28th. All this time the Armory in Worcester was a scene of about all the excitement that any one edifice could hold. When not employed in their respective vocations, every actual and every would-be militiaman was at the Armory, either drilling, discussing the chances of war or trying to insure an opportunity for enrollment. When the "Emmets" came together, Monday the 25th, for their weekly drill, the crowd of interested people filled all the approaches to the shed, and that immense room they surrounded to the depth of many rows, thereby cutting down, materially,

Capt. J. J. Moynihan.
First Lieut. M. F. Hines. Second Lieut. J. F. Hurley.
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 1896.

the space required for drill and evolutions. At last Captain Moynihan was compelled to forcibly regulate the pressure of the crowd; at the same time there was a large force of the police present to assist in the maintenance of order. During the entire evening Corporal Corliss was in the Company room taking the names of those who wished to have a chance for service. Though married men were discouraged from enrollment, some insisted on their rights to go if they chose, and in some cases their names were written.

The evening of Friday, the 29th, brought out a great attendance at the Company room and the matter of volunteering was fully discussed. Lieutenant Hurley presided and spoke, setting forth the nature of the work before the

men and desiring to know how many would be willing to subscribe their names. Every member of the Company, except two, was present, and the absent ones sent word of their determination to volunteer. Not a man failed to sign his name, and the newly enrolled brought the number up to ninety-four, including the commissioned officers. Such was the enthusiasm that a good start towards a regiment could have been made there and then. While the Company had all along thought that the 9th Regiment would be the first called out, it soon appeared that the 2nd would report in camp earlier, but the "Emmets" were practically ready, and though each day and night they repaired to the familiar Armory, it was not so much for preparation as for talk and the comparison of notes. Thus Sunday, May 1st, while the other companies were in the midst of bustle and hurry, the "Emmets" rather made it a day of rest, and their quarters were less thronged than on any day since the interest began. The same was practically true of Monday.

Tuesday, the 3d of May, beheld the departure of the Worcester members of the 2d Regiment, and Company "G" had the pleasure of looking on and seeing how departure for actual war appeared. Many a time they had seen their fellows in the militia depart for the muster field and had given little thought to the sight, but this time they saw a city, as it were, let loose just because a few scores of men in uniforms were marching away with the idea of seeing actual service. Fully a generation of nominal soldiers had been marching and drilling without an opportunity to see what war was like, and now the time has come. As the departing "boys" with their escort went by, and the immensity of the throng disclosed itself, it would not be strange if some of the "Emmets" wondered if the turnout on the following day could equal that of the 3d. There was a throng at the Armory Tuesday evening which tested the capacity of the room. Captain Moynihan was constantly importuned for an opportunity to enlist; those who were sure of going were making the final arrangement for the morrow's departure. Meanwhile, in a banquet room, the honoraries of the Company were having a meeting, in which necessary preparation for the parade of the 4th was furthered. John J. Riordan presided and set forth the objects of the meeting. John F. O'Connor and John F. H. Mooney spoke with earnestness and eloquence, as also did Jeremiah Murphy, who had been one of the "Emmets" in the days of civil strife. John J. Coan, an honorary, presented each member of the Company a pocket prayer book.

Tuesday had been rainy in the extreme and all the night rain had fallen, but at daybreak the skies cleared up and the "Emmets" had the pleasure of leaving home in dry attire and in view of nearly every man, woman and child in Worcester. The enthusiasm which had started the day before, on Wednesday reached its acme. If the disagreeable weather had kept any one at home then, there was no such reason this day, and all were out. Before 8 a.m. the Company was at the Armory, every man finding something to do at this the final moment. The assembly was sounded by Nicholas J. Skerrett, the newly enrolled musician, and the response was immediate. Into the drill-shed marched the soldiers and formed on the east side. Opposite them were the honoraries, while the veterans were drawn up at the north end. When thus formed in a hollow square with the Company at "parade rest," one of its number appeared with the flag of Erin, the private property of the men, all joining in vociferous applause; but this was only a beginning of what followed when the Stars and Stripes appeared. A little later Mayor Rufus B. Dodge, Jr., entered, accompanied by the Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, General Josiah Pickett, General A. B. R. Sprague, Colonel R. H. Chamberlain and Colonel E. H. Russell, all of whom

HOLY CROSS BOYS IN FOREGROUND. DRILL-ROOM OF JACKSONS AT RIGHT

DEPARTURE OF THE "EMMETS," FRONT STREET, NEAR VIADUCT.

were received with cheers. At a command from Captain Moynihan, the Company knelt when the Rev. Father McGillicuddy offered prayer, every one uncovering. Then at "attention" the men stood and heard Father McGillicuddy in a brief address, and he was followed by Mayor Dodge and Mgr. Griffin.

With the management in the hands of Colonel Fred W. Wellington, it might be expected that the line would be formed on time. The Colonel had an efficient staff consisting of Chief, Lieutenant James Early; Surgeon, Dr. George W. McAleer; aids, Captain William Hickey, John J. Rogers, William J. Tansey, Patrick J. Bradshaw, J. Frank Quinn and John J. Riordan; Bugler, Peter F. Sullivan. Promptly at 9 o'clock a.m. the right of the line was taken by Post 10, G. A. R., under the command of Daniel E. Burbank, having one hundred and fifty men. Fifty Sons of Veterans came next, and after them three hundred Holy Cross students marched, they having secured a holiday for the occasion; they bore the college colors, viz., purple, and small national flags and all along the route they gave their college yells; there were ninety members of the Catholic Young Men's Lyceum, and sixty boys from St. John's Parochial School, while thirty boys of the Classical High School followed after; then came uniformed men of the Consolidated Street Railway, Knights of Columbus, St. Paul's Lyceum, three companies of the A. O. H., Father Mathew and St. John's Cadets, St. Anne's Temperance Society, seventy-five men of St. John's Guild; nearly one hundred members of the Honorary Company marched under the direction of John J. Riordan, Daniel Downey, William H. Toner, Francis P. McKeon and T. J. McAuliffe. The Emmet veterans were in command of Captain William J. Regan. After several carriages bearing citizens, was a barge having aboard forty children of St. John's Parochial School, who made themselves heard by their songs and cheers.

The Company was filled to its maximum, having seventy-four enlisted men and three commissioned officers. Everywhere along the route was a surging mass of humanity. Few people in Worcester let the day pass without a glance at the departing soldiers, and as for the families represented in the marching line, evidently no one had been left at home. As the "Emmets" passed the high wall in front of the Court House, they encountered the older pupils of the Thomas Street School, who saluted them with—

> "The Emmets are brave,
> The Emmets are true,
> The Emmets are all right,
> And the Red, White and Blue."

Then changing into the strains of "America" they continued till the soldiers were out of hearing. The buildings along the route were elaborately decorated, and from many a window came words of cheer as the line moved swiftly by. When passing the City Hall, on the southward way, the Company was presented a beautiful stand of colors by a committee of the Knights of Robert Emmet, consisting of Dr. John T. McGillicuddy, James Cunningham and Patrick O'Brien. This was done without formality, Captain Moynihan receiving the flag for the Company. At City Hall there was a large party of officials and friends who greeted the men with heartiest cheers. It was here that the band struck up an air dear to every Irish heart, and listeners went wild with delight as they caught the strains of "The Wearing of the Green." Soon the line wheeled into Front Street, always a difficult thing to do when excitement runs high. This time it required a deal of persuasion and some force on the part of the police to make the way clear for the departing Company, but it was done and the street became a gauntlet, not of foes, but of friends who wanted to say "good-by" to associates who were on their way it might be to battle and death. It is safe to state that the street never held more

people than when the "Emmets" marched through on the 4th of May, 1898. Throughout the progress "Couchee," the canine mascot of the Company, kept his place, evidently proud of the distinction accorded him, though no blandishment from the outside throng could draw him from the line. He plodded along as proud as any biped, wearing his blanket of green on which were the words, "I am going to Cuba; where are you going?"

Long before Union Station was reached, it had become a crowding, seething mass of humanity, every one intent on having a parting word or hand-shake with the "boys" as they embarked. Even car roofs and those of offices in the train shed had been preempted and every inch of space was occupied. It required the combined efforts of the police and certain well-placed and well-meaning friends to keep the crowds where a way might be made for the soldiers to clamber aboard the train. Personal partings had been had elsewhere, so there was no delay for last farewells, but now and then a handsome bouquet proclaimed that friends were determined that the recipients should not go away unremembered. While this scene is enacted, the bands, mindful of the proprieties, are playing "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and it was under the spell of such sounds that the train moved out, leaving the multitude satisfied that Worcester had given the "boys" a send-off that all concerned might well be proud of.

On reaching South Framingham, the march to Camp Dewey, already established by the 2d Regiment, was quickly made and cordial greetings were exchanged with the other Worcester boys who had preceded the "Emmets" by a single day. Tents were speedily occupied and very soon the chief subject of conversation became the impending examinations and the probabilities of an early departure for the scenes of conflict. In the evening came the first camp fire, and it was appreciated, not

EMMET GUARDS IN CAMP DEWEY

only for its cheerful light, but for its heat, quite comforting in this night of early May. Fifteen fires were lighted throughout the camp, each one using a cord of wood, the same being a gift from Colonel H. E. Converse of the Governor's Staff. Each day brings this contribution from the large-hearted officer, and the builders of each pile try to make theirs the highest. A topmost object they designate as Jack, and, as the fire blazes up, the men watch to see Jack fall and Jill come tumbling after.

Company G, as it made the trip from Worcester to camp, had the full number of men required, though several members of the Company had been discouraged from going on account of families and other cogent reasons. Following are the names of those who were in line and drew the merited applause of patriotic Worcester:

Captain, Jeremiah J. Moynihan,
First Lieut., Matthew E. Hines,
Second Lieut., John F. Hurley,
Sergeant, William E. McCann,
" Michael J. Horan,
" William F. Casey,
" Patrick J. Moynihan,
Corporal, John J. Corliss,
" Charles Degnan,
" Michael McCartin,
" John D. McSweeney,
" Thos. F. Lavin,
" James F. King,
Musician, Peter F. Sullivan,
" Nicholas J. Skerrett.

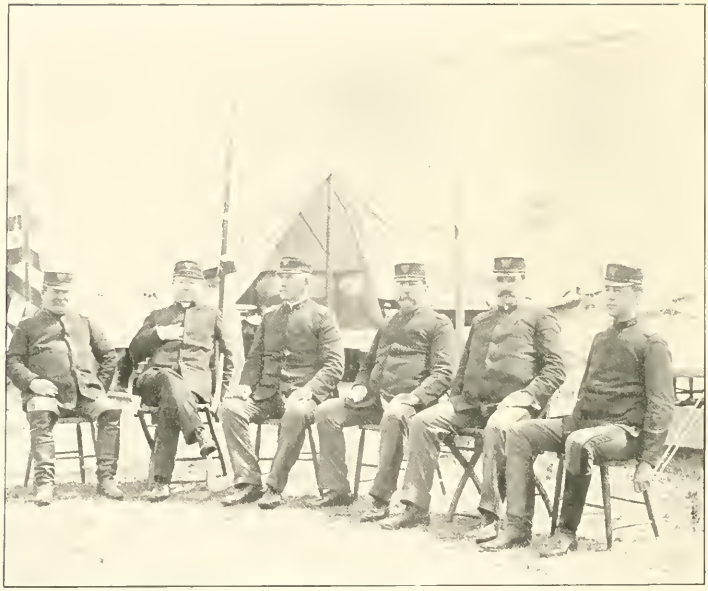
PRIVATES.

Patrick J. Prendiville, Timothy Leary,
John G. Green, Daniel W. O'Connor,
John Larkin, Edward R. Barker,
Thos. F. Kelliher, Bernard F. Campbell,
John E. Casey, Chas. E. Kenney,
Henry W. Baldwin, John F. Murphy,
Patrick J. Sullivan, James F. Sullivan,
Michael J. Flynn, James F. McTiernan,
Michael C. Brophy, Hugh McGuire,
James A. Casey, John E. Sullivan,
James F. Larner, Robert H. Rooney,
Frank H. Doran, John J. Creaven,
Thos. F. Wiseman, Henry Griffin,
James P. Holmes, Frank P. Doyle,
Henry Sullivan, Edward Brady,
Thos. F. Foley, James G. McGrath,
Frank E. Joyce, James M. Barrett,
John H. Sweeney, Frank Forrest,
John H. Horan, Daniel Gardner,
Geo. W. Brosnan, David J. Burke,
John Farrell,

RECRUITS.

Patrick D. O'Keefe, John O'Callahan,
Timothy J. Burns, Frank J. Gilchrist,
Michael Delaney, Frank Callahan,
Patrick Dolan, Thomas O'Brien,
John J. Fitzgerald, William H. Murphy,
James Connelly, Charles G. Corcoran,
Edward H. Ryan, Frank C. Leonard,
Edward Sullivan, Henry J. Martin,
Michael Garrett, John J. Lofius,
John A. Kennedy, Dennis Doyle,
Edward H. Lyons,

Thursday inducted the recruits into the pleasures of drill at the hands of the non-commissioned officers, and all were put through a setting-up exercise for the sake of the physical examinations which were pending. Though many times there, camp did not seem to the old timers as it had done in former years when all was jollity and fun. The Company street is adorned with a ten inch mortar shell, the gift to Privates John E. Casey and P. J. Sullivan by John O'Brien of South Framingham, the same having been picked up by him on Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, in 1862, he being at that time a member of the "Emmets." Commissioned officers had to appear first before the examination board, and when the Captain and his Lieutenants were seen returning they were objects of the most careful scrutiny by all the men. It soon appeared that Captain Moynihan and Lieutenant Hurley had passed the ordeal, but Lieutenant Hines had gone down, much to the regret of himself and all his friends. He had been in the Company from its reorganization in 1881, and he had moved up, step by step, to his Lieutenancy by force of merit. It seemed too bad that he should be thrown out, but the rules were inexorable and he would not apply for re-examination. Dr. J. T. McGillicuddy of Worcester visited the camp and looked over his



Maj. W. H. Donovan, Lieut.-Col. L. J. Logan, Quartermaster J. G. Fennesy.
Surgeon W. H. Devine. Major P. J. Grady. Adjt. J. I. Kelly.
FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS, NINTH REGIMENT, MASS., U. S. V.

"Emmet" friends, pronouncing them sound, in his opinion. Rain and the failure of their First Lieutenant to pass the examination, made the night in camp a dull one.

Friday and Saturday, the 6th and 7th, are memorable in that then the enlisted men of Company "G" had their trial at the hands of Lieutenant Weaver and Surgeon Magurn, and that all the original Company passed except four. Every non-commissioned officer went through and naturally the men felt not a little exalted, especially when they recalled the complimentary words of Lieutenant Weaver of the regular army. To make camp life a little easier, John J. Griffin of Worcester sent down twenty mattresses, and, to save the boys from excessive dampness, it is hinted that each one contained a sovereign specific against chills. In the distribution of gifts "Conchee" was not forgotten, for there was a bed, too, for him; and why not? He was already the best known party in Camp Dewey. There is a gradual straightening up in the matter of discipline and the regiment improves accordingly. That the vacant places may be filled at once, Lieutenant Hurley and Sergeant McCann go to Worcester for recruits. Lieutenant Hines went also, but he was not to return, and his old associates very properly gave him parting cheers and sang, "The Vacant Chair." It was hard work for the officer to command his feelings sufficiently to respond.

The first Sunday in camp for the "Emmets" was not an ideal one, as the wind blew a hurricane and, owing to some misunderstanding at home, the expected visitors did not materialize. Somehow, the impression had gone

abroad in Worcester that citizens would not be admitted to the camp, so they stayed away, but the soldiers had their religious service, and the Worcester men of the Ninth were conspicuous for their white gloves, overcoats and the prayer books so recently presented to them. The service was conducted in the mess-house, and Rev. Fr. J. D. Colbert of Hopkinton officiated in the absence of the Chaplain. An altar had been improvised at one end of the room and fully 1200 men were present, many attending from other regiments.

From this time forward till the last day of May, the Ninth was to be in a ferment of excitement as to when it was to depart, and what its destination. Hope deferred made many a heart sick, and the would-be fighters of Spain at times thought their lives in camp anything but what they had pictured real army life to be. However, there is something doing every day and very small items will create a deal of conversation. Many a time the regiment was on the point of leaving, but the next day found it still in Camp Dewey. On the 10th, Tuesday, Governor Wolcott made his appearance, was cordially greeted as he deserved, and every soldier wondered what his mission was. Whatever his errand, it did not seem to especially affect the status of the Ninth.

The formal celebration of the Company anniversary, due this day, and for which a committee had been appointed, was not had, more important business being in hand, but many of the boys thought of it just the same. However, Captain Moynihan was not allowed to forget it, since his fellow members of the Worcester police force sent down to him a brierwood pipe and a quantity of tobacco.

The next day, or the 11th, the "Emmets" were sworn into the U. S. service at 11 o'clock a.m. Many familiar faces were missed from the ranks and corresponding new ones appear. The failure of First Lieutenant Hines to pass the physical requirements resulted in the promotion of Second Lieutenant Hurley and the advancement of First Sergeant William E. McCann to the vacant place. Through these changes, Second Sergeant M. G. Horan became the orderly, and he made an excellent one. His comrades recite with pride the fact that, having committed to memory the names of all the "Emmets," from first to last, he never used a book, but at roll-call went through the entire list memoriter. In this respect, "G" Company was quite the equal of the regulars.

Had the Governor any power as an intercessor for the deposed officers, it was evident that he failed to use it. Private Brosnan is postmaster at the regimental headquarters, and Peter F. Sullivan becomes a member of the non-commissioned regimental staff, he being one of the two principal musicians. Fifty Knights of Robert Emmet came down from Worcester with a large silk national flag, which J. H. Halpin presented to the Company, wishing every one a successful campaign. Captain Moynihan happily accepted in an appropriate speech. The flag, however, had to be carried back to the "Emmet" rooms in the Armory, since it could not be borne by the Company.

The muster-in of the Ninth was accomplished five minutes before that of the Eighth, so it stood next to the Second in point of seniority, yet the rivalry was intense as to which should leave Camp Dewey first. Had our boys any way of influencing the War Department, they would have been off, with or without their full complement of men, and, as for equipments, they would have trusted to Providence for them. When they did get away, they found that some states had very little notion of what regiments should possess when they reported for duty. Happily, the leadership was not in the hands of the boys and they had to wait till the proper time came. During these days the "Emmets" heard the Articles of War read and explained, and the transition from Caterer James E. McNeil of Natick to Company cooks was effected. At breakfast, May 12th, be-

[illegible] Corcoran O'Keefe Steele McSweeney Corliss King Delany Creaven J. F. Murphy J. Connolly

M. J. Horan P. J. Moynihan Hugh McGuire. Frank Doyle. Tim Horan. Degnan J. F. Horan "Patsey" Powers
Michael McCarthy and "Couchee."

AN EMMET GROUP, CAMP DEWEY.

gan regular army rations and, though the caterer's dishes were used, abstinence from butter and milk was experienced. Timothy H. Burns, who had been in the regulars, was made chief cook, and Frank Doyle became his assistant. Visitors from the home city are numerous, and many of them do not forget to bring along items which cheer the hearts and minds of the soldiers.

The departure of the 2d Regiment on the 12th left a large vacuum on the camp ground and the Worcester boys were lonesome, for visiting had been a popular diversion among the companies from the Heart of the Commonwealth. Then came additional anxiety lest the Eighth should precede the Ninth in getting off, and when on the morning of the 13th, Colonel Pew's boys were seen striking their tents, those of the Ninth were nearly frantic, but when the movement developed into a simple exercise of striking and pitching tents, the overanxious lads cooled down a bit. Quartermaster Sergeant J. F. Corliss, who was promoted from the corporalcy, is becoming a very useful official, and, owing to his thoughtful services, the men are faring as to rations considerably better than those in some of the other companies. Evidently the Sergeant has talents in the hotel running line. At about 10 o'clock, in the evening of the 13th, a large part of the 8th Regiment, apparently, went wild in their expectation that they were to get away first, and were to go to Chickamauga. In their mad delight they tore through the streets of the Ninth, doing their best, in the language of the day, "to rub it in" to the boys who were to be left. Some of them packed up their superfluous effects and sent them off, so certain were they that the auspicious day for them had come. Perhaps there was no connection between this irruption of the Eighth and the desire of the "Emmets" to visit home, but many of them, with their friends of other companies, having left camp other than by the "straight gate," had to return under escort and to learn that United States soldiering is not fun, but downright business.

Saturday, the two regiments were reviewed by the Governor, and he was pleased to say pleasant words in behalf of the Ninth, to which Colonel Bogan replied.

The 15th brought another Sunday in camp and religious services were held in the open air, an altar having been arranged at Colonel Bogan's tent. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Fr. Michael Delaney of South Framingham. Again fully 1200 men were sincere worshippers, glad of an opportunity to testify of their obligations to God, but unpropitious rain cut out the parade which the Colonel was anxious to have in the afternoon. However, the visitors came and the dampness gave the boys a chance to loan hats and capes to the fair ones who otherwise might get dangerously wet, and many a lad laughed to see how Venus appeared when appareled in the armor of Mars. To Captain Moynihan, some thoughtful friend sent a box of Spanish cigars with the cheerful injunction, "Burn the Spaniards while waiting to eat them."

Once more it is the lot of the Ninth to say "good-by" to departing friends, since the Eighth really gets away on the 16th, and a larger vacancy than ever is evident on the "old camp ground." Our boys did the polite and gracious act in seeing their friends off, yet they could not suppress a wonder as to just what so much energy as they knew they possessed was held back for. However, there are less rivals on the field now and, in their new brown uniforms, they have oceans of space to gambol in. Worcester friends are not oblivious of the gnawing appetites of the men in camp, and accordingly, through Michael L. Russell, they send down a goodly quantity of pies and puddings. Possibly some of the people at home remembered the old ballad, and, knowing how badly the boys felt over being left, they thought they would give them a chance to sing:

"Hunks of cold pudding and pieces of pie,
My mamma gave to me if I would not cry."

To further relieve the melancholy of the hour, a tin pan concert or confusion is had and the ear detects amidst the din the words, "Remember the Maine, remember the Maine, the Irish Ninth, to h—l with Spain," the Sixth introducing such variation in the third line as their name and number suggest.

Tuesday is a dull day, there are rumors of going to Long Island and to the Philippines, and the Colonel declares his

LAWRENCE J. LOGAN,
Lieutenant-colonel Ninth Regiment, Mass., U. S. V.

readiness to go anywhere, but the necessary summons is not heard. Meantime there is drill for all and the soldiers make the best of it. Orders come for the going of the Sixth, and it looks as though the Ninth would be "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." In the evening, led by the regimental band under the direction of Chief Bugler James E. Sullivan, the whole regiment marched to the headquarters of the Sixth, and with that body appeared at Colonel Woodward's quarters, where they cheered him and the band played "Auld Lang Syne" and "Farewell," but from Colonel W. they got only a bow instead of a speech, for which they clamored. This sort of fun was kept up till long after "taps," and it took about all the authority the officers had to restore the quiet befitting a well-ordered camp.

Still continues the period of expectancy. The Sixth is packed ready for the final orders and the Ninth is as ever on the anxious seat. Their friends have come down from Worcester and returned so many times that "good-bys" have been worn almost threadbare. It is pleasant to meet them and to use the nice things which they bring, but it is a pretty dull kind of war. There is another last night of frolic with the boys of the Sixth, and poetic talent is drawn upon for rhymes like these:

"Oh Blanco, Blanco—Bunco rare,
Oh, you're an awful bluff;
But when the 9th will go down there
They'll make you cry, enough."

As usual, rumors are rife and in their minds the men are ordered to all parts of the habitable globe, and whatever the state of depression they never lack for subjects of conversation. Governor Wolcott makes his accustomed visit, giving commissions and advice to the regiment about to depart. It was late in the evening of the 19th that a man attempted to run the guard and a deal of excitement was the result. To the brilliant imagination he was a spy or emissary of Spain, bent on doing some mischief to the honest campers waiting for the word "go." Whatever he was, the episode was a boon to the camp, since it served for an offset to the tedium of waiting. To the heated imagination of some of the boys, a large slice of Cuba had by some hocus pocus been moved close by the guard line of Camp Dewey. Friday, the 20th, witnessed the going of the Sixth, and now the Ninth has the field all to itself, yet it is not proud thereat.

In the evening, to drive away dull care and to change the subject from Spanish spies et al., a dance is improvised, a real old-fashioned stag dance, and with music and the whirl of feet the hours pass from 7 to 10.30 p.m. Saturday, the 21st, comes Congressman Fitzgerald from Boston, and he is always entertaining. The spy fracas resolves itself into a bricklayer from Charlestown, somewhat off his "lay" through tarrying too long with the ruby. Sunday brought 10,000 visitors who enjoyed the dress parade of the regiment. The crowd was the largest of any since the opening of the camp, Worcester sending down a well-laden contingent to make happy the boys and to show the estimation in which they are held at home. The morning religious services were conducted by Chaplain Murphy, and in the improvised choir sang Daniel W. O'Connor, P. J. O'Keefe, Henry Martin and Sergeant P. J. Moynihan, all members of Company G. On Monday, the procuring of ten days' rations seemed to the men like anything but an immediate departure. The rules of camp are becoming more and more rigorous and every day the men are reminded that this is not an old-fashioned week's tour of duty. The regiment receives the gift of one thousand prayer-books from the Rev. P. M. O'Connor of Arlington, a brother of Major M. J. O'Connor of the Ninth. With those presented before leaving Worcester, the "Emmets" have a double portion. At battalion drill, owing to the absence of Major Donovan, Captain Moynihan has command and does his part handsomely.

On or about the 24th a large gang of camp followers or, better, hangers-on, are expelled and their room is much better than their company. By trading flour with a Natick baker for bread, Company G is well served, but frequent rains tend to make camp life too damp for comfort. Hearts were cast down, on the 25th, by the reception of orders directing the separation of the regiment and the locating of its several parts on the Rhode Island coast. Fortunately before such knowledge could seriously impair the average Ninth Regiment appetite, the disagreeable order was countermanded and men again breathed more freely, having found that some kinds of going were worse than staying. Incessant rains reduce the company street to the conditions told of by the fathers when they sampled Virginia mud in the sixties, but there is a chance for relief near by the sons, for they proceed to the vacated camp of the Eighth and, taking up the floors where tents had been, proceed to lay a wooden pavement for the good of the public; and this is all the more necessary, since rough weather has put many a foot through its shoe almost on the ground. The reception of a check for $50 by the Captain from James Logan of Worcester came most opportunely, and two boxes of shoes and some rubbers go far towards relieving immediate wants. A letter received from a friend in the Eighth, now in camp in Chickamauga, Ga., assures the boys of the Ninth that there are conditions worse than remaining in Camp Dewey.

Thursday, the 26th, brought an incident liable to happen when men are long in camp. A man, having a horse and wagon heavily loaded with what seemed to be army supplies, is discovered near the main entrance, and when an examination is made suspicions prove to be well founded. When the establishment is taken to headquarters and the entire contents inventoried, above half a ton of articles is found which clearly belong to the camp. They are placed in the care of Sergeant J. J. Corliss of the "Emmets" and the driver of the wagon is put into the guard house. The man claimed to have bought his load from different quartermasters of the regiment, but was unable to identify any of them. When brought before the civil court in South Framingham, he was fined $25 for his theft and his goods were confiscated.

The 27th, Friday, had contradictory orders, at first to proceed to Rhode Island, in half an hour to be coun-

First Sergeant M. J. Horan.

termanded, and more agreeable directions were given to make ready to go to Dunn-Loring, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, near Washington. Notwithstanding the rain, there is a dress parade at 5 p.m. Captain Moynihan is Officer-of-the-day, and during its hours he received from Worcester friends, for the benefit of the Company, a box of mending material, which is a gift in the right direction.

Now that orders have really come to send the regiment away, there is a dearth of cars and a wait is inevitable while conveyance is looked up. Meanwhile the boys are shining up each and every article of wearing apparel and their equipments, that the going forth may be up to the standard. A dense fog overspreads the camp in the evening of the 28th, but it does not prevent Patrick Powers, the boy servant of the Company, finding in the toe of one of the socks given him by the Captain, the same having been sent from Worcester, a crisp one-dollar bill. That the circle may be complete, a letter is received by the Captain asking who the lucky finder is. The 29th is Sunday, and all records of attendance of visitors are broken. The average of estimates of the number present is 20,000, and the last Sunday in camp is memorable. The afternoon incident was the presentation to the Ninth by the A. O. H., of Boston, of a set of colors through the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, and their reception by Colonel Bogan. The "Emmets" are enjoying a quantity of light underwear and socks sent down by the Volunteer Aid Association, seventy-five sets, the box arriving in the care of Police Inspector Patrick O'Day and William J. Tansey, secretary of the "Emmets" honorary corps. Monday, the 30th, saw little doing, save the reception of visitors, who pour in to have just one more handshake before the breaking up. It is Memorial Day elsewhere, but the present rather than the past holds the attention of soldiers in Camp Dewey.

Tuesday brings the last day of May, and also the very last day in camp. Smiling skies ushered in the 31st, and at 9.30 the tents went down, knapsacks were packed, and a "get ready" air pervaded everything. Noon gave the lie to the promise of the morn, since then rain began to fall, but at 2.30 p.m. a hollow square was formed and the regiment saw in its own behalf what it had witnessed for the Second, Eighth and Sixth, viz., the Governor in the act of presenting commissions and giving the men a hearty send-off. Long weeks of waiting and preparation had their effect in making the Ninth easily the equal, some said the best, appearing lot of men who had marched away from the camp. There is the usual line of interested people to see the trip to the station at South Framingham, and as the way to Dunn-Loring leads through Worcester, the "Emmets" are to have, what was denied to the other companies, a farewell in the very Heart of the Commonwealth. Before getting away, Mr. M. B. Lamb and P. J. McManus of Worcester, representing the honoraries of the "Emmets," presented to Captain Moynihan for the Company, a purse of $250, and a like amount is to be given to the families of the soldiers as need arises. Speeches were short, but both that of the giver and the receiver were to the point. There were three sections of the train conveying the regiment, and the Worcester Company was in the second.

The first part passed through Union Station at 5.10 p.m., and the immense throng gave it a cordial greeting, but its effusions were rather for the next section, which rolled in at 5.20.

The police had roped off certain portions of space and intended to have all the greetings and partings done according to regulations, but who ever heard of such plans working as projected? When the cars were in the station and Worcester friends saw Worcester boys, the ropes were of no more account than tow strings, and the crowds of humanity surged up to the platforms and windows, wild in their anxiety for one more word with the loved soldier boy. An old man who had been helped to the station, under the mad impulse of the hour, pushed his way through the throng and reaching the hand of his son, exclaimed, "I am proud of you, my son, and may God have mercy on you and save you from all harm." Notwithstanding the tumult there were those to say "amen" to this fervent prayer. There was rapid talking during the moments of the halt, and even "Couchee" had his share of applause, clad in his green blanket and hat. So charmed was he with his reception that he escaped from his friends, but some thoughtful friends captured him and put him aboard the last section with an injunction to return him to his owners, though a telegram was received from the Company directing that the mascot be sent on by express. A sad cloud followed the passing of the second division of the train, for from the third section was taken the unconscious form of Private Charles J. Doherty of Company I, a South Boston boy who was struck by a watering spout as the train passed through Westboro, and he was leaning far out of the car window. The ministrations of the Catholic Church were given him in the station and thence he was carried to the City Hospital, but death came a little before 7 o'clock, a sad ending for a day that had begun so joyously. When the Worcester people, on and off the trains, were exchanging greetings, nothing of this calamity was known.

It would be thought that all the people in Worcester who cared to see the soldiers en route were at the station, but as the train went over the bridge at New Worcester, fully three hundred people were stationed there to wave with handkerchiefs a last "good-by." Now the boys are really off. This is the way they long have sought and their hearts are glad at the fervency of the demonstrations all along the line. Apparently every one knew of their coming, and the evening afforded an opportunity for all to throng the stations as the cars swept through. At Chester, there are a brass band and a bonfire, but the climax to local display is had in Pittsfield. Booming cannon announce the approach of the train, and central Berkshire gives up its thousands to swell the chorus of happy greetings for the soldiers southward bent. While the bands play the "Star-spangled Banner," every officer and man is presented with a paper box by the girls in the assembly and, when opened, each box revealed not only an appetizing array of eatables, but a large assortment of religious devices and emblems. The donor's name was also contained, with a request for a word from the recipient when the vicinity of the Spanish lines is reached. By way of immediate compensation, the girls sought button souvenirs, thus robbing every coat sleeve they could reach, and one handsome fellow lost a part of the sleeve itself. Whenever feminine fingers closed over the coveted brass, something had to give. Still no soldier-boy was heard complaining. To them it was a fair exchange. To crown all, a tank containing sixty gallons of coffee was placed on each section, and on the covers were the words, "This is hot coffee and Pittsfield wants the 9th Massachusetts to make the temperature for the Spaniards twice as hot when they meet them." This was signed by David Evans, Harry Van Dusen, John McQuaid, J. D. Murphy,

P. J. Moynihan. J. F. King. J. J. Corliss.
T. F. Lavin Wm. F. Casey. C. J. Degnan.

NON COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, "EMMETS."

O. C. Fish, H. D. Sisson, George Halloran, Roscoe J. Smith.

Among the many notes found in the provision boxes, was the following, signed by the name of W. H. Chamberlain, who had been a soldier in the 36th Illinois. It speaks the sentiments of all the citizens of the Bay State as the regiments were leaving for the seat of war:

Pittsfield, May 31, 1898

To the soldier who gets this box of lunch.

God bless and bring you home safe and sound is the prayer and wish of an old veteran, who knows what war is, to be wounded and left on the battle-field, captured, etc., etc. Will be pleased to hear if you enjoyed the lunch. You are going down into Tenn. [I suppose] onto same ground I marched and fought over.

Your friend,

If the "Emmets" replied to all the requests for letters had on this occasion, they must have materially added to Uncle Sam's postoffice business, for not only were there names in the boxes, but those written in autograph books were liable to lead to correspondence. Thus at the request of a small boy one of the gallant lieutenants of the Company inscribed his name and title in an album, giving little attention to the matter, but when later he received a number of Massachusetts papers, describing this enthusiastic reception, he began to wonder who the donor could be and, finding the name of a lady on one of them, he made bold to write and ask how she had come to know of him and his address. In reply he had a pleasant note in which he

was enjoined to guess, and guess and then think a little, and his conclusion was that the knowledge must have come from the casual favor to the lad in Pittsfield. Many postage stamps have been devoted in this way to the enhancing of the nation's revenues.

It is 12.30 a.m. of the first day of June when the Hudson River is crossed and the train stops in Albany, and here, for the first time, the "Emmets" heard the melancholy news of Doherty's death. While this is not a sleeping train, it is reasonable to suppose that some sleeping was done both before and after leaving New York's capital, but night shut out all the scenery of the Hudson, and 6 o'clock in the morning found the boys in Jersey City, having run down on the West Shore. When section three runs alongside of two, "Couchee" is returned to his guardians and once more the dog star is in the ascendant. The stay is short, and in fifteen minutes Massachusetts men are rushing through New Jersey. They take the Philadelphia & Reading route and are the observed of all Jerseymen as the train bears them along. They note the Delaware in crossing, and soon they pause in Philadelphia. At 10 o'clock they are in Wilmington and at 12.30 they are in Baltimore. While the reception here was nothing like that accorded the Sixth on the 21st of May, it was not wanting in many indications of interest. Washington is entered at 2.30 and the halt is the briefest possible. Another half hour and Dunn-Loring, the destination, is reached. The hours are for the first section of the train. The "Emmets" and their section did not arrive till 6 o'clock.

Dunn-Loring! "What's in a name?" is the query of the great dramatist. So far as the foregoing station is concerned, the answer would be, "Very little, aside from the letters which make up the words." When or why Loring was "done" no one can tell, but there are only five or six houses to attest the doing. From the point of debarkation to the camp intervene three hot, dusty miles, and under the heavy marching burdens of the Ninth they are long ones, but to the credit of the men it must be stated that every one kept his place, and neither stragglers nor hospital had any tales to tell of failures and human weakness, though if each man were to speak his real feelings, there were many moments when the ordeal suggested unqualified rest. Camp Russell A. Alger is located on the old Fairfax estate and is three miles from Fairfax Court House, so identified with the War of the Rebellion. It is almost as large as the District of Columbia and has thirty-two regiments in camp, and two more are expected. It is said to be seven miles square. At any rate, it is so large that the 6th Massachusetts, which preceded the Ninth to this point, is camped two miles away.

The arrival of the regiment is a signal for the jolliest kind of a reception by the organizations already there. Especially was this the case with the 7th Illinois, which was just a day old in camp, and when the men saw the green flag of Erin, they shouted with delight, for they had been denied the privilege of unfurling theirs. Rock-ribbed New England thus showed her more liberal principles. The band of the 33d Michigan won the everlasting regard of the Ninth through playing "The Wearing of the Green" as the Massachusetts "boys" came into camp.

Rations for the Ninth were still on the way, so the invitation of the Chicago boys to come over and sup with them was gratefully accepted and the pressed ham sandwich with a cup of coffee filled a long-felt want.

A temporary site for the regiment is taken on what proves to be the parade ground, hence thoughts are early turned towards where the regular lodgment shall be. Nothing better than rubber blankets keep sleepers off the ground during the first night. It is announced that each company will have to clear space for itself in the nearby forest, and Company B, backwoodsmen from Boston, get onto their job at once. The

newcomers are natural explorers and they speedily find in the woods ancient breastworks and ruins which clearly indicate the Civil War of the sixties. Water is a scarce article, though artesian wells somewhat relieve the trouble, but for a bath the bather must go two miles, not altogether encouraging to cleanliness. Fruits and vegetables are to be had from huck-sters, who are in constant evidence. Ice water is a luxury not supplied by the government.

Thursday, June 2d, brings the welcome information that the regiment will remain where it is for the present. takes with him Peter F. Sullivan, one of the principal musicians, to purchase bugles, that the outfit may be correct. A large delegation from the Sixth comes over to give the Ninth a serenade. Later in the night, one of the flood-abounding storms for which the region is noted, swept over the camp. Those who had not taken the precaution to dig trenches around their respective tents, had occasion to realize that the water famine, hitherto deplored, was thoroughly broken. The morning of the 3d revealed a prospect, where there were drains, not unlike an irrigation field in

HENRY GRIFFIN, J. E. LAVIN, JOHN STEVENSON, HARRY FOLEY, "TOM" KELLEHER, "PRINCE" PRENDIVILLE, MAURICE CARLY AND JOHN MCSWEENEY are in the group; pick them out.

A FRAMINGHAM MEMORY.

hence the crooked ways are made straight and an air of permanency is at once assumed; decorations in the line of tree branches being found in the woods which abound hard by. Captain Carl Wagner, a former Worcester boy and man, now at the head of Company L, 33d Michigan, Sons of Veterans, gives Captain Moynihan a call, and pleasure at the meeting is mutual. Congressman Fitzgerald, who still maintains a sort of guardianship of the regiment, comes over from Washington and speaks pleasant words to the boys. When he goes away, he

Colorado, while efforts to dry the contents of the tents, under the burning sun, suggested Chinese laundries. Somehow, rations do not appear in quantities to satisfy the boys, but their purses enable them to help out with items, such as eggs, berries and milk, bought from the farmers.

On its second day in camp, the Ninth surprised its neighbors by a full dress parade and passage. As yet, no other body had ventured more than a battalion exhibit. Of course the band was missed and the regiment could not step to the music of the volunteered band of the

7th Illinois, so the buglers were depended upon entirely and thereby greatly impressed the Westerners.

While complaints both loud and deep were heard at Camp Dewey on account of delay there, the boys are glad enough that they are fully equipped, for the 33d Michigan is not armed and the Tennesseans are not even uniformed. They realize that delays are not always the worst policy. Afterwards, when it appeared that the Massachusetts men had two suits of uniforms, then Tennessee neighbors dubbed them "dudes," and it was said that they were coming over, some dark night, and even up their poverty with the Bay State wealth. Whether they ever really contemplated this or not, they certainly practiced the better part of valor and let the well-suited boys alone.

A large bundle of Worcester Telegrams puts the "Emmets" in line with Worcester matters and they feel to bless the man who invented printing.

Saturday finds the "Emmets" getting used to their camp, securing floors for their tents from the forest resources, and making the acquaintance of men from other states. A noteworthy call is had from Chaplain Hoyt of a Pennsylvania regiment, and he tells Captain Moynihan that he enlisted in the "Emmets" in Rebellion days and served as a drummer boy thoughout the war. Though a man seventy years of age, he surprises all by jumping into his saddle when he rode away. He had tried to enlist in the City Guards when a boy, but had been rejected on account of his lack of stature. Another visitor, received most gladly for his familiar face, is Peter McLoughlin, a Worcester boy now in the Law School of Georgetown College. The serenade of the Massachusetts Sixth is repaid this evening by fully one-half of the regiment going over to the camp of their old friends and giving them a musical reminder, and by way of refreshments they had all the water they wanted. In the daily routine of camp there is no mess-house, each man getting his supply from the cooks and improvises his own table and chair. He is his own dishwasher also. The culinary duties, at present, are performed by cook McCarten, assisted by Farrell and Burke, who have been dubbed "Delia" and "Mehitable" respectively. Water is scarce and the boys have to bring it from a distance, each taking his turn, the same coming around very often, apparently. Also every man has to take his part with the axe in preparing wood for the cooks. The axe is a weapon quite strange to some of these city lads. When later the Tennesseeans had to move their camp they were obliged to leave a large quantity of wood which, with frontier providence, they had piled up. Our Worcester boys found it much easier to carry this to their camp in armfuls, especially when returning from drill and the school of the soldier, than to cut it fresh from the standing timber. They exhibited thus real New England thrift.

The 5th of June is Sunday, and the first religious services in Camp Alger for the Ninth are had, an altar having been constructed at the extreme end of the parade ground. Chaplain Murphy officiated and afterwards preached an excellent sermon. Soldiers from other regiments and other states were present. The members of the Ninth could not have looked better had they been on dress parade. Time is telling on the adaptability of the "Emmets." They are learning how to keep house, or rather "tent." If there is a better tent floor in camp than Lieutenant McCann's, it is not generally known. Sergeant Casey's squad has so bedecked its quarters that they are known as the "Bay State House." Corporal McSweeney opens a barber shop and Private Tracey wields the razor. T. J. Ahearn goes water-hunting and comes back with the declaration that he has found two wells, but subsequent searching fails to confirm his find. His friends put it down as the first case on record of a man's seeing double on water. Old-time relics are found in the shape of a long-buried canteen covering a pair of shoes;

Burke, Donnelly, Leary, Corliss, Sweeney, Delaney, —— ——, Foley, McCartin, —— ——, J. A. Casey, Connolly, Degnan, D. J. Moynihan, J. F. Horan, Prendiville, M. J. Horan.

A REMINDER OF FRAMINGHAM.

the latter drop to pieces, but the canteen goes home as a precious relic of the Rebellion. Miss Bertha Kelley, a Worcester girl employed in the government printing office in Washington, with her friend, Miss Fannie Erney, called on Captain Moynihan and left a large basket of fruit, thereby winning the gratitude of the boys, whose stomachs are always susceptible.

A variation in the life of the "Emmets" is had on the 6th, when in light marching order they are taken by Captain Moynihan in a cross-country spin to inure them to what marching really is. They step off at a rattling pace and four miles away strike the Warrenton turnpike, where there are mementoes of Rebellion days, not the least interesting being an old citizen whose tales of long ago are especially relished by the boys, coupled as they are with recollections of Mosby and his men. Sergeant J. J. Corliss is detailed to return to Worcester and there recruit the Company to the maximum, viz., 106 men. The next day, or Tuesday, a repetition of the marching experience of Monday is had, with the mercury ranging up in the 90's both days. The distance covered is estimated at twelve miles, with only one stop, a pretty severe test of the endurance of Worcester lads, but they are equal to it and secure the commendation of General W. M. Graham, division commander, who meets them on their return. Colonel Bogan of the Ninth is honored with the command of the provisional brigade just formed. That the "Emmets" may know what digging for breastworks means, they get a little experience in this line, too. The camp is pleased to see within its limits the Rev. Father Sherman, a son of William Tecumseh Sherman of Rebellion fame, now the Chaplain of a Missouri regiment, the 4th. All the variety the boys get in the food line, which is confined generally to bacon, potatoes, hardtack and coffee, is had by changing the order of serving these items, yet every day is making better soldiers of these men used, hitherto, only to the indifferent exactions of city life. As they tan or burn under the southern sky, they are gaining strength for coming ordeals. Captain Moyni-

han is the first representative of his regiment to be Officer-of-the-Day in Camp Alger, a distinction also held by him in Camp Dewey.

Wednesday, June 8th, a party of fifteen, including Sergeant Corliss of G Company, set out for the north for recruiting purposes. Thirty-two men are wanted by the "Emmets" to complete their numbers. He leaves the camp about as happy as usual, which means that there are good natured folks there, and some who kick at this or that and who would find something to complain about if they had been located in the garden of Eden. For two days fresh meat has been served, which lessens somewhat the horrors of continuous fat bacon, but it still takes a mile walk for a drink of good water. The distribution on the 9th of the per capita portion, amounting to $3.40 each, of the $250 gift of the honoraries, comes to the boys as a God-send, and they lose no time in transferring a goodly part thereof to the keeping of the hucksters, whose goods are passed out in exchange, though it should be said that the ingredients of some of the Virginia pies are of such unhealthful character that, by the Colonel's order, they are excluded thereafter from the camp, a severe deprivation for New England boys, to whom pie is a necessity, something more than a mere luxury. On this day, Mayor Dodge of Worcester, accompanied by Policeman John Legasey, honors the camp with a visit. He comes at an early hour, for it is only between 7 and 8 a.m. that he appears and receives the enthusiastic greetings of his Worcester citizens afar from home. In the afternoon comes the Rev. Rector Thomas Conaty, of the National University, and he receives a glad hand from the many young men whom he had known in his Worcester days. They were recalled from drill, that they might greet their former friend, and they gave the reverend gentleman three hearty cheers.

"It never rains, but it pours," an adage verified on the 10th when State Paymaster Henry E. Dobbins of Boston visits Camp Alger to see about the money due the men for their service in Camp Dewey before their muster-in to that of the United States. A like officer from the national government is also expected soon. Already appetites are whetted in expectation of good things coming. "General" Charles H. Taylor of the Boston Globe brings to camp a garrison flag which is to float over brigade headquarters, and Congressman J. F. Fitzgerald, with his accustomed eloquence, presents the same. The heat is intense, the mercury ranging from 90 to 100 degrees, and the duck suits given out at Camp Dewey are the envy of regiments not so well equipped. The proximity of Washington suggests to the men of Company G the desirableness of a trip there, and they are promised by their Captain that every one shall have the pleasure of a visit to the nation's capital, the men to go in squads. One day, so many "Emmets" are absent from dress parade that Lieutenant-colonel Logan remarks upon the fact, and, when told that it is the Worcester Company, he smilingly says, "Great Company that, fourteen men and a dog." The approach of June 17th prompts the irrepressible soldiers from Boston and vicinity to make preparations for a Bunker Hill day. Saturday, the 11th, has a place in memory's calendar, for then, at 5 p.m., Paymaster H. E. Dobbins began paying the Ninth the money, sixteen dollars each, due them for the earlier part of their Camp Dewey stay. Worcester does not forget her boys and John Casey receives a locket from his sister Katherine, and Daniel Gardner is made happy by a revolver from his brother John, with the somewhat gruesome hope that it may kill its share of Spaniards. Captain Moynihan, as Officer-of-the-day, makes things lively for all concerned.

June 12th brings Sunday again and mass is celebrated in the shady woods from 6 to 9 a.m., the altar having been erected by a detail from each Company, and nicely decorated with ferns. Through practice the choir is improv-

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

SERGEANTS HORAN AND CORLISS WITH "COUCHEE" IN CAMP ALGER.

ing, and sacred music sounding among the trees recalls the line from Bryant:

"The groves were God's first temples."

Chaplain Murphy's talk was a practical one on the best use of money, the same occasioned by the recent visit of the paymaster. So intense is the heat, all drill is off and the men find needed rest. Lieutenant Hurley and John Murphy, however, take a sight-seeing trip to Bull Run, thirteen miles away, while Sergeant Horan and a squad of men visit the Sixth. When they return they wear, in addition to their smiles, a considerable number of medals which they have won in contests preliminary to the coming Bunker Hill celebration, both the Sergeant and Private John Larner being among the winners. On Monday the surgeon started the week with a careful visitation of the stands about the camp whence are sold soft drinks, induced thereto by the number of stomach cases in the hospital, and as a result, many of the enterprises are ordered off and a drink diet of milk is urgently recommended. Considering the cheap price at which this beverage can be procured it would seem well for the men to take the physician's advice. Tuesday, Surgeon Devine followed up his work with a lecture to the "Emmets" on the hygiene of camp life, giving the best of practical advice as to food and habits. As a matter of fact the percentage of "Emmets" on the sick list is the smallest in the regiment.

Wednesday, June 15, has its full complement of rumors, and "the regiment is sure to move" in several directions on the same day. The heat is so intense that drill is out of the question, more time being spent in the woods than on the drill ground. Even dress parade is postponed till 6.45. Through care in this direction prostrations on account of heat do not occur. The time seems favorable for visits to the capital, and the boys are taking their turns. Miss Elizabeth Brosnan, sister of George W., a Worcester lady who is to be chief of a nurse corps, calls on Captain Moynihan and leaves a generous gift of provisions for the men, while Thomas McDermott and Daniel Murphy, students in Baltimore Seminary, also good Worcester natives, call on the Company. If possible the welcome extended to a note from Thomas H. Buckley of Worcester was

warmer still, since it contained a check for twenty-five dollars. This staunch citizen was away from home when the "Emmets" went through the city and this gift is sent as a reminder that he does not forget. He receives three cheers and a tiger almost loud enough to be heard over the interval between his home and the camp. The amount goes into the Company mess fund. "Couchee," "G" Company's mascot, has a trial by battle with a similar character in the Natick company and, much to the regret of his sponsors, comes out worsted and is taken to the hospital for repairs. Plastered and poulticed he is still considered lucky for the Company if not for himself. That the Worcester men delight in physical prowess is evident in that they endure a fifteen minutes' delay of dinner, while the cooks, Farrell and Burke, decide which is the better wrestler. Unfortunately, the result is a draw. "Patsey" Powers, the headquarters caretaker, develops somnambulistic tendencies and in his sleep walks into another tent carrying his blanket and lies down between the two occupants, much to their astonishment. He also introduces as a rival to "Couchee" a brindle pup and puts the two dogs on good terms. It is claimed that from their state pay the "Emmets" sent home fully $700.

To Charlestown boys the night before the 17th of June is much like the eve of July 4th to the rest of the nation. The Bunker Hill contingent in the Ninth decided to keep up their home habits in orthodox manner and they succeeded, along with the help of the "Emmets" and other companies. There were illuminations, and the bugle brigade was supplemented by a large number of fish horns, which by some means made their appearance in camp. Though the men were in the national service and the rules were supposed to be very strict, there was a most decided letting down of all restraint. Men are returning from Washington frequently, and when Lieutenant McCann and party returned they brought with them the largest lead pencil ever seen in camp, the same being for a recording instrument in the hands of the Captain. When Sergeant Horan presents the formidable utensil, said to be mightier than the sword, he says, "Captain, this is for you to use in keeping tab on the men." To which pleasantry the Captain replies in similar vein, "I'll probably use it up in keeping tab on the First Sergeant." The men are finding some work to do in cutting down trees and removing underbrush, as though a change in camping place might be under way. The 17th of June was marked by the celebration so long contemplated. Congressman Fitzgerald, always active, was the soul of the whole affair, arranging for the prizes and giving the project an impetus from the start. The first act in the drama was a game of baseball on the Sixth's grounds between the rival nines of this regiment and of the Sixth. It ended at seven innings with a score of 5 to 4 in favor of the Sixth, though if the other two innings had been played the boys of the Ninth were confident of winning. Fogarty and Gilmore of "G" Company played second base and right field, respectively. George W. Brosnan of the "Emmets" scored for the Ninth, and Lieutenant Hubert Jackson,[3] a Worcester boy, did the same for the Sixth. The game was stopped on account of the presence of the United States paymaster in the camp of the victors, and his attractions no one could resist. The afternoon contests were on the grounds of the Ninth and resulted in favor of the home contestants, the chief honors going to James McGrath, Michael Flynn, William Murphy and Daniel W. O'Connor. To give a home-like look to the Company street, the boys have put up a bird house in front of the Captain's

[3] William Hubert Jackson was graduated from the Classical High School in 1885, Boston University, 1893; later from the B. U. Law School. Was First Lieutenant, Company I, (the colored company) of the Sixth; commanded his company in Porto Rico; afterwards had a commission in the Philippines, and is now practicing law in Pittsburg, Penn. He got his military start from Lieutenant McCann.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

J. SULLIVAN. DR. LONG. MAJOR MAGURN.

CAMP ALGER.

tent just for a pair of martins, and each man is a committee to see that no harm comes to the feathered housekeepers. Owing to a generous gift of $500 by Boston's superintendent of streets, B. W. Wells, the boys had chicken for supper, and Mayor Quincy's check for $150 paid for evening fireworks.

Saturday, June 18th, is filled with rumors of departure, and the fact that General H. M. Duffield, brigade commander, with his staff inspects the regiment goes far to substantiate the belief that the stay in Camp Alger will not be long. Private Fitzgerald, who has been in Worcester, returns to camp laden down with appreciative gifts from home friends. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the "Emmets" sends sponges, lead pencils and shoe laces, all being badly needed, and many of the men are remembered personally. Sunday witnessed a decided innovation in that the long contemplated trip to the Potomac was begun. The Ninth is a regiment in the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, 2d Army Corps, and its associates are the 33d and the 34th Michigan. Evidently those in authority wished to see just what the men could do under "hurry up" orders, since not even the officers of the regiment knew its destination. At 9 a.m. came the command from brigade headquarters for the men to be ready in an hour for a trip, no one knew where, but shelter tents were given out and two days' rations were consigned to each man's haversack. His tent and blankets were rolled into a "horse collar" and before the assigned time the regiment was ready. It soon became known that the Potomac was the objective point, but what the distance was few, if any, knew. The march to Dunn-Loring was dusty, as all midsummer trips in Virginia are, and soon the way stretches off to the eastward. The two Michigan regiments are pushing along also. Nearly five hours were occupied in the march and many a plan was made as to what would be done when "Old Potomac's Shore" was reached. The river is historic, and those who had read their books to any purpose conjured up many a vision as they caught the first glimpse of its waters. Shelter tents are pitched on the banks of the stream and every man promises himself a dip in its cooling waters ere "taps" are sounded.

Only the unexpected happens, for hardly had the "Emmets" got their tents up in good shape and were making preparations for the evening's fun when there came an order for the 2d Battalion, to which the Worcester Company belongs, to break camp and to march two miles away for outpost duty. Having traveled fifteen miles already, this is not exactly inspiriting, but it is a soldier's part to obey orders, however disagreeable, so the tents come down and, with vivid pictures of the good times the other fellows are having, the "Emmets" and their fellows push out to their respective stations, just as their fathers were doing in this very section nearly forty years before. There is no pitching of tents and the boys rest under the blue canopy, though some of the active lads, when off duty, improved the opportunity to scour the neighborhood, thus making some interesting acquaintances. If in these rambles they sampled

other food than that carried in their haversacks and if, occasionally, they had a drink of something stronger than aqua pura, the blame must be laid on those who sent them away from the river's banks. Notwithstanding the untimely ending of plans for a swim in the classic stream, the boys were dreaming of carrying them out the next day, when lo, at 4 a.m., they were roused to make ready for their return to Camp Alger, and at 8 o'clock they were headed west for their former station. The way was dusty as usual,

"And the broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,"

trying the mettle of every man in the brigade. It was clearly a trial of endurance and the eastern soldiers came through with shining colors. At the end of the trip, there were only four men of the Ninth in the ambulance, while more than five times that number from the western regiments had wilted. In the retrospect the men viewed the experience as a valuable one, still they had no desire to repeat it at once.

Tuesday, the 21st, came Major F. H. Hammond, originally a Clinton man, with pay due for one month's service to the United States. Three days' pay was kept back, so that each private received only $14.04 for his labor during twenty-seven days. No man would ever enter his country's service with money-getting as his principal object. Chaplain Murphy receives an immense number, said to be 30,000, of patriotic songs, the gift of Brookline Knights of Columbus, which he is to distribute among the men, and Peter F. Sullivan of the "Emmets" is the man to pass them around. There should be no lack of singing in the immediate future. Perhaps the bugler did his distribution act on the 22d, otherwise there is nothing to record for the day.

The evening of the 23d was made memorable and interesting by a visit from the 7th Illinois, the regiment that had extended such cordial greetings when the Ninth arrived. Now six hundred Chicago lads come over and help make the welkin ring, for somehow the impression is gaining ground that the parting must be near. For many a young soldier the "Cead mille failthe" of that joyous evening was his last, since, ere the next month is ended, many scores of them will be sleeping 'neath the soil of Cuba or the waters of the sea. Happily no vision of impending gloom overshadows the pleasures of the night.

Friday, June 24th, reputed to be an unlucky day, but to the Ninth Regiment it means another move, this time nearer the foe. After breakfast, each man receives an abdominal band, sent down by the Massachusetts Soldiers' Aid Society, also from the government a package containing a number of items for use in case of wounds. There are antiseptic compresses, bandages and safety pins, with printed directions as to their application. All the things sent to the camp in the way of presents that cannot be easily carried along have been returned to the homes of the boys, and heavy wearing apparel, including knapsacks, have been sent back to Massachusetts. Only a light outfit is to be taken to tropical Cuba. Though much was sent home, more was left and neighboring colored families fell heirs to a vast quantity of camp accumulations, including in one case no less than twenty-three dogs. This particular family had long wanted a dog, and the canine possessions of the camp were able to supply the demand.

The regiment is to leave only one man in the hospital, a case of heat prostration. It is 5 o'clock p.m. when the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers turn their backs upon Camp Alger and start for Dunn-Loring. The clouds of dust rise like smoke, and were there the roll of thunder one might think a battle in progress, but, notwithstanding the discomfort, not a man falls out of the ranks and without a halt the station is reached in an hour. In camp are left the large tents hitherto in use, now to be devoted to covering the recruits who are soon to come down from the North. To look after the new arrivals, a non-com-

missioned officer is detailed from each company and the representative from "G" is Corporal McSweeney. As Captain Moynihan was the first, so he is the last Officer-of-the-day in Camp Alger. The luggage which each man is supposed to carry, for his present and future comfort, consists of a half shelter tent, a rubber blanket, a woolen ditto, blue fatigue blouse and trousers and one change of underwear, all rolled together and, when tied at the ends, suspended like a collar from the left shoulder under the right arm. Of this array, soldiers in the Rebellion would discard all but the tent and rubber blanket.

"Patsey" Powers and his dog "Alger" were left in the camp, both boy and dog most melancholy objects, the boy in tears and "Alger" manifestly in sympathy. Clad in his semi-regimentals "Patsey" forms a vivid picture in this day's record. "Couchee," however, came along, and right here is a good place to briefly sketch the career of the "Emmets'" favorite.

"COUCHEE."

He is a bull terrier of thoroughbred stock, and as a pup in 1891 was the property of Michael McCarthy of Worcester.

Though the men are on time, the trains are not and some time is consumed in waiting. There are two sections of the train and the "Emmets" ride in No. 2. It is late in the evening when the train starts, and Alexandria is reached in something less than an hour. Not much time was given to sleep on this trip, which, from Alexandria, was about four hours long, since all the fun that lively youths could crowd into the time was had. On the way down to the city that never failing friend, Congressman Fitzgerald, had put aboard the train a quantity of eatables and drinkables which he knew would be appreciated before there was a chance to get more. He has made himself solid with the men of the Ninth for all their natural lives.

When the Company decided that a mascot was necessary the eyes of Sergeant Horan fell on the lively form of McCarthy's dog, and the owner gallantly proffered the services of his canine to the State. They were accepted, and from that time onward the animal has been conspicuous on all military occasions. He always went to camp at Framingham and was an invariable feature on parade, his first appearance being in 1892. Though each member of the Company constituted himself a part owner of "Couchee," his name and fame spread throughout the entire regiment and brigade. So well did he know his place that no restraint was put upon him in camp and he had free run of the field. Once, however, he came to grief

and that was when, in sport, a member of the 8th Regiment clapped the visitor into a mess-chest and then forgot him for a number of hours, or until the poor dog was almost suffocated. On taking him out of his box he was limp and apparently lifeless, but he responded to efforts to resuscitate and, when his wits came back, he hustled over to his Company street in a lively manner, henceforth to remain nearer home, at all events giving the 8th Regiment a wide berth. In 1897, when Massachusetts sent her soldiery to New York to bear a part in the dedication of General Grant's tomb, the "Emmets" carried "Couchee" and, under the care of J. J. Corliss, he made the march up Broadway, enlisting the attention of the populace and also that of many animals of his own kind, with which he was not unwilling to fight on very slight provocation. Indeed, so numerous were his scraps that his next friend had to attach a chain to his collar, thus restraining his martial spirit. He could not realize that time had undone some of his fighting qualities, and though his native fire was unquenched, his teeth, his only weapons, were too badly broken for efficient use on the battlefield, hence the necessity of oversight on the part of the "Emmets," who loved him dearly, and were determined that wherever they went there should go "Couchee" also, hence his presence as the Ninth leaves Camp Alger. His experience with the Company in New York extended his fame beyond Bay State limits so that when the Ninth marched into Camp Alger the Illinois Seventh recognized the dog before they did the men.

The morning of the 25th brings the second section of the regiment to Newport News and a union with the first, which was already there. This place, dating from the days of Captain John Smith, is one of Virginia's tip ends and is immediately opposite Fortress Monroe. In Rebellion days General Butler gave considerable attention to its fortification. Now it is an important railroad terminus. An enthusiastic reception awaited them from the citizens, who apparently were all out to see and applaud. There was a splendid lunch in readiness, and a regular army officer, in due time, escorted the men to a magnificent lawn which fronted Hampton Roads, where hot coffee was served by the government. The first installment of the regiment got in ahead, but ere long Captain Moynihan led his boys into touch with the good things provided. The waters before the place of feasting, nearly forty years before, had borne the rebel ram Merrimac when she destroyed that portion of the national fleet stationed there, and there, too, had come the little Monitor, not alone to punish the Merrimac, but to revolutionize all naval architecture. The boys, however, are not so much intent on the past as they are as to when they are to get off to sea. At 9 a.m. comes an orderly from the Captain of the Harvard telling Colonel Bogan to have his men ready at 1.30 to embark. Leave was then given for the boys to take a bath in the inviting waters, a permission that it did not take them long to profit by, and soon the briny had in its embrace fully one thousand Massachusetts boys, enjoying to the utmost its cooling, invigorating touch. One or two favored "Emmets" had the honor of bathing in the house of a Lee, a relative of the famous Confederate. There were visible many reminders of Virginia's favorite son, and the Old Dominion was the soul of hospitality to the Bay State, accepting by way of compensation, for favors rendered, only Massachusetts buttons. The "assembly," sounded at 11 o'clock, recalled the men to their uniforms and places, and a half hour later they were taking their lunches from their haversacks on the Casino grounds, where their guns were stacked on arrival.

They Enter "Harvard."

Not many of these young soldiers in their school days had entertained any notion of becoming students in America's oldest college, yet at 12.30 every

F. T. L. Maguru, Surgeon. 1st Lieut. Wm. J. Casey. Henry Dobbins, Paymaster. Capt. John J. Sullivan. Maj. Wm. H. Devine, Div. Surgeon. Col. F. B. Bogan. Lieut.-Col. L. J. Logan. Adjt. Jos. J. Kelley. P. B. Murphy, Chaplain

FIELD OFFICERS, NINTH MASS., U. S. V., *NOT* ON PARADE—CAMP ALGER.

member of the Ninth found himself duly entered in an institution of that name, in other words he was aboard the Harvard, the new name of that great ocean liner, the New York, which is now in the hands of the government for the purpose of transporting soldiers to the seat of war. The men are taken from the dock to the great vessel by the ferry-boat Louise of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. Every new move in this delightful day is accompanied by joke, laughter and song, and well it is that we laugh while we may, "for another day will bring enough sorrow." All this is happening on Saturday and there is still much to do in loading the great vessel with supplies, both for the men and for her own great boilers and engines. There is ample time to study and examine the appointments of the craft. She is receiving a half dozen six-inch guns to replace as many smaller ones. In addition to the Ninth, she is carrying two battalions of the 34th Michigan. The decks are scenes of mirth, not much like a war party, and to the strains of the "Red, White and Blue," in which these voices join, some patriotic fellows add, "and the Green." But even this commingling of colors cannot go on indefinitely, and the early hour of 8.30 p.m. beholds the soldiers safe in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of Spaniards, glory and home.

One more Sunday is begun, June 26th, in the Old Dominion, and the early bugle call meets a quick response from the men who have rested well in their new quarters. A large force of men has worked all night to coal the Harvard, and even then their task is not complete. Notwithstanding the changed situation, mass is celebrated in the ship's bow, where an altar had been provided, permission having been secured from

the captain of the Harvard. Much to Chaplain Murphy's surprise he was accosted by the second officer of the vessel, before his services began, with the statement that he could not have his exercises there, but a little decided talk on the Chaplain's part, with a direction to Sergeant Horan of the "Emmets" to detail a squad of men for guard duty, cleared the air and the devotions progressed. At 2.30p.m. anchor is weighed and the Harvard, laden with men, ammunition and subsistence, is off for Cuba. She departs accompanied by the good wishes of the thousands who see her turn her prow to the sea. Every whistle where steam was up let go a mighty sound in testimony of appreciation and, convoying the repair ship Vulcan, the Harvard with her representatives of Massachusetts and Michigan is off for Santiago.

This is before the days of Marconi wireless telegraphy, so for several days the vessel and her occupants are a world to themselves, except as the Harvard may be sighted by some passing craft. The letters, so regularly sent to the papers of Worcester and Boston, are wanting and "The Ninth" as a glaring headline disappears for a season. Still there is something doing every day on board the ship, and though, as a rule, not good sailors the men gradually develop sea legs, at least sufficiently to appreciate the historic trip they are taking. Apparently the fare on shipboard is better than that provided when the Second sailed from Tampa, or the kickers would have been heard from. There are 1,400 miles of sea journey before the men, and there is much time to be killed ere they can begin the Spanish destruction on which they are supposed to be bent. So calm is the sea and so devoid of incident the trip, the careful annalist had hard work to write up his "line a day." Monday night the Harvard sighted a craft on her starboard and as she had no light burning she was overhauled, arousing sensations of interest among the landsmen looking on. However, as her papers proved to be in order the boys had to resign themselves to sleep without sufficient excitement to influence their dreams. Tuesday, 28th, the repair ship Vulcan signalized the day by getting lost. In mythology Vulcan was a lame god and his namesake verified the propriety of its appellation by moving in a halting manner, so much so that she sensibly impeded the progress of the Harvard. It took fully two hours for the larger vessel to overhaul the missing floating toolshop, a consumption of time that under some circumstances might prove highly disastrous. Though not far from land at any time, it is not till Wednesday that points of interest are pointed out. P. J. Sullivan of the "Emmets" was a sailor of experience, having been on the Chicago, once the flag-ship of the white squadron, and has repeatedly passed through these waters. His knowledge is in place and he has interested listeners as he points out localities famed in early American history. Some of the Bahama group are noted and he shows his credulous comrades San Salvador, first sighted by the great Genoese in 1492; but the boys draw the line of belief when he tries to tell them just where Columbus landed. On Thursday comes the last day of June, and in the afternoon at about 3 p.m. while still on the north side of Cuba, on the port side a vessel is sighted whose strange behavior excites some wonder on the Harvard. She does not respond to the latter's signals and through a glass has the appearance of a torpedo boat. The guns of the vessel were trained on the stranger and twenty-pound projectiles were placed within the cannon ready for use. The interrogated craft turns about and heading for the Harvard, immediately the word goes out that a Spanish destroyer is coming. The Ninth is ordered to "fall in" and things begin to be really exciting, but once more a "flash-in-the pan" is recorded, since it is only a collier, the Alexandria, on her way to Norfolk, which had failed to answer the signals of the Harvard through having forgotten the code. Just a little before midnight the vessel reaches a point off

Santiago harbor and her journey is done.

Friday is July 1st and a great day for Cuba. During the preceding night search-lights have played upon the newly arrived and they have been duly answered. The Newark was the first vessel spoken, and from her a knowledge of the Santiago situation was obtained. So well lighted is the entrance to the harbor, where Cervera and his fleet are "bottled up," that the men on board the Harvard have a good view of the Morro and the sunken Merrimac, about which every one had read so much. A close watch is kept upon the harbor entrance and if the Spanish rat does undertake an exit he will find his hole well guarded. A speedy landing is expected and desired. Ball cartridges are distributed to the men and their guns are thoroughly inspected, with the idea of immediate action on getting ashore. The executive officer of the New York, which is Admiral Sampson's flag-ship, through his megaphone, directs the Harvard to keep well a-starboard, to land the troops first and to keep out of range of the Morro's batteries, to all of which the Harvard's officer responds, "Aye, aye, sir." The soldiers enthusiastically cheer everything in sight and are ready for any emergency, every one having endured the voyage well and the sick list is nil. Siboney is the place of debarking and at 5.30 all are off, the Harvard discharging her burden about half a mile from shore by means of her smaller boats. There are many vessels in the vicinity, among them the hospital ship State of Texas, flying the Red Cross flag, and the boys keep anxious eyes out for a

PETER F. SULLIVAN.
One of the Ninth's Principal Musicians.

WILLIAM H. MURPHY.
Died October 12, 1904

MAURICE A. KEANE

JOHN J. LARKIN.

sight of the Worcester nurse said to be aboard of her, but their watchfulness is not rewarded. It is a busy, noisy world into which the men are ushered, for there is the sound of bombardment and the whistles of steamers of all sorts, joined to the nearer confusion of landing. The twenty or more huts constituting the settlement of Siboney are not very impressive, but the pressure of feet upon a foreign shore gives every man a sensation never experienced before. Immediately they note the luxuriance of vegetation and the quantity of inviting fruit, against whose use, however, they have been warned by the surgeons.

Four hours after landing, while many were enjoying bathing in the surf, the Ninth was ordered forward, and it took substantially the same trail followed by the Rough Riders and others in the affair at Las Guasimas. The "front," always a movable locality, was said to be twelve miles away and over a route trodden by the Worcester boys of the Second several days before; the Ninth having laid off all surplus burdens takes its first march in Cuba. All this day on the extreme American right has been raging the fight at El Caney, but the news comes slowly here. At the left, towards which the Ninth is marching, the Rough Riders and others are giving a name to El Poso in connection with the famed fight of San Juan. All along the route wounded men are met making their way back to the hospital accommodations of the coast. It is hardly fair to call the paths followed in Cuba roads. Even the Western idea of a trail is much better than the tracks pursued in Cuban marches. The mud is deep, hills steep and the vegetation rank. There are halts to permit the passage of mule trains laden with ammunition and provisions for those already in the fray, and there is waiting while regiments of regulars change their positions. At the same time the new men are greeted heartily by those ahead of them in experience, who cheer the new comers. Somewhere in this effort to reach the scene of conflict the 1st of July gave place to the 2d, but there was no perceptible change in what was required of the men. Before the regiment moved it was given out that Colonel Bogan had been sent to the hospital, a victim of fever, though he was a sick man when he left Massachusetts. As they made their way forward, news gradually filtered into the lines that the Second had met the enemy at El Caney, and the praises of the Massachusetts boys were sung by the regulars, though the black, smoky powder used by them had compelled their early withdrawal from the fight, a condition that seems to be not altogether reassuring to the Ninth, whose guns and ammunition were of the same archaic character. They were glad, however, to know that their Worcester friends had given a good account of themselves. While not wounded in the din of battle, blood is drawn when Sergeant M. J. McCartin, in cleaning his gun, explodes a shell and thereby loses the first finger of his right hand, while John E. Casey, the Company wagoner, being hit in the

ear by a spent ball, is the only "Emmet" to sense Spanish lead. When near the place where the Rough Riders received their punishment, the whiz of Mauser bullets drew from our men a return volley. Whatever the result as to life or death, it had the effect of ending the Spanish music. It is 5 a.m. when the men are roused from a brief rest by all the din and confusion of battle. It is a pretty rough introduction to young men who hitherto have only read of what war is like.

At 7 o'clock a.m. the Ninth starts again, and in the afternoon reaches a point where the Springfield rifle and smoky powder develop the fact that the regiment is better in reserve than in action. It is no part of this story to criticise the authorities which sent the Massachusetts men forward with such inadequate equipment, but it does seem strange that a nation so advanced as the American should be so far behind the Spaniards in the essential feature of firearms.

Just before reaching San Juan Hill the road forked, and the Ninth bore to the left. In doing so, skirted the base of the hill and halted. After a dinner of hardtack and water the regiment, late in the afternoon, was ranged on the extreme left of the line, so placed as to really face the sea, but in position to prevent a flank movement, which was considered probable. On the right was the 20th Regulars, ready to deliver a cross fire should the enemy advance. The "Emmets" found themselves in a natural ravine or gully. The men, weary from their long march, went to sleep quickly. At 9.30 the Spaniards began firing and several volleys were given in reply, there being no trouble about black powder in the night. The firing episode was fast and furious for a time. To the inexperienced ears of some of the "Emmets" the noise seemed unnecessarily loud. All sorts of remarks were current and the laugh was loud over the vocalized reflections of Private F., who remarked that if "them Spaniards didn't look out they would hit somebody yet," and "If God has any respect for the Irish I hope He's praying for us now." Another lad, referring to his lady love, in anxious voice says, "I wonder what my clay pigeon is doing now?" Again the men sleep, but before this there had come a command for two companies to report to Colonel E. P. Pearson, commander of the brigade. Our Worcester men, "G," and the Clinton company, "K," were designated, but it was not so easy to locate the Colonel's position, hence Private Steele of the "Emmets" and Smith of the Clintons were sent out to find the way. On reporting to the commander he ordered them to remain where they were for the present, since the firing was then on along the entire line. When the messengers returned at 1.30 a.m. of the 3d, they found the men asleep, but they were speedily roused, and at 2 o'clock, having filled their canteens from the yellow waters of the San Juan River, under the guidance of Steele and Smith, pushing and dragging themselves through swamps and underbrush, the companies reported to Lieutenant-colonel E. R. Kellogg of the 10th U. S. Infantry at 3.15 in the morning. He said that his men were exhausted and ought to be relieved, but the fact of black powder prevented his sending the men of the

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Spanish Trench, San Juan Hill.

HUGH MCGUIRE. J. E. CASEY. E. H. LYONS. J. H. SWEENEY.

Ninth to their immediate relief. However, they could dig traverse trenches to the firing line, where the men of the 10th were on duty. This was done under the direction of Lieutenant Eli Helmic, of the regulars, he warning the men to work lively, since the enemy would fire at daybreak. The distance to the Spanish lines is 165 yards and the position is an exposed one, subject to a cross fire by the enemy, a long, low hill on which Captain John Drum of the 10th Infantry was killed. The Spaniards do open fire at daybreak, as expected, and digging ceases, but the men of the Ninth take their positions under a heavy fire, retaining them till the flag of truce went up on the 3d. For their coolness under fire they were complimented by Lieutenant-colonel Kellogg, and the men of the 10th were very generous in sharing their rations, since the relieving comrades had been almost rationless and sleepless since the 1st. When Lieutenant Helmic learned of the condition in this respect, he and Lieutenant Hurley of the "Emmets" went for rations and secured coffee, sugar and hardtack for the hungry men. After sundown of the 4th, with the flattering remark by Lieutenant-colonel Kellogg that they were a credit to Massachusetts, the detached companies returned to the regiment.

The "Emmets" are now a part of the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, of the 5th Army Corps. Colonel E. P. Pearson commands the brigade, General J. F. Kent the division. The men are not slow to note the advantage of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, and no weapon of that kind left around loose is long without a finder. Rain storms, such as Americans never saw at home, are a daily occurrence, and when they come the men are learning that they may be taken as one of nature's shower baths. The boys of the Ninth were astonished on this day when, for the first time, they saw a whole regiment of regulars strip off their clothing and take a most invigorating bath *in statu naturæ*, with all out-of-doors as a bath house; then giving their clothing a scrub they resumed it and it was quickly dried by the returning sun. Others could and did catch in their rubber blankets rain water, with which they filled their canteens.

On the 4th, Musician P. F. Sullivan goes on a visit to the 2d Massachusetts, and hardly recognizes his old friends there, since they, during the interval following Camp Dewey, have practically given up using the razor, and through a full beard he has to look closely to find his Worcester acquaintances. There he first heard of the death of Lieutenant E. N. Benchley of Worcester, and later he visited the 6th Regulars and conversed with fellow officers and men who had known Benchley so well. At this very time Worcester was hoping against

F. P. Doyle. T. B. Kelley. P. J. Scully. P. J. Sullivan (in his sailor days). Henry Griffin. M. J. McCartin.

hope that subsequent reports would render back the young man whose future had promised so much. Also he found the 12th Regulars and a large representation of Worcester friends who had enlisted under Lieutenant Anglum.

While "G" Company was away from the regiment, the same had a visit from Lieutenant Crowley of the 20th United States, a West Point classmate of Benchley, who expressed great regret at not seeing Benchley's fellow Worcester men. He was entertained by Captain Dunn of Company I. Later Captain Moynihan, with Lieutenants Hurley and McCann, went over to the 20th and were told in detail the sad story of the young hero's death.

Late in the evening of the 4th, certain Company "G" men were mixed up in an affair on the Harvard, which, for several days, had been the habitation of the regiment. When the disembarking came, five men from each company were left to assist in unloading the vessel, and in its general care; this to relieve the marines, who were hardly equal to the task. The "Emmets" thus left behind were Sergeant P. J. Moynihan, Corporal J. F. Horan, Privates J. J. Creaven, Edward Sullivan and P. J. Prendiville. For safe keeping, a large number of prisoners, captured by the fleet on the 3d, had been placed aboard the vessel. During the night these men, either to relieve their crowded condition or to seize the arms of the guard, which were stacked upon the deck, roused the apprehension of those on duty. The sergeant of the guard was Moynihan of the "Emmets," and, on the failure of the Spaniards to heed the commands of the guard (most

M. L. Hoar. J. H. O'Callahan. J. A. G. Casey. E. F. Steele. D. W. O'Connor.

likely none of them understood), they were fired upon and a large number dropped in their places: six dead outright and the others badly wounded. Their blood flowed freely upon the deck and their comprehension of orders, even though given in an unknown tongue, seemed to grow amazingly.

During the next three days there is no firing and the men have a chance to compare Cuban climate with that of their homes, and few of them would care to make the Island, wonderfully fertile though it be, their permanent abode. The health of the men continues good and the rations tolerable, though some begin to find fat bacon rather too constant in its daily appearance. On the 8th, Musician Sullivan sends to the Worcester Gazette a letter, in which he ingeniously depicts the assault on San Juan Hill by picturing Worcester's Newton Hill as the scene, capping it with a blockhouse, stationing two thousand Spaniards, determined to hold it, and clothing the hillside with trees, whose tops conceal sharpshooters, and dense undergrowth, threaded with interminable lines of barbed wire, up against all of which the Americans, on the 1st day of July, were hurled. That they should gain the top was the wonder of every one.

The "Emmets" at Santiago.

It was in this period that a Spanish sharpshooter, found in a tree, where he had been for several days, not daring to come down, was brought in so nearly famished that when carried before Lieutenant-colonel Logan, he actually snatched from the latter's hand a cracker which he was eating. When the guard would punish the captive for his incivility, the good-natured officer said, "No, no! If he is as hungry as that, let him go." Though General Bates had declared that Spaniards thus found should not be brought before him, in this case the man was sent to the rear as a prisoner. It was held that sharpshooters in trees within the American lines were not within the pale of civilized warfare. With this idea in mind, men of the 24th and 25th U. S. regiments went gunning for them, calling the diversion "coon hunting."

At this time the Ninth is on the extreme left of the line encircling Santiago. The other regiments near are the 3d, 20th, 2d and 10th Regulars, who are entrenched within 500 yards of the city itself. The novices in the art of war are not slow to improve their opportu-

KINDNESS OF LT. F. E. PIERCE

BARBED-WIRE DEFENSE.
SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE.

nity to learn from the old soldiers, whose experience covers many years of Indian fighting. There is little in the range of American military life that they have not sampled, and they are the kindest of teachers to these beginners. Tobacco is becoming a scarce article, and devotees of the weed are put to their wits' ends to secure their favorite stimulant, offering fabulous sums for small quantities of it. One man is said to have paid above $25 for a single pound of smoking tobacco, and an officer, on the 2d, was reported offering his gold watch for just one chew. Writing material, too, is entirely out, and tomato can labels are at a premium, for on them the boys can write their letters, and, when tied with a string, in lieu of envelope, they are sent homeward.

The week's cessation of firing is improved to make stronger the positions of the American forces, and the "Emmets" learn how efficient pick and shovel may be in securing protection from the enemy's missiles. It would be absurd to imply that they altogether enjoyed the enforced inactivity, but the week went to swell the aggregate of their war experience. Their fellow regiments in General Bates' brigade are the 3d and 20th Regulars, and their location is in the ravine between two hills overlooking the beleaguered city. On Sunday, the 10th, they were told that at 4 p.m., unless ordered to the contrary, they were to be in the trenches, and once again "the fires of hell were to rain on the Spanish quarters." Every man was at his post at the appointed time, but the signal from General Lawton's gun did not come till 4.45; the delay arising from the coming of one of those terrible thunder-storms which deluge everything, and so heavy was the thunder, no signal gun could have been heard. Every man was as thoroughly drenched as if he had been dipped in the sea. It was when there came a cessation of heaven's artillery that that of man began. For two hours there was a constant rain of bullets from the men in line, while from the hillside cannon hurled shot and shell within the Spanish intrenchments, effectually silencing such artillery as the enemy possessed. When darkness settled down (and it comes without twilight in the tropics), the firing ceased for the night, to be resumed in the morning of the 11th, though as orders had been given to waste no shots, and hostile heads were scarce, the shooting was not so vigorous as on the preceding day. The cannon, however, bellowed away at the city, for apparently there was nothing else for them to aim at. At 4 p.m. firing of all kinds ceases, and the men conclude that the game is won.

In the days of noise and confusion, the Company's pride, "Couchee," having no use for gunpowder, retired to the comparative quiet of Siboney, waiting for more peaceful times.

The 14th of July is a red-letter day in Cuban-American annals, for then came the announcement that Santiago had yielded, and that there would be no more fighting for her possession. However delightful the tidings were to the men, they were not to exult, as would be natural, lest the refrain thereof might be a change of mind on the part of the crafty Spaniard. Truly, there were some queer things in the management of the Spanish war. When Lee was pressed to his surrender at Appomattox, the Union soldiers were requested not to cheer on account of the heroic defense made by the Confederates, and Captain Phillips told the men of the Texas not to hurrah, for, "Don't you see the poor d——s are dying;" but there was nothing of the sort at Santiago. The Spaniards were not dying, neither had their defense been particularly notable, but the hot weather had evidently its effect on the weighty figure of the commander and he did not wish any resumption of hostilities nor any excuse for such. Up to this time, though the Ninth had been without tents of any kind, the health of the men has been remarkably good. Of the "Emmets," four only are reported ailing viz., Sergeant McCartin, gunshot wound in the hand; Privates James McGrath

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BLOCK-HOUSE, SANTIAGO HARBOR.

T. J. Kelleher. L. A. O'Sullivan. J. F. Larner.
F. C. Leonard. J. E. Fitzpatrick. E. R. Barker.

and John Larkin, the former down with malarial fever, the latter injured on the night march from Siboney, all three being now in hospital at Key West. Private George W. Brosnan was taken sick at Newport News, before the sailing of the Harvard, but he managed to stave off a complete collapse till the middle of the month, when at last he yields to what the surgeon pronounces a light case of measles. Private John Casey, who got the clip on the head on his way up to San Juan, has recovered and came back for duty on the 13th; on the 14th comes a discharge for him, and Captain Moynihan hands it to the soldier, all this the result of the efforts of Worcester friends who think Private Casey better employed at home, caring for his six children, than in stopping possible Spanish balls in the Cuban field. His discharge papers are dated at Washington, July 1st.

It was on the 14th that certain duties were assigned to "G" Company, in the guarding of the colors. To Private S. was given the special care of the precious emblem. During the night Lieutenant M. was astonished to find his guardsman in a state of high excitement, dashing about his beat, evidently trying to find some hated object. "What's the matter with you?" is the officer's query. "I'm trying to find the villain that's hissing me; don't you hear him? Let me set eyes on him and I'll break his nose," etc. It appears that a certain Cuban night bird utters a cry not unlike the hiss of a goose. As S. was not up on his bird-lore, his confusion was not

D. Gardner. F. E. Joyce. F. P. Doyle. J. J. McGrath. P. J. Prendiville. M. J. Grogan.

strange, but it took his Lieutenant some time to convince him that no disrespect was intended.

"After the ball is over," has been sung by many a light-hearted pleasure lover, and the thought is in many an "Emmet" mind, even though it may not find vocal expression. This is the situation: rain every day and no tents; to put it most mildly, only indifferent fare; no writing material, nothing to do, at least nothing that the men think worth doing. If, under such circumstances, the innate disposition to kick did not develop itself, it would be a wonder. The men do not wax fat, the scriptural accompaniment of kicking, for obvious reasons, yet all things considered, they do maintain a remarkable condition of health. Not a man in the entire regiment as yet has died, except Private Doherty, killed in Westboro, on the departure of the Ninth from Camp Dewey. Assistant Surgeon Shea is doing excellent service in the hospital at Siboney, and the whole work for the regiment devolves upon Surgeon Magurn. He also has to look after the other regiments in the brigade, since their medical men are all at Siboney. Inquiries have been sent around to all the companies asking for men who have had any sort of medical experience. In this way drug clerks and embryonic doctors are at a premium. On the 16th came the tents, hitherto held at the landing place in Siboney, and visions of some degree of comfort are had by the drenched and sun-burned men. The 17th of July has bright memories in the minds of all survivors of the Cuban campaign, for then came the formal, irrevocable surrender of Santiago, and thereby the end of Spanish rule in America.

All the details had been carefully arranged, and were carried out with true military precision. All of the troops assembled on the outer breastworks at 10.30 a.m. Only the higher officers could have an immediate part in the historic scene; ordinary mortals, like the war-horse, must snuff the battle from afar. At 11.45, the boom of cannon told the soldiers that the auspicious moment had come, and that misrule, extending over more than four hundred years, was passing. Fortunately for the pent-up enthusiasm of the Americans, all barriers against cheering are broken down, and men can yell till they are hoarse, and this they proceed to do; while hats go so high into the air that they get almost beyond the reach of gravity. There is the national salute of twenty-one guns, and at noon precisely, the Star-spangled Banner rises over the government building of the captured city to the bugle accompaniment along the lines of, "To the colors." If the situation had only permitted the immediate departure of the volunteer soldiers for their far-away homes, what a difference there might have been in the mortality record of the regiment. The real troubles were only beginning. There is a deal of talk as to what will be done, and quite as much concerning what ought to be done, but, meanwhile, there is the unpleasant real-

KINDNESS OF COL. F. E. PIERCE

SAN JUAN HILL.

ity of still being in the muddy intrenchments about the surrendered city.

Whether it was in honor of the capitulation or not, the cook of the "Emmets" did himself proud at the evening's meal of the 17th. In some way Chef John Creaven had become the possessor of a wash-boiler, of whose existence, up to this moment, in the entire Island no one had dreamed, and in some fashion, known only to him, he had managed to brew a beef stew; perhaps under the circumstances it would be proper to call it an "Irish stew," though lacking some of the ingredients considered essential to the proper production of that national dish. Whatever its constituents and whatever the omissions, it touched the palates of the partakers to that degree that they wanted nothing else, and after supper they were ready for song, always the recourse of the welf-fed soldier. The "Emmets" have singers galore, and Sergeants Moynihan and Lavin, with Private O'Keefe, Musician Skerrett and others, make Cuban air resound with notes ne'er heard before on Cuban soil. Why should they not spend the hours in singing? The work for which they came had been accomplished and did they not, in fancy, see the joyous home returning and the welcomes to be had in Worcester bright? What a blessing that heaven does from all creatures hide the book of fate! All the woes of the present disappear when the stomach is full and youthful vigor and valor carry their possessors beyond immediate surroundings, and, by very contrast, the soldiers grow mellow in thinking of the pleasures sure to come in the sweet by and by. Later times have revealed the fact that the boiler was one of the acquisitions made by Lieutenant McCann, who discovered it on the dock in Santiago resting on two coffins. For

F. H. Doran. A. T. Prendergast. John Larkin. H. J. Martin. E. F. Hackett.

the latter he had no use, but he could see boundless utility in the boiler. Accordingly, by a process of appropriation, readily excused because of his company's great need, he fastened to it, and the incident just given was one of the happy results of his thoughtfulness.

On the 18th, the "Emmets" moved away from their former station, stopping finally nearer the centre of the lines, making their camp near the headquarters of General "Joe" Wheeler. The regimental neighbors are the 1st District of Columbia and the 1st Illinois Volunteers, and the site is about one mile from the old locality. The deprivations suffered in the recent camp are now bearing expected fruit. Alternate drenching and parboiling, with insufficient nourishment, along with the want of proper medical attention, are making many men respond to the sick call who otherwise would be up and doing. The camp complaints, known to old campaigners, viz., dysentery and fever, make their appearance, and misery is the rule. The shelter tents given out after the surrender are not a protection in severe rain, and even the ponchos leak. Patients who show marks of improvement are going aboard the transports for a homeward trip, with the hope that an ocean voyage may completely restore them. Lieutenant-colonel Logan of the Ninth, having succumbed to illness, started for the North on the 24th. The first death in the Company is recorded on the 23d. Private Henry Sullivan, having been out of sorts for a few days, had been sent to the hospital for better treatment, but the lack of physicians rendered that almost impossible. Neither he nor his comrades appreciated the imminence of his danger, for misled by apparent improvement, assisted by two companions, at 2.30 p.m. Saturday he undertook to walk a little ways. On their route they encountered another poor fellow unaccompanied, who could scarcely drag his body along. On seeing him, Sullivan called out, and they were said to be his last words, "That's right, boy; hold right up and keep on your feet. That's the only way to get well." Five minutes later, or at 3 o'clock, he toppled over into his comrades' arms and was dead. The doctors called it "heart failure." It seemed strange, for, really, the last thing to fail was the soldier's heart.

Between death and burial, only a brief period intervenes in the tropics. At 5 p.m., clad in his full dress uniform, laid upon a stretcher and borne by his comrades, Joyce, Leonard, Martin, Grady, Gilmore and Edward Sullivan, his body is carried to its resting place, where it is to sleep till his country disinters it for removal to his home city. All of the officers and men of the "Emmets" who are in camp, march beside the bier, and listen to the words of Chaplain Murphy as he pronounces the solemn words of the church over the grave. Then follow three volleys from the men of the Company, and "taps," sounded by Musician Skerrett, eloquently breathe a sad farewell to the fallen comrade. This was

KINDNE OF [illegible] PIERCE

SCENE OF HOBSON'S EXCHANGE AND THE SIGNING OF THE PRELIMINARY TREATY

the only military funeral observed in Cuba, the effect by way of melancholy being too much for the rank and file. Major Grady marched with his men in honor of Sullivan, and two days later he was laid beside the private.

Time drags slowly along in their Cuban camps and the average mind can find no good reason why the "recall" is not sounded in Washington. To be sure, there is an occasional visit to the city of Santiago, and the traveler compares the Spanish place with those he has known at home, and every day thanks his stars he was not born a Spaniard; but even this palls after awhile. It is too hot for drilling, and the men are not well enough for the exercise even if the weather permitted. Reading-matter is scarce and letters from home come infrequently, and when they do there is no writing material for replies. Still, though the march of Time is slow, he finally reaches August, and home is nearer than it was. The last month of the Cuban stay finds the men encamped on the very hill up which the heroes of July 1st and 2d charged to victory and immortality. The situation is a great improvement over the low-lying location of the 2d Massachusetts, where other Worcester boys are dying all too rapidly. The former rulers call the height "Tableau Hill," but to the Americans it is "Bloody Hill," a fitting appellation for the scene of so much bravery and loss of life. While only one of the "Emmets" has died, the mortality in the regiment, particularly among the field officers, is great. Colonel Bogan and the Lieutenant-colonel have gone home ill, while Majors Grady and O'Connor have both crossed over, and the command rests on Major Donovan.

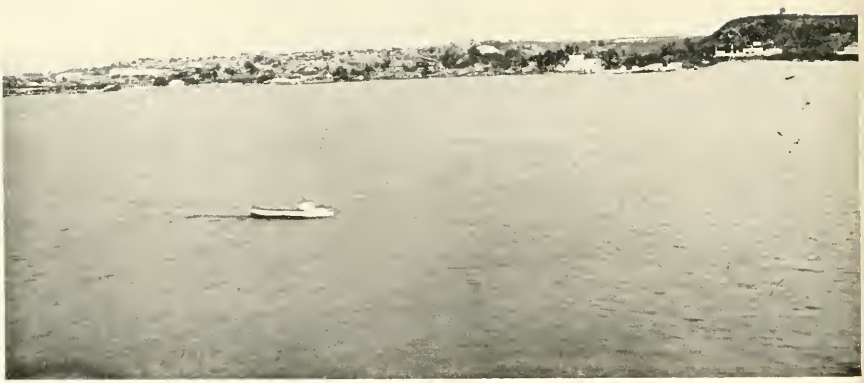
Adventures are not numerous, but occasionally there is a happening worthy

D. J. Burke. N. J. Skerrett. P. F. Sullivan. E. F. Murphy.

of mention. "Prince" P. and friends had been down to Siboney and there had secured a coffee-grinder, deeming the same a handy item for camp use. Returning, they encountered a party of Cubans, who had in their possession a very fine parrot. The "Prince" wanted the bird badly, but the natives would not agree as to terms, but they were quickly brought to time by the quick-witted soldier, who, bringing his coffee mill to his face, began to turn the crank. The sound was so suggestive of a Gatling gun that the Cubans surrendered at once and passed over the parrot without further parley. Afterwards, in token of his appreciation of his services to the Company, it was presented to Dr. T. J. Foley of Worcester.

Saturday, the 6th of August, the 3d and 6th Regulars went aboard the transport, and the volunteers, beholding, took heart, feeling that their own embarking could not be so very far away. One of the Company on this day takes a trip to Santiago, and *en route* calls on his acquaintances in the 2d Regiment. He finds Colonel Clark and Lieutenant-colonel Shumway asleep in their tents and forbears awaking them, but with Captain Barrett of the City Guards he exchanges words of greeting, thinking the latter quite comfortable as he occupies his hammock beneath his tent, sure to stay there while it rained. Major Fairbanks also is alert as usual, though somewhat worn and wasted, but tanned to a turn and evidently seeing all that is visible in the campaign. In Santiago he finds the saloons not so well patronized as they might be had the paymaster been around recently. Milwaukee beer at forty cents a bottle, fifty with ice, is quite beyond the resources of his purse, hence he contents himself with four glasses of alleged lemonade, though just where the lemon is the drinker failed to discover. He drank for the ice, and considered it cheap at ten cents a glass. It took five to quench the thirst of his comrade. The U. S. Post Office he found the busiest place in the city, and, volunteers having been called for, he is pleased to find here, hard at work, P. J. O'Keefe of the "Emmets," who had left the Worcester office when his country called, and is especially efficient in sorting out the mail that is to go to the men of his own Company.

Till the regiment leaves the Island the record is little else than one of illness and subsequent weakness, the few who are at all equal to duty finding a double portion, owing to the enfeebled condi-



SANTIAGO DE CUBA FROM THE HARBOR.

tion of the others. As one member of the "Emmets" writes, "The fever attacks a person with pains in the head and back, and generally lasts from five to twelve days, during which time a man goes through a series of chills and fever which leaves him so weak that he is unable to walk about for at least two weeks." The inadequate hospital accommodations render the mortality very great, and even if the patient recovers he is subjected to so much discomfort afterwards that his sufferings are immeasurably increased. August 12th, the hospital ship Breakwater appeared off the Island, and one of her passengers, Halleck Bartlett, of Worcester, who has a son in the Light Infantry, gladdens the hearts of the men by presenting himself in camp. He is in charge of the volunteer relief fund, contributed by Worcester people, and delicacies and necessities are expected from him. On this day, too, comes a set of underwear for each member of the Company, a boon of the choicest character.

Right here it should be stated that whatever the citizens of Worcester intended to do for the "Emmets," the foregoing gifts of underwear and a huge box of cigarettes and tobacco, with a certain amount in cash, were all the boys received. What the gifts were and where they went, to this day no man knows, or if he does know he is a master of silence. There have been all sorts of conjectures, but they have solved nothing. They never doubted the good intentions of Worcester nor the integrity of the city's representatives, but they had to recognize a failure to connect. However, "heaven helps them who help themselves." In this case, it was that sleepless, tireless Lieutenant McCann who discovered heaps and heaps of good things down near the Santiago docks. On assuring the keeper that many of those things belonged to his Company, he was told to go through

the same and pick out whatever was his. So keen was his eye and so long his arm that it took a six-mule team to carry the result to camp. The contents of that covered wagon actually stuck out above the hoops—malted milk, canned goods, food and supplies of all sorts—till the boys proclaimed their Lieutenant a genuine successor of Sherman's Bummers, and if they had lost at the Worcester spigot they had surely gained at the providential bunghole. How lucky it is that "all's fair in war."

Sunday, the 14th, Chaplain Murphy at mass made feeling reference to the death of Colonel Bogan, whose decease, announced in a cable message from Congressman Fitzgerald, is keenly felt by all his men, with whom he was a great favorite. Worcester boys are learning the difference between the Cuban and the Spaniard. For the Cuban he has no use whatever, considering him lazy, and always so, unwilling to work as long as a crust even can be begged; while in the Spaniard he detects some remnants of that high-bred courtesy which gave a reputation to the natives of Castile. Those who visit Santiago note the enterprise of American beer manufacturers, who are well nigh omnipresent and are exceedingly anxious to push the sale of their wares. Some of the soldiers imbibe to excess, but this can hardly apply to the men of the Ninth, since the long absence of the paymaster has reduced nearly every man to a "dead-broke" condition. There are certain clubs where officers can get American dishes, and certain Massachusetts men remark that, if they had the money, they would certainly borrow an officer's coat long enough to buy and eat a dish of baked beans.

The fact that the Harvard and Yale were lying off the harbor of Santiago inspired the Ninth Regiment with the hope that it might take the homeward trip in one of them, but the men had the mortification of seeing regiments which had arrived later and had seen very little hardship, go aboard these finely appointed vessels, while they were detained for what proved to be a floating horror.

Private and Postman O'Keefe, who had been away from his Company for some days in the Post Office of Santiago, received, in common with his comrades, a notification that the regiment was about to embark for the States. Not caring to take any unnecessary steps, he met his Company in the city rather than return to camp. The latter had been broken on the 23d, and weak, weary and halting the men had reached the wharf in that far-famed place. Let his own words tell what he saw after a separation of three weeks: "The meeting of the Company and myself at the wharf I shall never forget. Such emaciated specimens of men I had never met. I realized in a moment what havoc the dread disease had wrought in three weeks. Half the Company had not strength to rise, and many were so ill that they failed to recognize me. Those who could not walk had to be carried on board the lighter which conveyed the troops to the transport, which was anchored out in the bay. This transport was inadequate to properly carry more than one-half the number. Soldiers in the last stages of disease, those half well and those quite so were all huddled together." He further remarks that at least two hundred of these men were fit subjects for a hos-

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE SANTIAGO WHARF.

WILLIAM J. RILEY. G. F. MCGILLICUDDY. J. J. FITZGERALD.
D. J. DOYLE. M. J. FLYNN.

pital ship, but the Bay State was already crowded, so perforce the invalids are taken along with the others, and, worse still, companies that were not assigned to the Allegheny have sent some of their sick aboard, in the hope that a breath of sea air may help them to recover. The regiment broke camp at 8 a.m. of the 23d, and marched the three miles distance into Santiago. The sick and those getting better were taken in springless mule wagons, which jolted them so badly that some essayed walking. Those who rode all the way were worse off than those who walked. From 8 of the morning till 5 p.m. there was a tedious wait till, by the smaller boat, the eight companies were conveyed to the Allegheny. All were glad to shake off the last trace of Cuban soil, confident that any change would be an improvement.

The transport steams away from Cuba, Wednesday, the 24th, and our last Worcester Company bids good-by to the liberated Island, though it must be suspected that some of the loyal hearts are wondering if the price has not been a heavy one. Only two days later came the first burial at sea, but in the following hours the scene was frequently repeated. Sunday no less than four found an ocean grave, and one of them was a Worcester boy. Edward Sullivan had been one of the strong men of the Company and had not been sick while on the Island, but the very day of departure he began to complain of ill feelings, a circumstance so odd that some of his comrades jollied him, thinking he must be shamming, so vigorous had he been; but as the hours went by, his fever, said to be typhoid, grew worse till he became delirious, and Sun-

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CAMP OF THE NINTH IN CUBA.

day, the 28th, at 7.30 p.m., his hammock swinging near an open port hole, in the absence of a guard, he threw himself thence into the sea. By a singular fortune it was his own Lieutenant, McCann, who was standing in the vessel's stern and suddenly saw the form of a man rise from the waves and apparently turn his face towards the ship. His immediate cry of "man overboard" was answered at once by the lowering of a boat, the stopping of the transport, and a diligent search, lasting fully half an hour, failed to reveal any trace of the unfortunate soldier. Private Charles J. McMann died on the 30th, and the next morning his body was consigned to the deep, Chaplain Murphy reading the prayers for the dead, and Bugler Skerrett sounding "taps." McMann had been ill for some time, but had been discharged from the hospital as recovered, though his recovery was fancied rather than real, and before his death he had entirely lost his reason. Early the next day, the 31st, Private Michael Healy died. He had been sick for a fortnight before the sailing of the transport, had failed rapidly after the start, and died of exhaustion incident to the campaign. Two other men from other companies had died during the same night, and that their burial might be in deep water, the Allegheny stopped and went back some miles, and at 6.15 a.m. the four bodies were given to the waves with full military honors, the flag flying at half mast, and with the officers and men of the "Emmets" standing by. In all, fourteen men of the Ninth died on this tortuous trip to Montauk, and each body was offered as a tribute to the ocean, there to repose till the seas give up their dead.

Many reasons have been advanced for the mortality aboard the Allegheny: lack of hospital accommodations, the enfeebled condition of the men, etc., but all agree as to the horribly unsanitary state of the transport itself. Having recently carried cattle, no effort at cleansing had been made, only the divisions had been removed, and into such filthy space human beings like "dumb driven cattle" were herded. The wonder is that so many lived, not that fourteen died.

The body of Captain Dunn of the 10th U. S., killed before Santiago, was carried homeward in an imperfectly sealed casket. The stench therefrom was horrible. Only the Allwise knows how many living were sacrificed through this mistaken sentiment for the dead.

It is Wednesday, the 31st, and last day of August, that the Allegheny

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

GRAVE OF MAJOR GRADY IN CUBA.

reaches Montauk Point at 9 o'clock a.m. So far as the weather was concerned, the voyage had been a smooth one, and a day's time had been saved in the passage, perhaps the only fact connected with the vessel for which the passengers were thankful. The constant presence of death had a depressing influence on the passengers and enthusiasm seemed to be a forgotten trait. Only when the shores of the continent appeared, as the vessel neared Hatteras, did the men seem to appreciate the fact that home was the locality sought. At

At 8.30 of the 31st, they were met by the government tug, with orders to proceed up the Sound. Next came the health boat, the Louise Pulver, and at 9.30 anchor was cast and the health officer came aboard. Then followed the lining up and the inspection, which was very rigid. The verdict of the officer was that, with the possible exception of the 71st New York, the Ninth presented the worst condition of any returning regiment. Lieutenant McCann and Sergeant William Casey are the only men in the Company who have not been sick,

ONAHOE'S MAGAZINE MAJOR O'CONNOR'S GRAVE IN CUBA.

9 a.m., Tuesday, the 30th, the steamer Gloucester was spoken and the Allegheny's company were attracted by the appearance of well-dressed men and women who crowded the former's decks. When they learned that the transport was carrying the major part of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, they rent the air with their enthusiastic cheering, while the vessel's horn added to the din, all combining to tone up the spirits of the boys amazingly. The officers of the Gloucester kindly megaphoned to find if they could be of any service.

afloat or ashore. Through their immunity they have been of inestimable service to their suffering comrades. The officers of the Ninth did not take their meals with the men, but had a mess of their own, using the ship's dining room at a cost of $1.50 per day. The long absence of the paymaster was evident when, at the close of the first day, an attempt was made to collect the assessment. Only three officers were able to properly respond. However, a check book was developed so that food was enjoyed, though the pay therefor was to

come later. The "Emmets" have only pleasant words for the officers of the Allegheny, Captain Nickerson doing many favors to the sick and hungry, and Chief Engineer E. J. Gummer was specially serviceable to the boys homeward bound.

There may be said of the "Emmets" what would not be true of any other company in the regiment, that the commissioned officers were never absent and were ever alive to the needs of their men. With proper influence, on this homeward trip, they secured from the

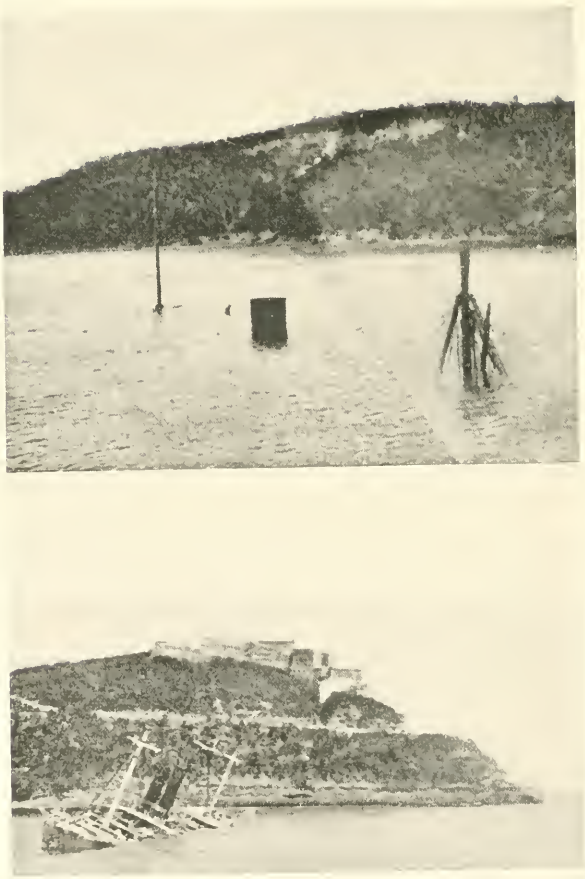
who gave the Emmet address just before the Company volunteered.

Meantime, on the shore of Montauk Point, there is a gathering of Worcester people exceedingly anxious to greet their returning friends. The Veteran Association of the "Emmets" are in evidence on the morning of the 30th, but the expected vessel is still on the way. Dr. Peter O. Shea, an Assistant Surgeon of the Ninth, and a Worcester boy, who had been invalided home, and now convalescent, had come down from Worcester to receive the boys as they

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE FORWARD DECK OF THE ALLEGHENY.

ship's steward the material for a mild milk punch, of which Lieutenant McCann was the dispenser. He says that his pleasure at relieving some of his own men was robbed of half its effect through seeing the longing eyes of other sufferers to whom he could not minister, he believing that his charity should begin at home. Then he was truly a ministering angel and blessings many were called down upon his head. The steward of the Allegheny was a brother of the Rev. George W. Pepper of Ohio.

landed, but he had overrated his strength and was obliged to return home again. Dr. Timothy J. Foley is another doctor from the Heart of the Commonwealth, and he awaits the Allegheny. There are newspaper men and other citizens, all anxiously looking for the coming of the vessel. There is a large quantity of supplies, either here or coming, which shall aid in restoring the soldiers to their normal condition, all contributed by Worcester people. General "Joe" Wheeler is in command at Camp Wikoff,



THE SUNKEN MERRIMAC.
WRECK OF THE REINA MERCEDES.

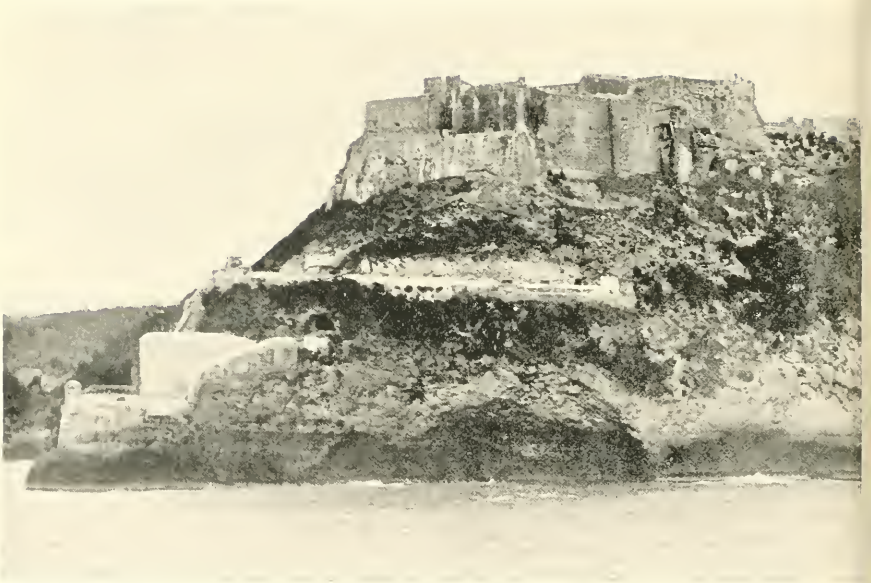
and to him Dr. Foley had gone when he found himself unattended by the notables of the home committee, related his story and told the Alabamian what he wanted to do. The scheme seemed to please the veteran and he gave the physician a pass which would admit him to the detention camp when the boys should reach it, and to them immediately when they came, he also gave directions for the use of a wagon to transport the supplies as soon as they were unloaded. For the General, Dr. Foley had only the highest praises.

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," is a time-worn saw and never better applied than when a soldier-bearing vessel nears the shores, so wistfully sought

during weary days and nights, yet debarred from landing her living burden because of the rule intervening. "So near and yet so far," was in the mind of more than one gazer from the decks of the Allegheny as he looked off to the promised land where he knew abundance awaited him. At 1 p.m. the quarantine boat returned bringing six cases of eggs, two hundred quarts of milk and more than four hundred sandwiches, Red Cross supplies. Never was relief more opportune. Eggs and milk mingled make a wonderfully invigorating drink for the almost famished men. Two hours later comes the hospital ship, Vigilant, and upon her decks are borne the sick, who to the number of one hundred and fifty are taken off. It is just before noon, September 1st, that a barge bearing the eight companies of the Ninth is towed up to a dock and the fever-stricken men once more stand on American soil. Perhaps the coming was a bit earlier than was expected, since guards were not posted, and for a few minutes there was an unrestricted greeting of soldiers and friends who had crowded down to the landing for this very purpose. 'Tis said that Peter F. Sullivan, one of the regimental buglers and the Gazette correspondent, was the first man ashore, and was nearly omnipresent in his hand-shaking mission. Either in ambulance or afoot the men take up their march to the camp, accompanied by Drs. Foley and James E. McGourty, both Worcester men who are to remain with the "Emmets" till they are freed from quarantine.

On this progress campward, "Couchee" is again in evidence. Though sleek in flesh, he is susceptible to extreme heat. In Santiago he had yielded to the sun's rays, and had been dipped into a swamp for resuscitation. To-day he turned over on his back and his four feet seemed to supplicate help. Lieutenant McCann bore him in his arms till, reaching the camp of the Rough Riders, and finding a barrel of drinking water, he dumped him in. Thereupon the tender-hearted officer was in danger of his life at the hands of the irate hustlers, but who relented at once when they learned the situation. Though revived by his plunge, the mascot staggered some, seeing which an amiable surgeon directed that he be carried in an ambulance to detention camp. Was ever other dog thus honored?

As is often the case when opportunity offers, our men in detention camp, having a chance to partake liberally of the good things offered in the way of food, ate too freely and, as a consequence, suffered from deranged stomachs and again had to go upon short rations, this time not for the lack of food, but because of its superabundance. Men are only children of larger growth, and the mothers represented were not near to advise their progeny as to the proper time and quantity. Beef tea and malted milk become the somewhat limited fare of the ailing lads, and they begin to wonder what their stomachs were made for. Drs. Foley and McGourty are in attendance, and to them must be added the name of Dr. John Ronayne, another Worcester boy, who has come to the camp to help take care of his old-time friends. The principal subjects of conversation are the end of their stay in quarantine and the date of the start for home, which for this occasion will come nearer heaven than anything as yet experienced by these young men. A long-looked-for and anxiously expected event was recorded on Wednesday, Sept. 7th, viz., the visit of the paymaster. Not since the days of Camp Alger had such a personage revealed himself to the regiment, and for many a long week the pockets of the men had been conspicuous for their emptiness. Congressman Fitzgerald is extremely active, trying to devise some means of securing better uniforms for the regiment on its return to Massachusetts. Visitors from the Bay State are numerous, and among those from Worcester are the Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, Richard Healy and Mark Skerrett, brother of the Company Musician. During all these days, "Couchee," the Company mascot, has no complaint



FINDNES - OF CO. F.E. PIERCE

SANTIAGO'S MORRO CASTLE.

to make of his usage, and under the care of "Prince" Prendiville is as fat as ever, in this respect setting an example for the other members of the "Emmets." The period of detention ended Sunday, the 4th, and nominally the boys could receive visitors, but there was all the time some reason why unrestricted interviewing was impossible.

The route to be taken on the homeward way was a prominent theme, and Hon. John F. Fitzgerald and Senator George F. Hoar were doing all in their power to have the Worcester men sent thither by the shortest and quickest way possible, but red tape and military delay are more potent than statesmen, and when the time really arrives, our boys go the longest way round. At 10 a.m., Wednesday, it was given out that the departure would be on the following day, but as the new suits of blue had not arrived, the men could hardly believe that they were really to go. Then came on a severe rain storm, with a consequent lowering of the temperature that chilled these fever-racked frames to the marrow, and lights went out early in the hope of securing blanket warmth not possible in any other manner. It was "Five O'Clock in the Morning," Thursday, that the boys were routed from their tents and told to make ready for the leaving of Camp Wikoff. Once more comes the contradiction of rumors and reports; the only certain thing is that the regiment does not move. Now comes the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald again, and on galloping steed he seeks the side and ear of General Shafter and pleads, nay demands, that the men be allowed to go, with or without uniforms. What is the difference to dying men whether they be clad in blue or brown? At 10 o'clock, the Representative comes into camp whirling, bearing the glad intelligence that the boys are to go at once. Every one must be ready

to march in an hour, but not till 1 p.m. does the regiment reach the floating dock below the railroad station. Just eleven "Emmets" are able to walk to the wharf. Again it is the Vigilant which is to convey the men to New London. The crowd is a dense one that fills all of the steamer's space, and besides the soldiers, are many Worcester citizens, as Drs. Foley, McGourty, Joseph H. Kelley, M. F. Fallon, T. A. O'Callaghan, William J. Delahanty, J. W. McKoan, the Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, Michael L. Russell and Frank J. Moynihan.

Loading and transit take so much time that not till 5 o'clock in the afternoon does the steamer enter New London Harbor. By shrill whistles and salutes from cannon, the coming of the regiment is announced to the people of the Connecticut city, and they come crowding down to the wharf to see the soldiers land. The first to meet the "Emmets" are the members of the reception committee from Worcester, who, with Robert Kessell as director, serve refreshments to the boys. The latter are in a wonderfully receptive mood, since their breakfast had been taken hours before among the sand dunes of Montauk. Another disappointment awaits the men, for instead of following the Thames River northward, as so many Worcester people have been doing for fully fifty years, the train takes them to Providence. Just why, no man can tell, unless to swell the receipts of the railroad, to whose mercies they are committed. Nine o'clock in the evening finds the regiment in Rhode Island's principal city, and about as far from home as when they left New London. Owing to their enfeebled condition sleeping-cars had been provided for the men, and some of them, including Captain Moynihan, were compelled to retire at once.

Though the ride from Providence to Worcester is not a long one, to the anxious passengers it is long enough, and their arrival at 10.45 p.m. is none too soon. The public parade and reception so dear to the hearts of all returning soldiers had to be given up on account of the weakened state of the men themselves, and the throngs which filled Union Station soon had ocular evidence that for such emaciated figures, home, mother and the best of care are the things most desirable now. A force of above fifty policemen had roped off the entire train shed and a considerable portion of Washington Square, in anticipation of the hosts that would press in upon the returning "Emmets." Within the inclosed limits only those wearing badges, given out by the honorary corps, were to be admitted. Of this organization there were present one hundred members, headed by the President, John J. Riordan, Vice-president George McAleer, Secretary William J. Tansey and M. B. Lamb. Also there were seventy-five of the ladies belonging to the Auxiliary, some of the "Emmet" veterans of the Rebellion, Colonel Fred. W. Wellington, Colonel E. J. Russell, Alderman T. J. Barrett, Councilmen Philip J. O'Connell and B. H. McMahon, General A. B. R. Sprague, M. J. Whittall and the Rev. Roland A. Nichols. The preparations were good and, under ordinary circumstances, could have been carried out as designed, but this is no ordinary occasion. Scarcely is the train of Pullman coaches in the shed than the crowd broke all barriers and made a mad rush for the last car, in which are their friends the "Emmets." Hands by the thousand are reached up in a vain effort to grasp those of dear ones seen through the car windows. There are women who, having near and dear relatives in the Company, fight their way to the side of the car, that they may first greet the returning soldier. For a moment it looked as though all order and restraint had succumbed to the one mad attempt to reach the loved one. At the best, of G Company there are less than half the number that, four months before, had ridden away so bravely; the others are hovering between life and death in the hospital, are already convalescing at home, or sleeping the dreamless sleep that knows no waking.

SCENE OF FINAL SURRENDER, SANTIAGO.

Only a Salvator Rosa could do justice in depicting such a scene, but, fortunately, there were men in the throng who never flinch for one minute. The men of the honorary corps join hands and, by sheer strength, force the masses back from the side of the car. The old train shed had beheld many a sad scene in the long years of occupancy, but never one more pathetic than that which follows. Dr. Joseph H. Kelley appears upon the platform and shouts to the swaying throng, "There is a guard at either end of this car, and no man or woman will be permitted to enter, and no man will be allowed to leave, till this crowd has fallen back so that these men can be taken out. There is not a man in this car who is able to walk ten feet, and we will keep them in the car all night unless room is made so that they can be taken to the carriages." Like the words of Webster on Bunker Hill, spoken to the thronging multitude at the corner-stone laying, Dr. Kelley's had the desired effect, and in spite of the number and almost insane interest, a passage-way wide enough for three persons to walk abreast was cleared to a place in front of the station, where the carriages were stationed. Then come the men, one at a time, to be escorted by two of the honoraries to the provided carriage. First comes Lieutenant William E. McCann, and in his arms is the mascot, "Couchee," which is speedily given to his whilom owner, Michael McCarthy, and the Lieutenant then returns to his comrades. Even cheering, the vent of pent-up American enthusiasm, is frowned upon, for at a feeble attempt to shout, Dr. Kelley exclaims, "For God's sake, people, do not begin to cheer; these men are sick and must not be excited; in their condition excitement is death." No matter how long their lives, to few men is given such a gauntlet of loving, pitying

Corp. F. H. Doran. N. J. Skerrett. J. E. Fogerty. Robert Rooney.

glances as that through which the surviving members of Company "G" pass, on their way to the carriages which are to bear them home, where is waiting—

"A happy 'welcome—welcome home' for each."

While the order of General "Joe" Wheeler as the Ninth was leaving Montauk was for the regiment, one-twelfth of it belongs to the Worcester boys, and it should have place in these pages:

Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, L. I.,
Sept. 8, 1898.

Major Donovan,
Commanding 9th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers.

Dear Sir: I cannot allow your gallant command to leave Camp Wikoff without expressing my admiration for the gallant services rendered in Cuba. Although your regiment did not arrive on the Island in time to be participants in the first engagement, it came upon the scene of action at a time when its services were most necessary.

The chivalrous devotion to duty displayed by your men in marching immediately to the front in the face of the fire of the enemy, and the hardships endured in being compelled to remain in the hot sun and driving rain without shelter and without food, will mark a new era in the history of American bravery.

The people of the United States have reason to be grateful to the grand old Commowealth of Massachusetts for the magnificent part she has taken in the present struggle, and amongst the galaxy of sons she has sent to the front none have won their honors with greater credit than the men of the 9th.

Wishing you and your command a safe journey home,

JOSEPH WHEELER,
Major General of U. S. Volunteers.

Every member of the Company who bore his part is entitled to his portion of this praise from the gallant ex-Confederate who, in his deeds in Cuba, endeared himself and did much to efface any blame attaching for his former devotion to the Lost Cause. His words should be a heritage for the generations to come, attesting the heroism of the fathers who risked health and life to right the wrongs of a long-oppressed and down-trodden people.

They were trying days which succeeded the home-coming, for were there not hundreds of loving friends who, in their efforts to feed and fondle the boys, would have undone all the work of the physicians in trying to bring their charges back again to health and strength? Few of the soldiers were seen in the street on the day after, and only as normal vigor began to return, did the men appear in their accustomed haunts. Then followed an exhibition of the devotion of those who had only heard of the Cuban vicissitudes. To a call for volunteer nurses, Misses Rand, Hartwell, Farley, O'Gorman, Delaney, McGourty and Ronayne speedily responded. Stableman John P. McDonald and Callahan Bros. offered the free use of four hacks each, that these nurses might have easy and ready carriage to their respective patients. With the city divided into sections it was possible to give to the men the care and attention from the lack of which they had so long suffered. On the 9th, or the day following the return, two more of the Company, Corporal John F. Horan and John F. Keegan, passed away in the hospital at Montauk, and on the 5th

Joseph N. Coffee, one of the recruits, died at Camp Meade, in Pennsylvania. Thus of the full Company which went away from the city, eight are in the other world, while certain of the survivors are endeavoring to regain their strength in their respective homes.

On the 14th of September, Michael J. Russell left for Montauk, under the direction of the honoraries, to look after the "Emmets" still in the hospital there, and for two weeks he faithfully discharged his duty. He was fortunate in finding the Worcester doctor, J. A. Ronayne, who, like himself, had died on the 15th of September, and John J. Creaven on the 25th. For all the men there was an extended sick leave, during which time they had the privilege of recuperating as best they could. It should be stated that every man had his fever sooner or later. If he came off the Island well, he was stricken after reaching home, if not before. One of the very last to yield was Lieutenant McCann, whose sinewy frame resisted all attacks into the month of November, when he went down all at once, and for the ensuing two years did not know a well day.

Dr. Jos. H. Kelley,
A "Montauk" Volunteer.

Patrick J. O'Keefe.

a personal interest in the sick men from this city. On his return he brought with him as far as Providence the boy George Corbin, who insisted on going with the "Emmets," whether enlisted or not. On reaching Providence the lad, very weak, was transferred to St. Peter's Hospital. This young man, whom no hardship nor rebuff could daunt in his determination to go with the Company to Cuba, had managed to get aboard the Harvard contrary to the orders of the officers, but once on board it was thought best to give him all the chance possible. When old enough he enlisted, and now, 1904, he is a Corporal in the "Emmets." Of the men left in hospital at Montauk, Private J. F. McTiernan

Recruits.

The services of Sergeant J. J. Corliss in bringing the ranks of the "Emmets" up to the newly adopted standard should be treated under a special heading. We have already seen him coming or going back to Worcester from Camp Alger on the 8th day of June, thereby debarring himself from the experiences of the life in Cuba. It is the duty of a soldier to obey orders, and this a good one does uncomplainingly. Though he reached home the next day and was ready for work, he awaited orders till the 13th, when, in conformity with direction then received, he opened his station at the Armory, and before 10

J. M. Carberry. D. J. Kennedy. S. F. Haggerty. J. J. Ahern.
J. J. Larkin. T. J. Kelleher. M. C. Brophy. William H. Murphy. J. F. Carey.

p.m. had his thirty-two names enrolled The next day he took twenty more, and on Wednesday, the 15th, his number ran up to eighty-seven. Thursday began the physical examinations under Dr. J. T. McGillicuddy, who passed twenty men out of thirty-seven examined. At 6 p.m. came orders to suspend operations, and they were in suspense till Saturday, the 25th, when he was ordered to resume. Monday, the 27th, he took ten more names; twenty-eight men were examined, of whom seventeen passed. There was no difficulty in securing men, and seemingly a regiment might have been raised. July 1st, Lieutenant Healey of Clinton mustered into the U. S. service twenty men, and only failed to muster the other twelve on account of lack of blank papers, and not till the 12th did the necessary documents arrive. It was lucky that nothing imminent hinged on the coming of these same papers. Meanwhile, the industrious Sergeant put his recruits through a course of drill and marching, gradually inuring them to the duties of coming days.

On the 12th of July, the remaining twelve men were mustered in, and, having their uniforms, they were ready for their departure. Thursday, the 14th, witnessed the going of the recruits. At 7 p.m. they assembled at the Armory, and with music by Buckley's Drum Corps, they marched to Union Station. The men who were anxious to help swell the ranks of the "Emmets" were as follows, viz.: D. J. Kennedy, James M. Carberry, Thomas Foley, Maurice A. Keane, Thomas F. Casey, John J. Martin, L. A. O'Sullivan, James F. Power, Stephen F. Haggerty, Charles F. Rice, Patrick F. Shea, Thomas F. Kellaher, William J. Riley, Thomas B. Kelley, Patrick J. Fleming, John F. Carroll, Michael H. Conroy, Peter H. Bennett, Walter Allen, Gerald F. McGillicuddy, J. J. Larkin, W. M. Leonard, Daniel Cronin, M. F. Bradshaw, James F. Carey, Thomas J. Kelleher, Richard H. Powers, Arthur L. Desautelle, F. H. Connelly, Arioul A. Shepardson, Joseph N. Coffee, Timothy J. Hurley. Though the "Emmets" are suffering in Cuba, these are recruits for their ranks, and the public, appreciating their patriotism, turns out to give them a cheerful parting. Led by Lieutenant M. J. Healey of Clinton's Company K,

S. H. Haggerty. T. F. Kellaher.

"WE ARE COMRADES."

and Sergeant Corliss, they march through Main Street to Front Street and along the same to Union Station, everywhere cheered by the people, who are ever alive to anything military. A great throng fills the station itself, so that it is impossible for the men to board the car assigned to them, viz., the last on the Fitchburg train. It is entered finally only by boarding one of the forward cars, and by passing through the train, the proper quarters are reached. Caterer Yeaw places on the car a hamper holding thirty-two boxes, supposed to contain cooked provisions for three meals, and, besides, he gives to each man twenty-one cents for the purchase of coffee on the way. Followed by the plaudits of the multitude, the train drew out at 7.55, leaving the people to disperse at their pleasure. Overcome by excitement, one lady, the sister of a recruit, faints, thus adding to the excitement. At Lincoln Square there is more applause, and here the drum corps alights and gives a final serenade. The men went away in charge of acting Sergeants Thomas F. Kelley and Maurice A. Keane, it being necessary for Sergeant Corliss to remain and finish up his papers.

By way of the Fitchburg and West Shore lines, the men went directly through to their destination, reaching Dunn-Loring early Friday night, every man in place, the first party to arrive intact and on time. They were immediately assigned to quarters and the routine of camp life began in earnest. The Sergeant, who had given so much time to getting this party of recruits together, did not join them till Saturday, July 30, at 7 p.m. August 1st, he is made Quartermaster-sergeant of the provisional company, composed of recruits for several of the Ninth's companies. Thursday, the 4th, the troops move away from Camp Alger, on account of the prevalence there of typhoid fever, to Burk's Station. After remaining one day at this point, a march is made to Bull Run, a place full of interest to the men who remember the Civil War. Sunday, the 7th, the march was resumed for Manassas and camp is pitched at Bristow Station, a name full of Rebellion memories. Relics of those troublous times are frequently found. Monday and Tuesday they are at Chapel Springs, and Wednesday, the 10th, they go through to Thoroughfare Gap, still in historic regions, but continuous rains tend to dampen their interest. On account of the high water in some of the creeks to be passed, the men strip themselves to avoid thorough soaking. The men who were there nearly forty years before had no time for such care.

Here the men remained till the 27th, there being little variety save as they find Rebellion relics or get passes to near-by places of interest. The Com-

J. M. Carberry, T. F. Kellaher, P. J. Fleming, M. A. Keane, W. M. Leonard,
T. B. Kelley, T. J. Hurley, W. J. Riley, J. A. O'Sullivan.

pany is detailed for duty at the headquarters of General Davis, and do not find their duties particularly arduous. There is a bit of excitement on account of the court-martialing of Captain Duncan of a Kansas regiment through his alleged digging up of the body of a Confederate officer at Bull Run. On the 27th, trains are boarded for Middletown, Penn., via Washington. When in the Capital, the soldiers were befriended by the Red Cross Society with food and drink, and their hearts are quite won thereby. Sunday, the 28th, finds the men in their new station, near Middletown, or, as it is called, Camp Meade, at about 7 a.m., and note is immediately made of the improved appearance of the vicinity. As Sergeant Corliss expresses it, "folks live, not merely exist." However, the stay in this camp is so brief, it seems strange that the move should have been made at all. Each day has some sort of an order, to be countermanded on the next, with reference to the disposition of the soldiers.

August 31st, came orders to report at Montauk and to prepare proper papers at once. These were in preparation September 1st, 2d and 3d, through extremely hot weather, the mercury recording above 100 degrees in the shade. On the last named date came directions to repair to Camp Dalton in South Framingham, which, to the wanderers, had an almost home-like sound. They start on the 4th, going through Jersey City and New York, taking from the latter place a train for home, via New Haven, Springfield, through Worcester, reaching South Framingham at 4.30 a.m., Monday, the 5th of September.

Here they found the 5th Regiment in camp and were hospitably received by the men, who helped the "Emmets" not only to refreshments, but towards finding their proper lodgment, where for a time they were in nominal quarantine, there being an impression that they might have brought home with them contagious ailments. However, as no disease made its appearance, furloughs were given to individuals, till finally all were sent to Worcester on the 10th of September, the general furlough covering sixty days. The home-coming was on Saturday, and it came at a time when depression reigned on account of the many deaths among the Cuban sol-

diers, hence no demonstration greeted the advent of the young men who had shown their willingness to do and to suffer, if necessary. Of the thirty-two who had enlisted, twenty-four were in line; one, Coffee, had died, and others were in hospital. From this point, the story of the recruits coincides with that of the other members of the Company.

After the return of so many men, the war being over, the city determined to give the new veterans a reception worthy of their services. The day set for the affair was the last day of October. In honor of the occasion, the schools stopped early and the Mayor requested that places of business be closed during the parade. It seemed that the same spirit which sent the men away was still alive, if anything a little more intense than on those rainy May days, and surely the homeward coming ought to be brighter than the departure. The surviving men who were well enough for the march were in line, but there were heavy hearts among the onlookers, who saw rather the vacant places than the men who marched. Once more Colonel Wellington is Chief Marshal, and the right of the line is given to Battery B, the hearts of whose members were consumed with envy because of their enforced remaining at home while these, their fellow members of the militia, were gaining renown and glory on the battlefield. Then follow the older veterans of Post 10, G. A. R., prouder than ever of the boys whom they had reared and had sent into the pathway of duty. Major Fairbanks heads the battalion, and then come the City Guards, under Captain Barrett, with his lieutenants, Tisdale and Plummer, and sixty men. The "Wellingtons" follow, led by Captain Holden, with Lieutenant Harry T. Gray and forty-four men. Next in line are the "Emmets," Captain Moynihan leading, with both of his lieutenants, Hurley and McCann, and seventy-one men. Last of all marches the Light Infantry, commanded by Captain Frank L. Allen, with Lieutenant Herbert H. Warren and forty-seven men. With each company were men representing other companies, but, as Worcester citizens, had borne a part in the contest. The march was not a long one, but it was sufficient to try the strength of the lately fever-stricken soldiers. At City Hall, they were reviewed by the Mayor and the city government, and the school children were there in force, just as they were six months before. On the Common, Battery B fired a salute in honor of the soldiers' return, and at 5 p.m. the parade was dismissed at the Armory. "Couchee," the mascot, also was in line with his fellow veterans, and his blanket bears the words, "I've been to Cuba. How about a pension?"

In the evening came the last scene, in the reception, when Mechanics Hall was filled to repletion with a vast array of soldiers and citizens, all intent on making the day and the hour memorable. The galleries were filled with people, who had paid fifty cents apiece for the privilege of seeing the veterans served and to hear the speeches. The numbers present were so much greater than expected that the city government had to retire without a part

CHARLES F. WEST, Co. H.
THOMAS F. CASEY.
JAMES F. POWER.

in the programme. In the confusion incident to the seating, the "Emmets" were left outside on the stairs, and were not present when grace was said by Dr. A. Z. Conrad. Charles H. Pinkham, that veteran chairman of reception committees, efficiently supported by his aids, saw to the proper placing of the guests, and then followed the repast. When the feast was over, as toastmaster, Colonel Fred. W. Wellington took charge and happily introduced his several speakers. All rose equal to the occasion, and their oratory was enthusiastically received. The speakers, in order, were Mayor R. B. Dodge, Jr., Congressman Joseph H. Walker, the Hon. Alfred S. Pinkerton, the Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, Colonel W. S. B. Hopkins and William H. Bartlett, commanding the department of Massachusetts, G. A. R. In conclusion, all arose while the Rev. Fr. McGillicuddy repeated the prayer for the dead, ending with, "*Requiescant in pace.*"

For the "Emmets" there is yet something to be done, for they must serve their tour of duty at the Armory. Accordingly they report on Sunday, Nov. 6th, at 10 a.m. and proceed to set their quarters in order. Their meals

Thos. F. Casey Shaves Jos. P. Kelley of Company H.

are to be served by Caterer Yeaw in the banquet hall, and the work before them will not be very arduous. Not all are here, for, aside from those in their graves, there are many who cannot respond on account of illness. Owing to the recruiting to the maximum number, there had been 106 men in the Company. Of this number, eighty enlisted men and three officers are present. Also George Corbin puts in an appearance and dines with his old friends. The duties of these twenty days are not much like those of the Cuban campaign, nor do rations, served by Caterer Yeaw, resemble those given by Uncle Sam on the Island. So far as mere work is concerned, each lad could sing with Watts—

> "My willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing itself away,
> To everlasting bliss."

The officers and their clerks had before them the preparation of their muster-out rolls, and as the thirty-two recruits had been pretty well scattered around the country, it was something to get together all the threads in the skein. With very few rifts in their lute, the tour continued till the 20th day of November, when they were mustered out of the U. S. service and paid off at the Armory. Including twenty-eight recruits, there were ninety-four men to rejoice at the offices of Lieutenant D. W. Kitchner of the 2d U. S. Artillery and Major M. R. Dyon, paymasters in the regular army. Some who were too ill to be present or were absent for any reason, received their pay and discharge from Washington. At 10.45 a.m. the task was done and the regular officers at once departed for Boston.

Immediately following the muster-out, there was a meeting of the veterans, which Captain Moynihan, with Lieutenants Hurley and McCann, addressed, speaking in general terms of the character of the services of the men and of the conduct that should be theirs in following years. Thanks were given all the organizations and individuals that had contributed to the comfort and happiness of the men, and

M. F. Garrett.

J. H. O'Callaghan.

the meeting closed with three rousing cheers for the Worcester press. Caterer Yeaw served for the veterans a turkey dinner, up to his well-known standard. The men themselves made up a liberal purse for George J. Corbin, the persistent lad who would go with them through the Cuban campaign and who never flinched any trial. "Couchee" continued to be the Company's favorite till his death, a long life, considering the vicissitudes through which he had passed. For several years the city remitted the annual tax in recognition of his merit. His stuffed figure, glass encased, is one of the most highly prized souvenirs in the "Emmets'" quarters.*

And here the chapter ends, though there are many items that might be introduced of subsequent service in the regular army of men whose experience, severe as it was, had only intensified their liking for a military career, and of the larger array of men who, returning to the paths of peace, demonstrated the truth of Whittier's words when he said—

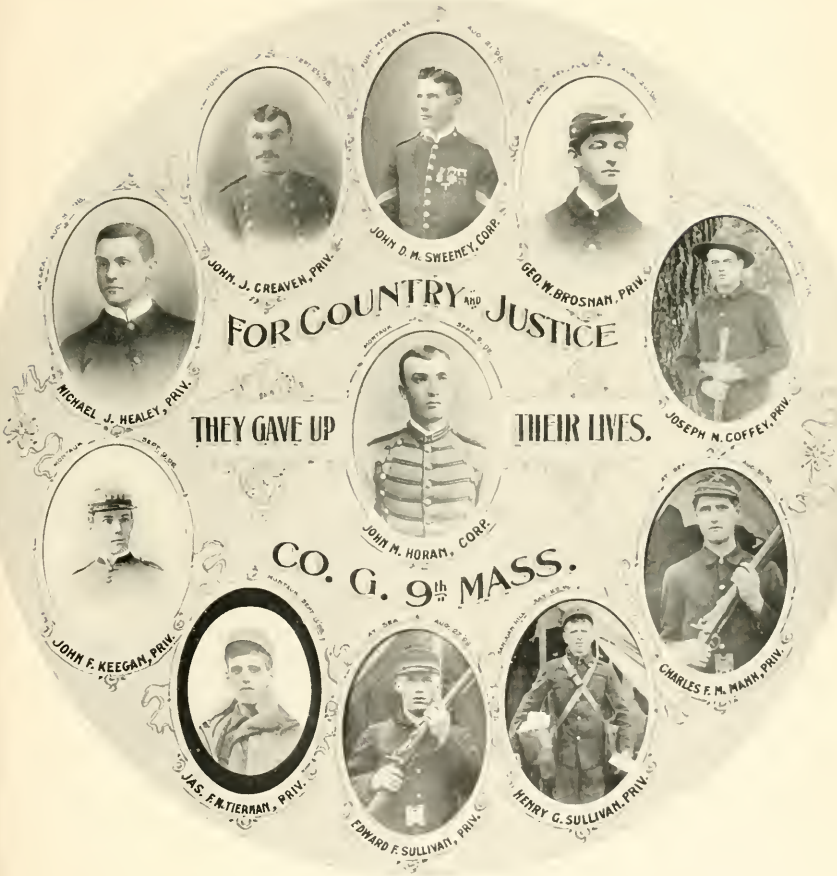
"Peace hath higher tests of manhood
than battles ever knew."

IN MEMORIAM, COMPANY G.

The list of "Emmets" dead is an extended one. The men who had been so active and vigilant in the preparatory days were not impervious to the attacks of fever, and thus some of the very strongest yielded. Their graves in Worcester are objects of tenderest regard to their many comrades and friends, but the bodies beneath the sea receive no Memorial Day tributes. There, unlettered but not unsung, they await the day when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll and the great waters shall give up their dead. Each succeeding year adds to the interest which the public has for the men who so willingly devoted themselves to a cause which they deemed just and worth the risk that they assumed.

Henry Sullivan.—Till the camp was saddened by the announcement of Private Sullivan's death, the men of the Ninth had begun to think they led charmed lives and that they were to be exempt from the penalties paid by other bodies; but they were speedily undeceived, and before the tale was

*"Couchee," on account of his age and consequent infirmities, was mercifully chloroformed by his friends, Horan and O'Keefe, April 11, 1901. The taxidermy work was done by E. R. Crossman. Perhaps it were better to state that the dog-officer "failed to see" the mascot than that the city forgave his tax.



told the mortality record of the Ninth exceeded that of the other Massachusetts regiments. Sullivan was born in Winchendon, Mass., Oct. 24, 1872, his parents being Henry and Dora S. The family early removed to Gardner, so that his school days were spent in the latter town. Removing to Worcester, he learned the business of mattress making, and was working for J. J. Griffin, Shrewsbury Street, when the war began. October 2, 1895, he was married to Miss Mary Moynihan, who, with her widowed mother, survives. The particulars of his death, July 23, have been given in the narrative of the Company. He sleeps now in St. John's Cemetery, his body having been returned later in the year. As one of the regimental postmen, his face and figure were familiar to all the members of the Ninth. His aged father is still living, but his mother is dead. A sister is the wife of his comrade, John

J. A. Casey, Wm. F. Casey, Degnan, O'Keefe, Scully, Barrett, Gilmore, Connelly, Corcoran, Doran.
"EMMETS" ABLE TO MARCH TO THE BOAT, MONTAUK. Lieut. McCann.

Larkin. On its return to this country, the body was buried in St. John's Cemetery.

George Washington Brosnan, who died at Egmont Key, Florida, August 20, was the second member of the Company to die. He was a native of New York City, a son of John and Bridget (Leonard) Brosnan. The date of his birth was Nov. 6th, 1877. His school days were spent principally in Saybrook, Conn. Later, coming to Worcester, he undertook the printer's trade and was employed as a pressman on the Evening Post of Worcester when he enlisted. As a soldier he was conspicuous for his alertness and faithfulness, qualities which secured for him the position of mail-carrier for the regiment. The death of no man in the Company was more regretted than his. When in Camp Alger, he suffered from an attack of measles, and though he accompanied his regiment to Cuba, he had not altogether recovered. Early in August he was sent back to the States. His father was a soldier in the British army and served in India. Besides his parents, he left a sister, Elizabeth, already mentioned in this story. The remains of the young soldier at last found rest in St. John's Cemetery.

Corporal John Daniel McSweeney.—When the "Emmets" went from Camp Alger, they left in charge of the tents they had occupied Corporal McSweeney, who was to take charge of them in behalf of the recruits expected from Worcester. Here he was taken sick with typhoid fever, and when Sergeant Corliss came down he found the young officer delirious and very much needing medical attention. For this purpose, he was sent to the hospital at Fort Meyer, and here he remained, his disease becoming finally typhoid pneumonia, from which he died, August 21. Just before his passing, though he had long been unconscious, his young wife arrived with their baby, hoping to gladden his eyes with a sight of the infant, named for him and the camp, John Alger, but there was no recognition in his dying sight. With his hand clasped in that of his wife, whom he had wedded only the Thanksgiving before, he received his final muster-out. He was born in County Kerry, Ireland, Feb. 27, 1874, the son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Sullivan) McSweeney, and they are still living in the old country. At the age of eighteen, in company with an aunt, he came to America, stopping first in New York city. He very soon came to Worcester, and for five years had been a member of the "Emmets." His vocation was that of meat cutting, being employed by Fred M. Clark, on Foster Street. Hoping to secure an appointment on the police force of the city, he had been a pupil in the Shrewsbury Street evening school during the winter. His body, being the first soldier's remains to be brought home, it received all the attention and honor that friends and citizens could bestow. A vast array of people viewed the body as it lay in its casket, at 37 Eastern Avenue, and on the 24th it was buried with military honors from St. Anne's Church. The burial was in St. John's Cemetery. His widow, née Nellie J. Sullivan, and the son, John Alger McSweeney, now reside on Gage Street.

Edward Francis Sullivan.—Not till the Company was on its way home did death again invade the ranks of the

NAVY'S MAGAZINE

The Transport Allegheny.

"Emmets." As already stated, Sullivan had been one of the strongest men in the regiment, seemingly immune to the ailments which had so weakened his comrades, but his turn came when he went aboard the Allegheny. "What might have been" has been the refrain in many a recital of the sad incident on that vessel when the delirious soldier leaped to his watery grave.* Had there been greater care given to his "heat oppressed brain," very likely he might have come home with his fellows. As it is, there is nothing left but his obituary, which follows: He was born in Shrewsbury, Aug. 29, 1874, his parents being Patrick and Joanna (Nagle) Sullivan. To him was imparted some of the physical vigor which enabled his father for years to walk daily from and to that hill town, that he might earn his stipend at the Quinsigamond wire mills. The son had his schooling on Shrewsbury and Grafton streets, in this city. He grew to be a stationary engineer, and was thus employed when the call came for volunteers. For several years his home had been with his aunt, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, No. 14 Gage Street, and by whom his untimely death is still mourned. His father is living in Holden.

Charles Francis McMann.—When the war call came there was visiting in Worcester a young man from Vermont. He had come here to see his younger sister, and though almost twenty-one years old it was only the second meeting in their recollection. Both the young people were children of Michael and Mary (Reynolds) Gafney, who died when Charles was a little more than three years old. There were four other children, all of whom were dispersed in the great misfortune which had come upon them. Charles was adopted by Thomas McMann, of East Fairfield, Vermont, though the lad's birthplace was Underhill in that State. The sister, Agnes, was adopted by John M. Cunningham, later of Worcester. Thus they were reared a long ways from each other. Charles had the benefit of Vermont schools, graduating in '97 at Brigham Academy, Bakersfield, an all-round athlete. Fully six feet in height, weighing 180 pounds, the examining surgeon said he was the best man he had ever seen. He was a star football player and was to enter the University of Vermont in the fall of 1898. It was when he graduated from the Academy that his sister first met him after infancy. Having taught school during the winter of 1897-'98, he had come down to Worcester to repay the visit and to strengthen the ties so recently made. The call to war, however, proved stronger than that of college, and he was one of the gallant boys who marched away with the "Emmets," regularly doing his duty till laid low by fever, from which he died, August 30, when on his way home in the Allegheny, and, it will be remembered, the vessel was turned back that his body might rest beneath the deep waters.

Michael Joseph Healey.—The third of the "Emmets" to receive ocean burial. He died just as the vessel was nearing the long-desired shores. Dying on the 31st of August, there was only a brief interval between his death and the committing of his body to the waves. He was born in Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland, in 1875, hence was only twenty-three years old when he died. His father, Edward, is still living in the old home. In this country he is survived by several sisters and brothers. He came to New York city when sixteen years old and worked there for a while, coming to Worcester after about two years. Here he worked as a moulder and, at the time of his enlistment, was employed at E. B. Pierce's foundry. His home was with his sister, Mrs. P. F. Lawler, on Shamrock Street, and during his last winter he had been a pupil in the Shrewsbury Street evening school, under the care of that veteran teacher, William J. Fallon.

Joseph M. Coffee.—Of this man, who was a recruit to the Company, there are very few data extant. It would

*See page 273.

appear that he was born in New Haven, Conn., apparently of Irish parentage, and that he had worked in Worcester for several years before his enlistment. His family affiliation, however, seemed to lay hold on New Britain, Conn., for there his body was taken for burial. He boarded on Thomas Street for some time, and, on having his life insured, he had the policy made payable to his boarding mistress rather than to his immediate relatives. Indeed, it is claimed after his death, a brother-in-law came to Worcester endeavoring to secure the results of the insurance, but did not succeed. Coffee was employed as a wire goods maker at the time Sergeant Corliss returned home for recruits, and he became one of those who were to raise the Company to the maximum. Returning with the Sergeant, when the new men went down to Camp Alger, he partook of the experience of the recruits, going with them to Camp Meade in Pennsylvania, where, attacked by typhoid fever, he died Sept. 5, just after the return of the "Emmets" to Worcester. At the expense of the Commonwealth, assisted by the honorary corps of the "Emmets," the body of Private Coffee was carried to New Britain for burial, and it lies now in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Corporal John Francis Horan was born in Abbeyfeale, County Limerick, Ireland, son of Michael and Catherine (Wright) Horan, who are still living in the old home. He came to America in 1880, and was a brother of First Sergeant M. J. Horan. He never attended any of the schools in this country. He was a single man, and by trade was a mason, an occupation which was shared by his three brothers. He had been a foreman in the employ of Contractor Henry Mellen for a number of years; he was prominent in the Bricklayers' Union and had represented his local body as a delegate in Chicago and Peoria. He was also a member of the A. O. H., everywhere conspicuous for his readiness and faithfulness. He was one of the oldest and most faithful members of the "Emmets." He had belonged more than ten years, joining about the time the Company went into the militia. He had, on a previous enlistment, worked himself up to the first sergeancy. On going in again, he had given the same care and interest as of old. He had a hard experience in Cuba, going to the hospital there, and the trip home on the Allegheny was anything but helpful. At Montauk he failed till death came to his release, Sept. 9, though the announcement of his departure was a surprise to his im-

DR. J. A. RONAYNE. DR. M. F. FALLON.

"MONTAUK" VOLUNTEERS.

mediate friends. His body is buried in St. John's Cemetery.

John Francis Keegan was a Worcester boy, born in this city Nov. 2, 1872, son of John and Mary (O'Connor) Keegan. His father, a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the navy, is a member of Post 10, and resides on Water Street. As a school boy, he attended the institutions on Ash and Ledge streets, in the latter place being under the care of Master E. E. Thompson. He left school after completing the ninth grade. His father was a moulder by trade and the boy took up the same occupation, and worked with the father in Colvin's foundry on Assonet Street. He was an active member in Father Mathew's Temperance Society and, in the best days of the St. John's Cadets, he was one of the most active and interested members. Naturally, when the call to arms came he was ready to respond, and, with the other boys, he marched away. His brother, Thomas, also enlisted, going into the 2d U. S. Artillery, being one of the first recruits for the regular army sent away from the city. As a soldier, in camp and field, he did his duty uncomplainingly, and wrote cheerful letters to his Worcester home. Throughout the Cuban campaign he was alert and well, but he succumbed to the rigors of the transport and Camp Wikoff. At the last moment, his father went down to the camp, only to receive the dead body of his son, he having died on the 9th of September, of typhoid pneumonia. Both Horan and Keegan were buried from St. John's Church on the same day, the 13th, Keegan at 9 o'clock and Horan at 10, and the bodies of both rest in St. John's Cemetery.

James Francis McTiernan.—September's death record for the "Emmets" was a heavy one, since no less than five of the men passed on between the 5th and the 25th of the month, and all of them, except Coffee, at Montauk. The fourth in September's list, the 15th, was McTiernan, a young man of Worcester birth, the son of James and Margaret (McDermott) McTiernan, of whom the father survives. As a school boy he went with his fellows to Ledge Street, and was another pupil of Master Thompson to don the blue and follow the flag. At the time of his enlistment, he was a mason's apprentice. When his body was brought back to Worcester, the friends of the family had an opportunity to view the same at the home on Coral Street, whence it was taken to St. Stephen's for the last rites of the church, accompanied by a representation of "Emmets," active and honorary. The eulogy of the Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy was specially touching and impressive. Over the grave, three volleys were fired in honor of the departed soldier, and, after "taps" by the bugler, the friends turned homeward, leaving in his grave one more memorial of man's sacrifice for man.

John James Creaven.—The eleventh death in the Company was that of Creaven, whose earthly journey ended at Montauk on the 25th. The soldier was a native of Ireland and was about thirty years of age. His parents were John and Ellen (King), of whom the mother is yet living in Ireland. In 1885 Creaven came to this country, landing in Portland, Me., but he soon found his way to Worcester, where he entered the employ of Washburn & Moen as wire-drawer, and, as such, continued till he went to Camp Dewey. Of his immediate family only his brother Patrick lived in this city, though a cousin, Patrick Feeney, lived on Millbury Street, from whose home the burial was had. Early after his coming to Worcester he associated himself with several of the Irish Catholic organizations, and was prominent in the A. O. H. and the Catholic Associates. He had been a member of the "Emmets" three years, and was one of the first to indicate his readiness to volunteer for the campaign. His army life was all right till about three weeks before the leaving of Cuba, when he was stricken with malaria and had to go to the hospital. Recovering somewhat, he boarded the Allegheny with his comrades, but on reaching Mon-

tauk he again went to the hospital, which he did not leave in life. Over his remains impressive services were held in St. John's Church, the words of the Rev. Mgr. Griffin being particularly fitting. At St. John's Cemetery the last chapter in this life history was had with the flag, volleys of musketry and "taps" in the presence of many hundreds of interested spectators.

John Edward Casey.—Though he was the first member of the Company to receive his discharge, Private Casey did not come home to become a healthy, vicissitudes of the Cuban service wore upon him so much that his friends solicited and secured for him a discharge, thinking him better employed at home than in a foreign land. The burial, in St. John's Cemetery, was from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wednesday, Jan. 3d, 1900, at nine o'clock a.m. Over the grave his comrades fired three volleys and the bugles sounded "taps."

Walter Allen.—One of the recruits secured by Sergeant Corliss was a young wire-worker from South Worcester, though in his earlier days he had

DR. JAMES E. MCGOURTY,
Asst. Surg., 9th M. V. M.

DR. PETER O. SHEA,
Late Asst. Surg., 9th M. V. M.

BOTH "MONTAUK" VOLUNTEERS

robust worker, for the hardships of the campaign wore upon him till, bereft of his reason, he was taken to the Lunatic Hospital, where, Dec. 31, 1899, he died. He was born in County Kerry, Ireland, Nov. 18, 1866, the son of Michael and Catherine (Brosnihan) Casey. By occupation he was a teamster, but he threw up his employment that he might go with younger men to the war, though in doing so he left six children and their mother, who before her marriage was Catherine Gleeson. He was the first and only man hit by a hostile missile in the company, and the worked in the carpet mills, for which this locality is noted. He was a native of England, born in Twerton-on-Avon, near Bath, October 28, 1877. However, only his earliest boyhood was spent there, for in 1881 he came to America, where the father had already come with an older brother. He was the youngest child of George and Emma (Schofield) Allen, the last of a numerous group of sons and only one daughter, Mrs. Edward Lever of Southgate Street. After a residence in Thompsonville, Conn., the family came to Worcester, and Walter's schooling

was had in Cambridge Street, principally under the care of Miss Ellen M. Boyden. He was employed at the Grove Street mills when the war fever struck him, and his experience in the "Emmets" only served to increase its strength. After his discharge he worked for a short time in the Grove Street works, but after a few months re-enlisted in the 9th U. S. Infantry and was with his regiment when it went to Pekin, though before that he had had his experience in the Philippines. He died of chronic dysentery Nov. 5, 1900, in Pekin, and his body was brought home for burial May 29th, 1901. With funeral services from Hope Church, it was buried in Hope Cemetery. It was a sad accompaniment of his body's return that, on the very day of its coming, his mother was stricken with paralysis, and from the stroke she never rallied.

Peter H. Bennett.—Another recruit who did not see Cuba, yet was willing to enlist for that purpose, was Bennett, who, the son of Patrick and Elizabeth (Herald) Bennett, was born in Worcester, and here his life was spent, except for that portion passed in the army. He died of consumption June 24, 1902, and was buried in St. John's Cemetery. By trade he was a metal polisher and was a member of the union of that occupation. A sister, Susan, is Mrs. Theodore St. George of Brooks Station, town of Princeton. At his death he was aged 20 years, 6 months and 26 days.

David James Kennedy.—The third among the "Emmet" recruits to get his final muster-out was the subject of this sketch. He was born in Hardwick, Mass., a son of David and Catherine (Cronin) Kennedy, and in that township passed his earlier days. In Worcester his employment was that of a shipper, and in that capacity he was with Clark, Sawyer Co. when he enlisted. He, too, did not get army enough in his brief experience of 1898, so like Allen he went into the 9th U. S. Infantry, enlisting Jan. 14, 1899, and there gained a wide knowledge of what real war is. In the Philippines he fought in many battles and, when the war in China broke out, he accompanied his regiment. At Tien Tsin, July 13, 1900, where his colonel was killed, he received a severe wound in the groin. Through consequent disability he was discharged Oct. 22, 1900. His death was on July 2, 1903, and his body lies in St. John's Cemetery. A brother of the deceased soldier is Patrick Kennedy, foreman in O. B. Wood's printing establishment on Foster Street.

William H. Murphy.—The latest "Emmet" to receive final muster-out was young Murphy, than whom there was no stronger, more athletic soldier when the Company marched away, but the seeds of disease were sown during the campaign, and, though he survived the return fully six years, it was only to fall at last. The record in Worcester's City Hall says that he died of tuberculosis, but malaria, acquired in Cuba, was the provoking cause. On his return, he became a conductor on the street railway, and there continued till illness compelled him to go to Colorado, where he remained something more than a year and a half. On his return, still ailing, he was unable to work, and finally went to Rutland for the benefits of its altitude and clear air; but it was in vain, for October 12, 1904, he died at the Highland View House. He was born in Worcester, April 19, 1879, the son of John and Ellen (O'Brien) Murphy. His school days were spent at the Thomas Street building, supplemented by a course in a business college. About the time he had finished the latter, the Spanish War began, and an Irish boy, born on the anniversary of Lexington's great day, could do no less than enlist. His brother Frank also was a soldier, now serving a second term in the regulars. Our subject was a member of E. R. Shumway Camp, Spanish War Veterans, and, with delegations from the Camp and from the "Emmets," military honors were accorded his remains, which were buried from St. Peter's Church, October 14, in St. John's Cemetery.

Timothy J. Ahern.—"The latest to die" has already been written of William H. Murphy, but delay in publishing the book admits of a repetition of

the expression, since March 9, 1905, the first name on the roll of the "Emmets" was starred. On that day the soldier who had warred against disease ever since his return from the service, passed over to rest on the other side of the river at the age of 31 years, 1 month and 3 days. His residence was at 33 Ward Street, where his widow and two children, a boy and girl, are left to lament the going of husband and father. He was born in Ireland, Butterfin, County Cork, where his parents and two brothers survive him with three sisters in this country. He came to America in 1896, and was a machinist by trade. The maiden name of his widow was Bridget Devine. The funeral, from St. John's Church, Saturday, the 11th, was attended by many of his comrades, and the body was buried in St. John's Cemetery, where so many of the "Emmets" lie.

AT PRESENT.

The following list contains the names of all survivors of Company G, their present addresses and vocations as far as the same have been found. Unless otherwise stated, the State is Massachusetts, the place Worcester:

Captain Jeremiah J. Moynihan, policeman.
First Lieutenant John F. Hurley, Health Department.
Second Lieutenant William E. McCann, clerk.
Sergeant Michael J. Horan, mason.
Sergeant John J. Corliss, druggist.
Sergeant William F. Casey, plumber.
Sergeant Patrick J. Moynihan, insurance, councilman.
Sergeant Charles J. Degnan, mattressmaker.
Sergeant Michael J. McCartin, conductor.
Corporal Thomas F. Lavin, machinist.
Corporal James F. King, wire-drawer.
Corporal John T. Green, coremaker.
Corporal Frank H. Doran, moulder.
Musician Nicholas J. Skerrett, reporter.
Musician James A. G. Casey, moulder.
Musician Peter F. Sullivan, ticket agent.
Artificer Patrick J. Sullivan, fireman.
Edward R. Barker, draughtsman.
James M. Barrett, plumber.
Michael C. Brophy, clerk.
David J. Burke, shipper, Holyoke.
Timothy J. Burns, U. S. Army.
James F. Connolly, shoemaker.
Charles S. Corcoran, engineer, St. John, N. B.
Michael J. Delaney, insurance.
Dennis J. Doyle, electrician.
Frank P. Doyle, motorman.
John Farrell, coachman.
John J. Fitzgerald, letter-carrier.
John E. Fitzpatrick, conductor, Wellesley Hills.
Michael J. Flynn, brewer.
John E. Fogerty, moulder.
Frank Forrest, U. S. Army.
Daniel Gardner, machinist.
Michael F. Garrett, helper.
John J. Gilchrist, U. S. Army.
William F. Gilmore, wireworker.
John T. Green, coremaker.
Henry Griffin, barber.
Michael J. Grogan, driver.
Michael J. Gully, brakeman.
Edward F. Hackett, policeman.
Michael L. Hoar, janitor.
Frank E. Joyce, motorman.
Charles E. Kenney, mason.
John Larkin, motorman.
James F. Larner, steamfitter.
Frank C. Leonard, moulder.
John J. Loftus, mason.
Edward H. Lyons, driver.
James J. McGrath, moulder.
Hugh McGuire, mason.
Henry J. Martin, machinist.
Edward Murphy, driver.
John F. Murphy, reporter, Chicago, Ill.
Timothy J. O'Brien, mason.
John H. O'Callaghan, steamfitter.
Daniel W. O'Connor, U. S. Army.
Patrick J. O'Keefe, letter carrier.
Anthony J. Prendergast, moulder.
Patrick J. Prendiville, steamfitter.
Robert H. Rooney, moulder, N. J.
Patrick J. Scully, clerk.
Edward F. Steele, roofer.

John H. Sweeney, electrician.
Henry P. Tracy, barber, Clinton.
Michael F. Bradshaw, laborer.
James M. Carberry, electrician.
James F. Carey, beltmaker.
John H. Carroll, U.S.A.
Thomas F. Casey, waiter.
Frank H. Connolly, mason; has been in U. S. Marines.
Michael H. Conroy, machinist.
Daniel E. Cronin, plumber, Virginia.
Arthur L. Desautelle, cook, Boston.
Thomas Foley, plumber.
Patrick J. Fleming, U.S.A.
Stephen F. Haggerty, U.S.A.
Timothy J. Hurley, machinist.
Maurice A. Keane, brewer.
Thomas F. Kellaher, steamfitter; has been in U.S.A.
Thomas J. Kelleher, policeman.
Thomas B. Kelley, salesman.
John J. Larkin, pressman.
William M. Leonard, springmaker.
John J. Martin, motorman.
Gerald F. McGillicuddy, buffer.
Laurence A. O'Sullivan, wood worker.
James F. Power, lithographer.
Richard H. Powers, teamster.
Charles F. Rice, woodworker.
William J. Riley, clerk, Boston.
Arioul A. Shepardson, wireworker, Clinton.
Patrick F. Shea, waiter.

Muster-in Roll of Company G, 6th Regiment of Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers, in the Service of the United States, for Two Years from May 11, 1898, unless Sooner Discharged.

[The data, in order, cover rank, name, age, birthplace and occupation.]

CAPTAIN.

Jeremiah J. Moynihan, 33, Killarney, Ire., policeman.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

John F. Hurley, 37, Worcester, health inspector.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

William E. McCann, 42, Worcester, lather.

SERGEANTS.

Michael J. Horan, 27, Limerick, Ire., mason.
John J. Corliss, 28, Worcester, contractor.
William F. Casey, 27, Worcester, plumber.
Patrick J. Moynihan, 32, Killarney, Ire., clerk.
Charles J. Degnan, 24, Edinburgh, Scotland, mattress-maker.
Michael J. McCartin, 26, Lethrem, Ire., polisher.

CORPORALS.

John D. McSweeney, 24, Kerry, Ire., teamster.
Thos. F. Lavin, 26, Worcester, spinner.
James F. King, 33, Montreal, Canada, screw-cutter.
John F. Horan, 35, Limerick, Ire., mason.
John T. Green, 25, Worcester, coremaker.
Frank H. Doran, 26, Worcester, moulder.

MUSICIANS.

James A. G. Casey, 24, Worcester, moulder.
Nicholas J. Skerrett, 21, Worcester, reporter.
Peter F. Sullivan, 27, Kerry, Ire., newsdealer.

ARTIFICER.

Patrick J. Sullivan, 31, Kerry, Ire., fireman.

WAGONER.

John E. Casey, 31, Kerry, Ire., teamster. M. O. July 14, 1898.

PRIVATES.

Ahern, Timothy J., 24, Cork, Ire., machinist.
Barker, Edward R., 21, Framingham, draughtsman.

Barrett, James M., 29, Worcester, plumber.
Brophy, Michael C., 26, Killarney, Ire., teamster.
Brosnan, George W., 20, New York, N. Y., pressman.
Burke, David J., 23, Worcester, teamster.
Burns, Timothy J., 23, Worcester, grocer.
Connelly, James F., 34, Lowell, shoemaker.
Corcoran, Charles S., 20, Kings Co., Nova Scotia, engineer.
Creaven, John J., 30, Galway, Ire., wire-worker.
Delaney, Michael J., 21, Worcester, bookkeeper.
Doyle, Dennis J., 24, Kerry, Ire., teamster.
Doyle, Frank P., 26, Kerry, Ire., mattress-maker.
Farrell, John, 24, Roscommon, Ire., moulder.
Fitzgerald, John J., 23, Worcester, plumber.
Fitzpatrick, John E., 21, Milford, photographer.
Flynn, Michael J., 24, Kerry, Ire., clerk.
Fogerty, John E., 22, Holyoke, moulder.
Forrest, Frank, 25, Worcester, laborer.
Gardner, Daniel, 26, Killarney, Ire., laborer.
Garrett, Michael F., 22, Waterford, Ire. steam-fitter.
Gilchrist, John J., 23, Worcester, laborer.
Gilmore, William F., 26, Worcester, laborer.
Griffin, Henry, 30, Limerick, Ire., machinist.
Grogan, Michael J., 28, Worcester, buffer.
Gully, Michael J., 24, Worcester, polisher.
Hackett, Edward F., 20, Worcester, painter.
Healy, Michael J., 24, Kerry, Ire., laborer.
Hoar, Michael L., 31, Worcester, inspector.
Joyce, Frank E., 22, Worcester, motorman.
Keegan, John F., 25, Worcester, moulder.
Kenney, Charles E., 21, Worcester, mason.
Larkin, John, 27, Fitchburg, stage manager.
Larner, James F., 21, Worcester, steamfitter.
Leonard, Frank C., 23, Leicester, moulder.
Loftus, John J., 25, Mayo, Ire., wire-worker.
Lyons, Edward H., 21, Tipperary, Ire., plumber.
McGrath, James J., 23, Waterford, Ire., machinist.
McGuire, Hugh, 26, Laterim, Ire., mason.
McMann, Charles, 21, Underhill, Vt., school teacher.
McTiernan, James F., 22, Worcester, lamp-lighter.
Martin, Henry J., 28, Worcester, polisher.
Murphy, Edward F., 20, Spencer, shoe-cutter.
Murphy, John F., 22, Worcester, reporter.
Murphy, William H., 20, Worcester, teamster.
O'Brien, Timothy J., 19, Worcester, wood-worker.
O'Callaghan, John H., 36, Troy, N. Y. steamfitter.
O'Connor, Daniel W., 23, Grafton, wire-worker.
O'Keefe, Patrick J., 33, Grafton, letter carrier.
Prendergast, Anthony T., 23, Mayo, Ire., moulder.
Prendiville, Patrick J., 25, Palmer, steamfitter.
Rooney, Robert H., 23, Worcester, moulder.
Scully, Patrick J., 25, Worcester, druggist.
Steele, Edward F., 23, Worcester, roofer.
Sullivan, Edward F., 24, Shrewsbury, thread-winder.
Sullivan, Henry, 25, Winchendon, mattress-maker.
Sullivan, Peter F.
Sweeney, John H., 20, Worcester, conductor.
Tracy, Henry P., 26, Boylston, barber.

Recruits to Company "G" who were mustered in July 1st and 12th, 1898, for three years, etc., and were mustered out with the Company in November following:

Allen, Walter, 21, Thompsonville, Conn., wire-worker.
Bennett, Peter H., 24, Worcester, buffer.
Bradshaw, Michael F., 26, Worcester, machinist.
Carberry, James M., 25, Worcester, machinist.
Carey, James F., 21, Waterford, Ire., belt-maker.
Carroll, John H., 21, Worcester, laborer.
Casey, Thomas F., 23, Ashton, R. I., barber.
Coffey, Joseph M., 24, New Haven, Conn., japanner.
Connolly, Frank H., 38, Lowell, stonemason.
Conroy, Michael H., 22, Worcester, machinist.
Cronin, Daniel E., 24, Worcester, plumber.
Desantelle, Arthur L., 32, St. John, Canada, cook.
Fleming, Patrick J., 21, Waterford, Ire., spinner.
Foley, Thomas, 23, Worcester, plumber.
Haggerty, Stephen F., 20, Worcester, waiter.
Hurley, Timothy J., 24, Worcester, teamster.
Keane, Maurice A., 21, Kerry, Ire., laborer.
Kelley, Thos. B., 20, Worcester, clerk.
Kellaher, Thomas F., 21, Worcester, spoke-maker.
Kelleher, Thomas J., 28, Kerry, Ire., painter.
Kennedy, David J., 33, Hardwick, shipping clerk.
Larkin, John J., 23, Worcester, armorer.
Leonard, William M., 25, Worcester, currier.
McGillicuddy, Gerald F., 23, Worcester, skate-maker.
Martin, John J., 28, Paxton, laborer.
O'Sullivan, Laurence A., 25, Worcester, piano polisher.
Power, James F., 19, Worcester, case hardener.
Powers, Richard H., 27, Detroit, Mich., cook.
Rice, Charles F., 23, Worcester, woodworker.
Riley, William J., 25, Worcester, bookkeeper.
Shea, Patrick F., 21, Kerry, Ire., buffer.
Shepardson, Arioul A., 25, Worcester, mechanic.

THE EMMET HONORARIES.

Almost coincident with the sound of war's alarms, came the increased activity of the band of men who for years had acted as friends in need of the citizen soldiers. They had aided in the payment of extra bills when necessary, they had helped out on anniversary and public occasions, but now the time was approaching when they must stand in the breaches developed by the departure of the active company for the front.

The honorary records for this period, in the handwriting of the Secretary, William J. Tansey, give a graphic picture of the disposition of these friends of the soldier when he was called to leave his home and responsibilities. The first date in the volume is that of March 31, when at 9 p.m., apparently in the Armory, the assembly was called to order by Captain Moynihan; John J. Riordan was made temporary chairman, and William J. Tansey secretary pro tem. Later the same officers were made permanent with the addition of Dr. George McAleer, vice-president; Lieutenant James Early, treasurer. Directors were also appointed in the persons of Richard O'Flynn, J. F. Fitzgerald, Paul Henry, J. Frank Quinn, and Philip J. O'Connell. An assessment of five dollars on each member gave an air of earnestness to the occasion.

The next meeting was on the eve of departure, viz., May 3d, when it was voted that the honoraries should turn out to do escort duty on the Company's going to Framingham, the next day. A tribute to the services of Col. F. W. Wellington, in the addition of the "Emmets" to the State militia, was paid in the proposition that he should be the chief marshal in the parade. This proposition on the part of Lieutenant Early met the the approval of all. Captain Moynihan was received and spoke on the coming ordeal, as also did Lieutenant Hurley. Jeremiah Murphy told of the Civil War days and of the probable demands to be made on the health and energy of the men.

Later in the evening, Colonel Wellington came in and spoke of the interest he had ever had in the "Emmets." On the motion of Mr. David Goggin a Relief Committee to look out for the families of departing soldiers was appointed, consisting of M. B. Lamb, David Goggin, J. H. Murphy, W. H. Toner and W. J. Tansey. The president of the honoraries, Mr. Riordan, was added as chairman ex-officio of the committee.

The honoraries did escort duty as contemplated, but they did not meet again till the very last morning in the month, when they came together in the council chamber of the City Hall, their mission to determine in what manner the passage of the Company through the city should be observed, and it was voted to give the boys money rather than a lunch. On the motion of Dr. George McAleer, seconded by Mr. Richard Healy, it was voted that a subscription paper be circulated then and there, with the result that $250 was raised at once, the list being headed by the name of Mr. Healy with the sum of one hundred dollars affixed; nor did generosity end here, for, through the passing of a hat, twelve dollars was secured for the procuring of pipes and tobacco for the "boys." Then, beyond all this, the organization assessed itself five dollars per capita for the good of the soldiers and their dependencies.

Thenceforward the records of the honoraries are really those of the Relief Committee, which for the most part met in the music store of Mr. M. B. Lamb, and at frequent intervals. Any one contributing five dollars or more to the relief fund was voted an honorary member of the corps. As a starter in the matter of giving, one hundred dollars was voted to the Vol-

Wm. H. Toner. John H. Murphy. David Goggin,
Wm. J. Tansey. Patrick J. McManus. J. J. Riordan. M. B. Lamb.

THE "MONTAUK" COMMITTEE, "EMMET" HONORARIES.

unteer Aid Society; at the same time, a vigilant eye was kept upon the wants and needs of the "Emmet" families, such action being taken on June 1st. One week from that date, contributions toward the fund amounted to $714, in which were not included the loans of carriages, etc., in the raising of the foregoing sum, thanks for the same going to Mr. John P. McDonnell for his generosity in this direction. The records for several weeks were for the most part statements of relief afforded to different families.

In July the committee aided in the success of the famous lawn party given by the Ladies' Auxiliary, and in many ways contributed to the well-being of people who otherwise had suffered. In August came the services of the corps in securing proper observance of soldiers' funerals, thenceforward to be entirely too frequent. The arrival of the "Emmets" at Montauk brought comparatively near the committee the chief cause of its existence, and never for a moment was there any abatement of effort to help and forward their interests. Arrangements for the proper reception of the Company, the disposal of territory for volunteer physicians and nurses, and many other items were all considered and acted upon by this same committee. The visit of the committee to Montauk gave to it for war annals the appellation of the "Montauk Committee." September 1st, Katharine Johnson had volunteered to act as a nurse, and hers is the first name on the list.

At subsequent meetings there were conferences with the physicians who had volunteered to help the soldiers on their arrival in Worcester, and the names of additional nurses were received. Later there were votes to send floral tributes to the funerals of deceased soldiers and to designate representatives of the corps to attend in person. As time advanced, after the return of the men, meetings assumed rather the form of approving and paying

Dr. Thos. A. O'Callaghan.
Dr. Wm. J. Delahanty.
Dr. John W. McKoan.
Dr. Timothy J. Foley.

VOLUNTEER PHYSICIANS AT MONTAUK.

bills, which were numerous, for whose defrayal there always seemed to be enough. November 25 was nearing the end of the many assemblages of the committee. At this one President Riordan stated that they had met once a week ever since their organization, and during the stay of the Company at Montauk, every night, and that to the best of their ability they had discharged the duties laid upon them. At this time gratitude was expressed to the many persons and organizations that had contributed to the success of their work. In this list were included the names of Senator George F. Hoar, Rev. Father D. F. McGillicuddy, Colonel F. W. Wellington, Martin B. Russell, who went to Montauk to represent the committee, and finally to all who had in any way contributed to the good work. Messrs. T. J. McAuliffe, J. J. Moynihan, J. J. Riordan and William J. Tansey were appointed a sub-committee to see about placing in the Armory a tablet bearing the names of those who had died during the war, a consummation not as yet attained. The memorial services, held in St. John's Church, February 22d, 1899, were under the auspices of the committee and were of a fitting character. The last meeting recorded in the annals bears date June

12, 1900, and therein we learn that from all sources the honoraries had collected $1427.65, and that there was a balance remaining of $191.76, which sum it was voted to turn into the treasury of the Honorary Corps. The final act in this chapter was the reading of a highly eulogistic story of the services to the cause of John J. Riordan, who had recently died. No one can tell how much his services during the trying period of the war may have contributed to his untimely death. Dr. George McAleer, the memorialist, acquitted himself most admirably, and never had reader a better subject. As a singular appendix to the foregoing, the secretary of the committee, William J. Tansey, has also joined the great majority, and, with the "Emmets" beyond, contemplates the lives and deeds of those still this side of the divide.

LADIES' AUXILIARY TO THE EMMET GUARDS.

True to their womanly natures, the lady friends of the "Emmets" early united in an effort to make happier the lives of the men themselves, and, where necessary, the homes that they had left. While many of the auxiliary were related to the soldiers, there were others whose sole interest in the cause arose from their innate desire to work for the cause of God and humanity. The work that these young women accomplished in the few months of their organization was remarkable, and they fully merited the gratitude which every soldier felt towards them. From the records of the secretary, it is possible to glean certain interesting facts concerning their work in this summer of anxiety and grief.

Starting in June, 1898, it is stated that the primary object of the organization was to make comfort bags and abdominal bands for the men at the front, furnishings for the hospital ships and necessities for sick and wounded soldiers. Meetings were held two evenings in the week at 98 Front Street, in the Knights of Robert Emmet Hall. Three members, Mrs. P. H. Murphy, Mrs. J. F. Hurley and Mrs. P. J. Moynihan, were designated to represent the auxiliary in the Soldiers' Aid Association, whose object was the help of the soldier, irrespective of race or creed. These ladies spent a part of each day at the rooms of the Soldiers' Aid, cutting, sewing, etc., until the work in hand was accomplished. The greater part of the material used by the auxiliary was furnished by the Soldiers' Aid, but the former gave thread, binding, buttons, tape and labor for the articles made. The accomplishments of the organization in this line were seventy-seven abdominal bands, just the number of the original "Emmets;" eighty comfort bags, for the same company; twenty dozen sheets, for the hospital ships, twenty dozen pillow cases, and twenty-five mosquito nettings, also for the ships.

With this record of labor behind them, the auxiliary set about raising money for the soldiers and their families, for which purpose properly arranged small books were given certain members for the entry of the names of givers. This was soon found to be a very slow and humiliating system, since so many causes were afield that the returns in no way were equal to the effort, though something more than eighty dollars was thus secured. That greater results might be attained, feminine effort was directed towards entertainments which might attract the public, and, under the guise of rendering an equivalent for funds received, gather larger sums of money for the cause.

No military campaign was ever more carefully planned than that which resulted in the lawn party given on the grounds of St. Stephen's Church, July 27th. With perfect weather and a generous, patriotic company, one evening's harvest garnered more than an all summer's canvass would have produced. There was entertainment for

Miss Abbie I. Heffren,
Secretary.

Miss Mary E. Fitzgerald,
President.

Mrs. William Goodwin,
Treasurer.

all. Both sexes and all ages were equally cared for. There was food for the mind and for the body, with diversions for the eyes, ears, hands and feet. Evidently all had come to the festivities with the longest purses in their possessions, since the summing up of money received made a large average for all present.

From 8 to 9.30 o'clock p.m., there was a literary and musical entertainment in the church hall, wherein the musical parts were taken by Miss Madge Feehan, Mr. John Roberts, Miss Mary Lynch, Miss May Butler, Miss Mary Cove, Mrs. William Heffren, and Mr. John Reardon. Mr. William Collins played the banjo, while Miss Margaret Sullivan and Harry Foley gave readings, every effort securing deserved applause. Then followed the terpsichorean diversion upon a platform under a pavilion, where, to the music of Coburn's orchestra, the "light fantastic" was tripped till after 12.30 of the following morning; for did feet ever weary when

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell"?

There were some who did not care for the dancing, and for them there was prepared a hurdy-gurdy entertainment by certain misses in the guise of Italian flower girls, as remote from the strains of the dance music as the grounds would permit. Then there was the White House Café Drum Corps, which pounded out most fitting martial music from their sheepskin covered instruments. Everywhere and at all times there were to be had, for compensation, most excellent refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, candy, lemonade, popcorn, all sorts of non-intoxicating beverages, souvenirs and flowers to the limit of every purse, as was evident in the grand summing up, which netted $608.48. Seldom has labor been better rewarded than on this occasion. The result indicated not only the best of planning and execution, but also the most patriotic impulses on the part of those who attended and so swelled the receipts.

In the list of sub-committees might be found nearly every name in the auxiliary, for it was evidently an association of workers, each one vying with her neighbor to do her utmost. The society's President was Miss Mary E. Fitzgerald; the Secretary, Miss Abbie I. Heffren, and the Treasurer, Mrs. William Goodwin. Thus excellently officered, the record of the organization was a proud one. The funds secured at the lawn party were disbursed as follows: to the Soldiers' Aid Society, $125; to the "Emmets" in Cuba, $100; to the recruits in Camp Alger, $50; to needy families, $50; the remainder was passed over to the Honorary Corps for work among the

Miss Ella A. Monahan.
Miss May E. Delaney.
Miss Anna M. Delaney.
Miss Minnie O'Gorman.

VOLUNTEER NURSES.

needy and otherwise, according to the corps' judgment. After the return of the soldiers from their Cuban campaign, certain ladies of the membership joined in visiting the invalids and reporting their condition to the Soldiers' Aid and to the Honorary Corps. For masses in behalf of the men who died, the auxiliary assumed the expense and also attended the services.

In their records the society names the parties who were conspicuous for their giving to the cause, and among them should be mentioned the Rev. Father McGillicuddy of St. Stephen's Church, who donated the use of the grounds for the lawn party, as well as tables, church hall, dishes, etc.; Clark, Sawyer Co., for the loan of drinking glasses; Coburn's orchestra, for music; William J. Tansey, who gave the beverages for the occasion; Washington Social Club, for decorations, and the Consolidated Street Railway, for accommodations. Nor should the devotion of Messrs. John Foley and Timothy Sullivan be forgotten, since, on the night of the party, they hired a hurdy-gurdy and perambulated the streets till nearly midnight, thereby being able to turn over to the hands of the fair patriots above forty-five dollars to help swell the net proceeds. From Jerome Marble & Co. they received a

Miss Rhoda L. Knapp.

Miss Alice G. McGourty.

VOLUNTEER NURSES.

large number of sponges to be sent to the boys in Camp Alger, P. J. Judge donated the printing incident to their canvassing books, while the Robert Emmet Hall was given by its Knightly occupants. Its work accomplished, the auxiliary disbanded February 9th, 1899.

For the sake of history and the interest in the story which must ever be fresh, the names of the members of the auxiliary are appended: Misses Lizzie Brosnan, Bridie and Katie Cahill, Minnie Carney, Mrs. Casavan, Misses Mamie Casey, Teresa Claffey, Katie Clemens, Jane Coligan, Jennie Connolly, Mrs. J. J. Corliss, Misses Katie Crowe, Mary Cullinane, Eunice Darney, Mamie Deedy, Mary Degnan, Mrs. Jas. Degnan, Mrs. Frank Doyle, Mrs. N. Earle, Misses Mary E. Fitzgerald, Josie Flynn, Kate, Margaret and Sarah Folan, Statia Garrett, Teresa Gilmore, Mrs. William Goodwin, Misses Mary Greene, Julia Hackett, Josephine Hartnette, Abbie I. Heffren, Mrs. William Heffren, Mrs. J. F. Hurley, Misses Margaret Kiley, Nora Larkin, Katie and Mary A. Leonard, Mrs. James McGrath, Misses Sarah McPartland, Ellen McTiernan, Anna and Mary Mahony, Margaret and Teresa Martin, Margaret Millea, Kate and Mary Monahan, Mrs. P. J. Moynihan, Misses Julia, Kate and Margaret Murphy, Mrs. P. H. Murphy, Misses Nellie O'Toole, Mamie and Nellie Russell, Margaret Scannell, Nellie Sheridan, Mary Sullivan, Margaret Sweeney, Josie, Maggie and Minnie Powers, Minnie Thompson, Mrs. B. L. Trombley and Miss Mary Walsh.

VOLUNTEERS' AID ASSOCIATION.

Major E. T. Raymond, President.

The departure of Worcester soldiers for the South, and the passage of those from other states through Worcester, early aroused her citizens to the necessity of raising funds for meeting expenses sure to arise in many ways not immediately provided for by the State and nation. In compliance with a call, the first meeting of citizens for organization was in the Board of Trade Hall, at 8 p.m., May 27th, 1898. From this inception grew the association known as above, whose ministrations, extending over more than five months, resulted in the collecting and expending of above nine thousand dollars, thus conferring unnumbered blessings on homes and individuals otherwise left to suffer.

The association was officered as follows: President, Major E. T. Raymond; Vice-president, Rev. A. S. Garver; Secretary, Carl Bonney; Treasurer, Halleck Bartlett, all of whom with the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, General A. B. R. Sprague and Dr. T. J. Barrett, constituted an Executive Committee. A Finance Committee was appointed having a single representative from each ward, as follows: Ward 1, Frank L. Dean; Ward 2, John J. Riordan; Ward 3, William I. McLoughlin; Ward 4, Philip J. O'Connell; Ward 5, Matthew B. Lamb; Ward 6, Colonel E. J. Russell; Ward 7, Mayor Rufus B. Dodge, Jr.; Ward 8, R. James Tatman. The Auditing Committee of three members comprised Messrs. Edwin Brown, James P. Hamilton and Samuel E. Winslow. The Relief Committee had four members from each ward and the people thus designated were: Ward 1, Captain A. A. White, Charles E. Grant, Mrs. James Logan, Mrs. Mary H. Burr; Ward 2, Captain P. L. Rider, J. B. Shattuck, Mrs. Chas. H. Pinkham, Mrs. F. W. Wellington; Ward 3, Julius C. Zaeder, James F. Guerin, Miss Frances M. Athy, Miss Evelyn Munroe; Ward 4, A. A. Rheutan, Patrick O'Day, Mrs. P. H. Murphy, Mrs. T. F. Boyle; Ward 5, J. B. Stone, F. O. Dahlquist, Mrs. Charles H. Hall, Miss I. M. Crompton; Ward 6, I. Swan Brown, David Goggin, Mrs. William L. Robinson, Mrs. E. I. Comins; Ward 7, Richard Healy, Capt. Horace Hobbs, Mrs. H. A. Knowles, Mrs. R. B. Dodge, Jr.; Ward 8, Lieutenant H. A. Johnson, General Josiah Pickett, Mrs. A. M. Parker, Miss Frances M. Lincoln.

The regular meetings of the association were held in the hall of the Board of Trade, such use having been generously donated through the President, Mr. I. E. Comins, who was also the "at large" member of the Relief Committee. At the very first meeting after organization, June 3d, letters offering services and aid were received from several bodies, while the first gift in the way of material assistance came in the shape of a check for $100 from the "Emmet" honoraries.

June 7th the Relief Committee met and organized with Miss Frances M. Lincoln as president, and Mrs. Charles H. Pinkham, secretary. The rooms of the Worcester Employment Society were offered for the use of the committee in its labors. As the committee had the power of adding names to its list, at a subsequent meeting these were voted in, viz.: Ward 1, Mrs. L. A. Ely, Mrs. Helen DeCamp; Ward 2, Mr. Geo. F. Blake, Mrs. H. S. Pratt; Ward 3, Dr. J. H. Kelley, Miss Nora Ready; Ward 4, Hon. F. A. Harrington, Mrs. O'Toole; Ward 5, Richard H. Mooney, Mrs. Willard F. Pond; Ward 6, Theodore P. Brown, Mrs. George H. Ward; Ward 7, Osgood Plummer, Mrs. John Legg; Ward 8, F. M. Clark, Jr., Mrs. George E. Francis.

At this time it would be difficult to state just who were the prime movers in the plan of an association for the purpose of looking after the interests of all the volunteers and their families, but the expected passage of a Maine regiment through the city on the 27th may have brought matters to a focus, since it was on the very night of said incident that the meeting for organization came. The Woman's Relief Corps of Worcester, in their efforts to properly receive the Maine boys, had taken the south store in the State Mutual building, and with accustomed zeal were working most vigorously. There were above thirty of these patriotic women who were seeing to it that the proverbial hospitality of the Heart of the Commonwealth should suffer no disparagement if in their power to prevent. They were an already organized body and for many a day it had been theirs to look out for the creature wants of the "Boys in Blue." Under the efficient direction of their President, the late Mrs. Mary H. Burr, they presented a scene of earnest activity delightful to contemplate. From some sources always open to them, they had developed the means to secure large quantities of food and now they were preparing it for "hand-outs." In the midst of the hurly-burly, Captain Charles H. Pinkham, the husband of one of the hardest workers in the corps, noticing the bustle in the hitherto unoccupied space, made bold to enter and to ask the cause thereof. To his susceptible mind the answer was sufficient, for he proceeded at once to lend a hand, in that he stationed himself near the door on the street, and all parties fortunate in his intimate acquaintance were held up for a contribution to the meritorious object; and so well did he ply his avocation that in a very short interval he was able to turn over to the ladies more than forty dollars. The practical character of the Pinkham family is evident in the fact that a little later Mrs. Pinkham, who had been on a similar quest, was able to add five dollars to the masculine gifts. For the lads from the Pine Tree State there were made ready 300 loaves of bread, 2500 doughnuts, several cheeses, with hams, butter and mustard necessary to reduce the mass to the shape of toothsome sandwiches. From the Creamerie restaurant on Pleasant Street had been ordered 110 gallons of prime coffee, and before 6 p.m. the work was all in shape for the travelers. Then appeared the wagons of Calvin Farnsworth, and the food was transported gratuitously to the Union Station.

It was not till one o'clock in the morning of the next day, on the 28th, that the first section of the northern train drew into the station, hence the wait had been long, but all was in readiness for a quick exchange. An engine and a baggage car were in commission and the goods, ready for passing over, were there, and by running alongside the waiting train it was easy to pass over the needful. Mayor Dodge and Halleck Bartlett were in control of the affair and everything worked admirably. Notwithstanding the unseasonable hour, more than a thousand people were in waiting and a large part of them remained till the last section was entertained, and this was not till after two o'clock. Hardly had the first section had its fill when the second appeared, to be followed, as above, by the third, when all the Maine boys were happily speeded on their way to Chickamauga. Nor was all the

feeding done by the organized relief, since there were many friends and relatives in the city who came down to find and remember their own; among them a mother with a box and can of coffee for her son, her sixty-five years being no barrier to late hours. Captain P. L. Rider of the Light Infantry also came along to find if Portland had not sent some of her boys, Light Infantrymen, and so kindred to the Worcester soldiers. It was a wide-awake company, even though the hour was "wee and sma'," and it was quite natural that some one should shout, as the train was drawing out, "Remember the Maine," and the gallant boys from the Dirigo State answered merrily, "You bet we will." What a pity that the fortunes of war did not carry these soldiers to the scenes of hostility.

Realizing that the raising of funds was the chief object of existence, the aid association lost no time in getting to work, and all honorable methods were resorted to. Ministers preached in their respective pulpits on the needs of the hour, and collections were taken; money came from volunteers and from the solicited, and all sorts of entertainments were given to help along the cause. Among the latter especially notable was the concert in Mechanics Hall, June 16th, when the Festival chorus bore the major part in one of the finest outbursts of song that even that music-laden place ever experienced. The Worcester Brass Band was there and Charles H. Grout drew on the ultimate resources of the great organ, while Arthur J. Bassett and Walter B. Eaton were the pianists. The programme was patriotic throughout, the excellent solo parts being rendered by James H. Cafferty, Mrs. Daniel Downey, Mrs. Henry F. Harris, Dr. Paul C. W. Dufault, Mrs. Dorathy McTaggart-Miller, and Miss Flora Provan. It was when the mighty chorus began "America," and the audience forgot to rise, that a woman rose in her place and with a wave of her handkerchief, as it were, bade the people stand. She was obeyed with an alacrity that spoke volumes for the appreciation of the listeners. The Festival chorus at other times may have rendered more classic music than that sung on this occasion, but never did song touch more responsive chords. The "music in the air" was that of the nation's "mighty, faithful heart."

The next money-getting plan was that of a tableau evening in Salisbury's Hall, under the direction of John G. Heywood, Charles S. Hale and Halleck Bartlett. The date was June 23d, and the audience all that the most sanguine could ask. Eager, intent and appreciative, the people contributed not a little to increasing the relief fund. The *tableaux vivants* and the living pictures made an evening of pleasure to this day recalled by many. The display of each scene, i. e., the parting of the curtains, was most effectively accomplished by two diminutive lads in white page costumes, Masters Henshaw Dewey and Thomas Greene, while the real *dramatis personæ* of the charming evening were Misses Dorothy and Rose Lincoln, Edith and Nancy Barton, Mildred Sargent, Florence Heywood, Ethel Bartlett, Helen White, Rosamond Mitchell, Mary Brooks, Helen Goulding, Catherine Bent, Olive Mason, Maude Armsby, Mary Morgan, Amy Brown, Mary and Katharine Butler, Edith Baldwin, Emily Eaton, Edith Hamilton, Edgeworth Whittall, Emily Richardson, Mrs. Samuel E. Winslow, Mrs. Homer Gage, Mr. Richard Mitchell, Masters Chester and Philip Heywood.

Elsewhere in this volume mention has been made of the immense box of good things which the citizens brought together at the Armory and which Armorer George Hubbard packed for the boys, the same going to Florida, and on whose nearly one ton's weight the express was above $135. Thereafter it was thought best to send money direct rather than use so much in paying transportation.

Well along in July, Mrs. T. B. F. Boland inaugurated a happy movement in enlisting the fingers and energies of the Lamartine vacation school children in the making or folding of surgical sponges. Many of the children had relatives in the service and their assistance was all the more

readily secured, and with song and recitation of the leading events of the strife, they made the work speed right merrily.

Perhaps the event of all, during the war period, for raising cash and at the same time interesting a large number of people, was the baseball game played at the Oval, July 22d, between the doctors and the lawyers. The teams as they were ranged against each other were as follows: for the Æsculapians, F. H. Baker, H. S. Knight, E. H. Trowbridge, H. W. Cronin, T. J. Foley, R. D. Small, C. B. Stevens, F. A. Underwood, J. J. Rafferty, J. H. Kelley, J. W. McKoan, eleven in all, for the situation demanded two first basemen and two pitchers. The legal lights were J. E. Sullivan, Webster Thayer, R. A. Stewart, W. E. Sibley, H. L. Parker, J. F. Jandron, Robert Washburn, Rockwood Hoar, H. S. Haskell. In both professions can be recognized some of the leading names in the city, an indication of the public interest, not so much in the game as for what it stood. While the score, 24 to 14 in seven innings in favor of the barristers, would not indicate the very highest kind of skill in the great American game, yet it did give the beholders a deal of fun for their money. It was very odd to see men of note acting the part of hucksters, but they did their stunts admirably. As peanut venders, Colonel Horace Verry, Judge Geo. M. Woodward, Dr. W. T. Clark and Lawyer James McGovern were stars. Frank B. Hall found cocoanut cakes a source of revenue. John R. Thayer and Herbert Parker dispensed lemonade to a thirsty crowd. Arthur P. Rugg sold the finest bunches of sweet peas of his own raising. Dr. L. F. Woodward found ready purchasers of his ginger pop and other mild beverages, while Frank H. Kelley made even non-smokers smoke by the eloquent way he presented his cigars. The hit of the day, aside from those on the field, was made when the hurdy-gurdy of an Italian was captured and with Colonel W. A. Gile in place of the steed between the thills, John R. Thayer grinding and Frank P. Hall pushing behind, a march was made in front of the grandstand. For pure, unqualified mischief, nothing could be more funny, and the responses as the hats went round were free and full. It is said that so completely did the company exhaust its change supply that the trip home, by way of the trolley, occasioned the conductors lots of trouble in the breaking of bills. Few men, guilty or otherwise, escaped some kind of a demand upon their pocketbooks. If the visitor got off easily from the score card sellers, P. J. O'Connell, Henry Y. Simpson, Chandler Bullock, George S. Taft, Dr. W. R. Gilman, Dr. R. W. Greene, Dr. G. A. Tripp and Dr. D. B. Lovell, he was sure to fall a victim to one of the ticket sellers, F. E. Gunnison, Dr. E. D. Fitch, E. A. D. Moss and W. J. Peacock. Ushering for the memorable day was by E. F. Thompson, M. M. Taylor, C. E. McGillicuddy, T. C. Carrigan, C. W. Saunders, J. P. Morrissey, all disciples of Coke and Blackstone, while Doctors Lamson Allen, M. J. O'Meara, G. O. Ward, J. M. W. Farnham, A. M. Shattuck and George H. Hill did the honors for the followers of Hippocrates. Frank L. Dean, Esq., headed the grand entrée of all the performers, while Samuel E. Winslow and Rufus Woodward, well seasoned baseball players, armed respectively with revolver and rifle, undertook the arduous duties of umpire. The ball was started by the first citizen of Massachusetts, United States Senator George F. Hoar, rising in his place and deftly tossing the sphere into the midst of the contestants. That more than $2000 was netted for the relief fund was some token of the success of the professional men's efforts.

The many entertainments during the summer, concerts, tableaux, lawn parties and every possible device, served not only to raise money for a good cause, but also relieved the minds of many anxious friends too much disposed to dwell on the tribulations of the men in Cuba. While a recital of all the incidents of the summer might afford pleasant reading, space forbids further reference.

As the season advanced it occurred

to the officers of the association that the best way to get their gifts to the men afield was to send them in charge of one of their own number, and Halleck Bartlett was designated for that purpose. Above one thousand dollars' worth of necessities was collected, and the packages, large and small, were transported to the Red Cross headquarters in New York. It was a motley array, though a useful one, that was thus sent on. There were medicine cases from Brewer & Co., including 15,000 quinine pills, a keg of Jamaica ginger, lemon tablets, mustard plasters, etc.; cases of stimulants from E. S. Pierce & Co., and from George F. Hewett, for hospital use; Quinsigamond Lodge with Rawson & Simpson sent tobacco and pipes enough for a regiment, let alone four companies. Literary wants were looked out for by James Logan, who sent a quire of paper with envelopes for every man in the Worcester representation; Putnam, Davis & Co., indelible pencils, and F. A. Easton sent reading matter; Duncan & Goodell furnished pocket knives to sharpen the pencils with; E. T. Smith Company, wholesale grocers, gave a long list of items in their line, as condensed milk, pickles, soap, extract of beef, cereals, preserved fish, and candies. The enumeration of articles of underwear furnished by a generous public would fill columns of this book, but everything was securely packed and sent to New York for shipment to the field.

Then came a phase of the situation not appreciated till the gifts were ready to be sent. Red tape obstacles interposed of the most obstructive kind. Though Mr. Bartlett visited Washington and had at his back so strong a supporter as Senator George F. Hoar, and all his requests were granted, it was well nigh impossible for him to get away on the same vessel with his charge. At last, however, the seemingly impossible was surmounted and, on the Breakwater with Worcester's tokens of love and appreciation, he left New York, August 3d, for the regions of fever and war. Though the gifts did not reach the scenes of need just as their givers had hoped, yet eventually they were devoted to the good of the soldiers.

From the final statement of the association it appears that there passed through its hands the sum of $9684.89, of which large amount all was dispensed for the good of the soldiers and their families, except $1247, which was equally divided at the closing up of the account among the Veteran Associations of the City Guards, the Light Infantry, and the Wellington Rifles; the "Emmet" honoraries and the Woman's Relief Corps. No community ever did itself greater credit than did Worcester in her devotion to the cause of suffering humanity. While individual reference is often invidious, and while every one interested did his part in the happiest manner possible, yet there would be no hesitation on the part of any one in the parting statement that a large part of the success of the work was the direct result of the devotion and constant application of Mr. Halleck Bartlett, to whom the period of the war was one of campaigning almost as arduous as that in which the Worcester young men were engaging beneath the tropical sun. Not for many hours at a time were the sons of Worcester out of the minds and hearts of the citizens who had speeded their going, had watched with breathless interest their progress, and with open arms greeted their return. Citizens and soldiers were alike worthy of each other.

THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

One phase of the work of the Volunteer Aid Association demands special mention, viz., that of the committee whose members were named earlier in this article. Theirs was a direct and personal labor, impossible of adequate description, yet one of the most valuable ever performed by any body of people. They saw and lessened suffering. They compensated for the

Mrs. Angie A. Robinson.

thoughtlessness of husbands and fathers whose place was with their families rather than in the ranks, for America has unmarried men enough to fight all her battles; but no such thoughts were in the minds of the committee when they undertook to supply what others had omitted. Extra rooms were opened in the same quarters with the Employment Society, and the same were put in charge of Mrs. Angie A. Robinson, the wife of William L. Robinson, each actively and for a long time connected with the Grand Army and Relief Corps respectively.

By no means could the duties of the position have fallen on more trustworthy shoulders. Vigilant, active, sympathetic and discriminating, Mrs. Robinson brought to her place just what the situation demanded, and most nobly did she work, early and late, day and night, in season and out, till the word "finis" was written, after the soldiers were mustered out and peace again had resumed her happy sway.

As the vote of the Executive Committee to thus open rooms was taken June 20th, it must have been about this time that the active campaigning began, and by the direction of the same body they were closed November 3d of 1898, so for five months there was an open door through which immediate want might be supplied, a slight compensation for the evils following the failure of humanity, thus far, to beat its swords into plowshares. Fortunately for the convenience of the annalist, the main features of Mrs. Robinson's work have been collated by her and it is possible to summarize them in the following lines. In addition to the care of the helpless, there was the preparation of all sorts of articles for hospital use, as sheets, pajamas, canopy nettings and scores of other items, all under the direction of Chairman Lincoln, but it is with the relief work that we are chiefly interested now.

The official designation of Mrs. Robinson in her labors was Chairman of the "Local Relief," and she had authority to draft from outside sources such people as she chose to call to her assistance. Applications for help frequently went directly to Treasurer Bartlett, and where it was possible for him to supply at once, he complied, otherwise the request was turned over to Mrs. R. with instructions to investigate. Considering the size of the city and the number of applicants, this was no small task. Much of the difficulty of the work arose from an exaggerated notion in the minds of some families as to what the public duties were, as in the case of one little woman who thought that the government or some parties were going to take herself and family at once into complete care and keeping, instead of being a sort of supplementary aid to her own efforts. From a letter from the Mayor's Clerk, Charles H. Benchley, it is possible to secure a fair idea of the kind of requests that were daily received:

> The bearer, Mrs. ——, filed her application for State aid several days ago, but on account of the red tape to be gone through with, she can draw nothing till about the 25th of this month, when she will get relief for herself and nine children, for July and August. In the meantime, I understand she is suffering for the necessities of life. Can you help her? She will state her case.

It was for just such cases that the committee came into existence, but just think of the heedlessness of the soldier and culpableness of the enlisting officer who would take a father away from such a responsibility when able-bodied young men were anxious to go. Sometime men and recruiting officers will be more sensible. A woman writes to the treasurer to ask if a mother must be sick before she can get aid from the association. An enlisted man writes the President of the association from Framingham requesting the same to look after his wife while he tries to place the flag on the Cuban breastworks. Evidently his patriotism should have been tempered with some discretion.

In very carefully kept books, Mrs. Robinson entered the names of those helped, with such remarks on the cases as the circumstances warranted, a collection that will be of infinite interest to the antiquarian of the twenty-first century. Help was given to the families of those in the regular army as well as to those of the Worcester companies, all being equally meritorious. The help rendered was usually in the shape of provisions and clothing, the same based on the apparent needs and income of the family. Personal observation was had in all cases to decide upon their merits. There were district nurses whose duties carried them where they could see for themselves the wants of the destitute. Many babies were born in these days, and the place of the supporting father was supplied by these good women who helped the mothers through their hours of peril and suffering.

Human nature, in all its varieties, could be studied from the viewpoint of the committee. Some people would accept only the barest necessities, while others were ready to take all that was offered and still stand with outstretched hand. One woman, expecting to become a mother ere long, is fearful lest she be ejected from her home for non-payment of rent, but the committee's help saves her; in all cases the giving was done in a way to convince the recipients that it was the public's appreciation of the situation, not alms nor charity. When a call for cast-off clothing was made, the response was immediate and sufficient, especially from All Saints' parish, whose generosity drew from the committee a vote of thanks. The sudden departure of the men upon whom so many were dependent and the limited supplies on hand, soon rendered outside aid necessary.

At times the duties of our Chairman became almost judicial, as when she had to act between a woman and the latter's friends, who wished her to send her children to Canada, to be boarded there at the public expense, while she, the mother, went out to work. To Mrs. R.'s judgment, the better way was to move the family into cheaper quarters and with association aid keep her children with her. The latter counsel happily prevailed and a home was ready for the husband and father when his release came. There was no danger of pauperizing the people helped, except certain cases already upon the city's list. The habitual beggar was easily detected. Of course there were frauds, but they were in a very small minority, and in the words of the Chairman, it was much better to be deceived at times than that a single meritorious case should be neglected.

The following instance did not discourage the good people who looked into it; the help was needed, even if it were given on false representations: The story was told of a mother and five children being in the most abject want, their home little better than a kennel; that the father, a drunken fellow at best, had left his abode to seek for work, and had ended his seeking by enlisting, and that he was then in the army. The want was so obvious and pressing, help was granted and investigations as to truth were made later; then it appeared that the man's name did not occur in the lists of Worcester's soldiers, but inquiry at the police station did reveal the fact that the so-called soldier was doing service for the county in the jail, having been sent there duly from the Central District Court, and that his wife, herself, appeared against him. The poor

woman needed all that she got, but she was not an army widow.

The return of the volunteers and their subsequent illness brought on a new phase of work. Nurses had to be supplied and physicians furnished, but nowhere did the committee falter. Prescriptions were filled at the expense of the association, and every possible convenience was given where the want was known. If the government was lacking in certain directions, and there seemed to be grounds for the accusation, the remissness was wonderfully supplemented by the folks at home. Mrs. Robinson finally found herself acting the part of quartermaster and commissary to full-grown men, trying to fit them with garments in the place of the frayed and soiled regimentals in which they had come home. Indeed she was wont to remark, save in the matter of uniform, she began to feel as though she were a soldier herself and that she had really been discharged from the Second Regiment. Through all these months she says she received only one expression of disrespect, and that was from a young man too badly inebriated to realize what he was saying. When he returned to his senses he had the manliness to come back and most contritely apologize for his unseemly behavior. Back of the rum demon, almost every one "is a man for a' that and a' that." Transportation was sometimes furnished regulars and sailors back to their respective stations, and a word of thanks from the recipient on his safe arrival was an oasis in the midst of so great a waste of suffering. Thus in a thousand ways did the men and women of Worcester, through their representatives, remember the Scriptural injunction:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

NONESS OF COL. F. E. PIERCE CATHEDRAL IN SANTIAGO, ONE OF THE OLDEST IN AMERICA

Done in Water Colors by Fred P. Dean, Company C, and Presented to Post 10, February 16, 1905.

Legion Spanish War Veterans.

COLONEL E. R. SHUMWAY CAMP, NO. 30.

[Instituted May 28, 1902, with fifty-one charter members. The name of J. J. Corliss is number one on the list, that of Lieut. Wm. E. McCann, number two.]

Commander, Arthur S. Longley; Senior Vice Commander, J. J. Corliss; Junior Vice Commander, Edward R. Barker; Paymaster, Michael Hogan; Quartermaster, Louis B. Glixman; Adjutant, Dr. A. F. Wheeler; Surgeon, Dr. Peter O. Shea; Officer of the Day, Wm. E. McCann; Officer of the Guard, S. E. Clapp; Officer of Watch, J. J. Quirk; Sergeant Major, James E. L. Todd; Quartermaster Sergeant, P. Brulé; Color Sergeants, J. F. Quilty, C. L. Humphrey.

Past Commander, Capt. Edwin G. Barrett.

Meetings, third Wednesday of each month in Sons of Veterans' Hall, No. 418 Main Street.

Adams, W. G., 277 W. Boylston; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Ahern, Timothy J., 30 Ward; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.; died March 9, 1905.

Aldrich, Olney T., 141 Beacon; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Allen, Frank L., 8 Forest; Captain, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Allen (Ahlin), John D., 22 Greendale Ave.; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Allison, R. L., 56 Front; Corporal, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Allison, Walter H., 4 Dudley Place; First Sergeant, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Alton William R., Worcester; Co. K, 6th Mass., U.S.V.

Amell, Harry C., 18½ Woodland; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Andresen, Lucas, 180 Canterbury; Co. F, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Ballou, Herbert A., 24 Lee; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Baril, H. V., 59 Pleasant; 1st Maine, U.S.V.

Barker, Edward R., 32 Crystal; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Barrett, Edwin G., 128 Paine; Captain, Co. A, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Benson, Nils, U. S. Army; Corporal, U. S. Marine Corps.

Bergstrom, John F., 20 Laurel; Artificer, Co. B, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Bjorkman, William, 6 Rodney; Co. C, 46th U.S.V.

Blair, Frank K., 58 Orange; Battery B, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Boyd, Morris C., 2 Green Lane; 1st Naval Battalion, U.S.N.

Brett, Dennis, 15 Pink; Co. I, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Brigham, Dexter E., 107 Commercial; Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Brulé, Philemon, 50 Grand; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Burke, Ulysses M., 126 Green; Co. K, 9th U. S. Infantry.

Butler, Clarence E., 8 Dayton; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Butler, George C., Portland, Me.; Fort McKinley, U. S. H. Artillery; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Butler, William H., 10 Brittan; U. S. Navy.

Casey, James A. G., 25 Trumbull; Musician, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Cavanaugh, John F., 10 Warren; Co. H, 12th U.S. Infantry; died March 13, 1905.

Champney, Peter, 20 Mechanic; Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Cheever, Fred W., the Aurora; Co. B, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Cheever, Herbert M., 4 Fern; Co. B, 11th U. S. Infantry.

Christenson, Elmer L., 4 Sherbrook Av.; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Clapp, S. E., 12 Newport; Artificer, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Clossen, Herbert L., West Boylston; Corporal, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Coakley, Timothy, 10 E. Shelby; Co. A, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Colburn, Charles H., 1 Hampden; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Cole, James A., 18 Canal; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Coley, Henry G., 21 Crompton; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Colvin, Christopher, 57 Harrison; Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Connors, William, 49 Endicott; Coxswain, U. S. Navy.

Cook, Clarence E., 74 Russell; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Cook, Fred A., Jr., 40 Lincoln; Co. D, 1st N. H., U.S.V.

Cooper, Benjamin, 15 Crompton; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Corliss, John J., 6 Clarendon; Q. M. Sergeant, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Cronin, Dennis J., police station; Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps.

Crooker, Leonard M., 22 Belmont; Sergeant, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V., 26th U. S. Infantry.

Cross, John J., 28 Orchard; Battery C, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Cruikshank, James T., 22 Woodland; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Cummings, Matthew, 6 Scott; Corporal, Co. I, 26th U.S.V. Infantry.

Davis, Orlo W., 48 Jaques Av.; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Dean, Fred P., 5 Newbury; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Degnan, C. J., 59 Prescott; Sergeant, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Delaney, Michael J., 24 Vernon; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Dennis, William H., 259 Park Av.; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

DeMarco, Joseph, 130 Shrewsbury; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Ditson, Charles H., 44 Fales; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Doran, Frank H., 90 Jaques Ave.; Corporal, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Doyle, Dennis J., 17 Lunelle; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Doyle, Frank P., 33 Temple; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Dumas, Adelard J., 181 Canterbury; Co. B, 43d U. S. Infantry.

Eldridge, Clifford T., 469 Grove; Corporal, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Fairbanks, Harry B., 27 Richards; Major, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Farrow, George S., 327 Main; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Fay, Peter J., 32 Prescott; Troop F, 5th U. S. Cavalry.

Feeney, Patrick J., 9 Belknap; 108th Coast Artillery, U.S.A.

Felty, George H., 17 Catharine; First Lieutenant, Co. C, 9th Ill., U.S.V.

Fischer, Charles A., 672 Main; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Fitzpatrick, John E., 43 Ward; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Fitzpatrick, Patrick J., 2 Foyle; Corporal, Co. L, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Flint, Charles J., 11 Elizabeth; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Fogerty, John E., 195 Millbury; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Forsberg, Charles, 1 Kosta; Corporal, Battery C, 2d U. S. Artillery; Troop H, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

Foss, Rodney, Springfield; 12th U. S. Infantry.

Freeman, Harry E., 6 Fox; Battery B, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Fyrberg, Charles, West Boylston St.; 12th U. S. Infantry.

Gardner, Octave E., 9 College; 12th U. S. Infantry.

Garrett, Michael F., 140 Belmont; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Gilligan, Edward, 109 Summer; Co. F, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Gilmore, George C., 7 Vine; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Gleason, Odiorne J. W., Post Office; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Gleason, Willis, 18 Hawley; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Glixman, Louis B., 38 Lamartine; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Goddard, George N., 660 Grafton; 12th U. S. Infantry.

Gould, Lubertia M., 30 Mendon; Co. F, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Gowans, John G., 11 Austin; Sergeant, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Green, John T., 618 Main; Corporal, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Green, Ralph C., 10 Preston; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Griffin, Henry, 33 Pond; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Griswold, Charles E., 20 Mulberry; Artificer, Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry; Battery E, 1st U. S. Artillery.

Guilliam, William A., 1 College; Troop D, 6th U. S. Cavalry.
Gully, Michael, 85 Salem; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Hackett, Edward F., 84 Providence; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.A.
Hagberg, John G., Worcester; Corporal, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Hagerty, Stephen F., 315 Grafton; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Hall, Ernest B., Milford; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Hays, Fred R., 13 Mendon; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Hayward, Arthur L., 5 Preston; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Healy, Patrick E., 123 West Boylston; F Battery, 3d U. S. Artillery.
Helm Oscar, 4 Everard; Corporal, Co. L, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Hicks, R. C., 140 Beacon; Co. A, Battalion of Engineers, U.S.A.
Hill, George H., 5 Ferdinand; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Hoar, George F., 3 Merrifield; Corporal, Co. H, 9th U. S. Infantry.
Hoar, Michael L., 4 Vernon; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Hobbs, Howard K., Court House; Corporal, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Hogan, Michael, 27 Gardner; Co. M, 6th Mass., U.S.V.
Holden, Charles S., 40 Vine; Captain, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Hooker, Walter F., 29 Ingleside Ave.; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V
Horan, Michael J., 48 Barclay; First Sergeant, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Humphrey, Charles L., 110 Summer; Co. H, 9th U. S. Infantry.
Hurd, Herbert E., 23 Charlotte; 3d U. S. Cavalry.
Hurd, Joel B., 23 Charlotte; Troop L, 6th U. S. Cavalry.
Jenkins, M. P., 161 Highland; Co. B, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Johnson, Albert S., 10 Lancaster; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Johnson, Roland, 27 Russell; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Johnston, Joseph H., 523 Park Ave.; Corporal, Batteries B and I, U. S. Heavy Coast Artillery.
Jones, George T., 276 Grafton; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Jones, Willard F., 19 Piedmont; Co. M, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Jordan, Frederick B., 2 Isabella; Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Keane, Maurice A., 7 Sigel; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Kellaher, Thomas F., 109 Highland; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Kelleher, Thomas J., 96 Vernon; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Kelley, Thomas B., 247 Main; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Kelley, Timothy, 50 Green; Corporal, Co. A, 3d Neb., U.S.V.
Kenney, Charles E., 13 Clifton; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Kidder, Lyman W., 6 Charlotte; Co. M, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Killelea, Charles, 66 Belmont; Oiler, U. S. Navy; was on the Boston in Manilla Harbor, May 1, 1898.
Killian, Henry, 70 Lafayette; Corporal, Co. E, 202 N. Y., U.S.V.
King, James F., rear 71 Madison; Corporal, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
King, Joseph L., 25 Merrick; Corporal, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Knibbs, Charles H., 6 Barton Place; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Korosei Stany, 16 Foyle; Co. I, 9th U. S. Infantry.
Lachapelle, Ralph, 4 Wall; Co. G, 1st R. I., U.S.V.
Laflamme, Joseph T., 4 Clinton; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
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Lamberton, Charles F., 9 Preston; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
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Linehan, John J., 12 Austin; Battery I, 2d U. S. Artillery.
Long, Luman B.; Hospital Corps, U.S.N.
Longley, Arthur S., 82 Piedmont; First Sergeant, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Love, Albert F., 1 Kingsbury; Corporal, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Lowe, William L., 34 Prescott; Co. I, 6th Mass., U.S.V.

Lundberg, Carl A., 18 Laurel; Co. H, 9th U. S. Infantry.

Lundstrom, Charles L., 240 Webster; Co. A, 23d U. S. Infantry.

McCann, William E., 79 Harrison; Second Lieutenant, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

McCann, William E., Jr., 79 Harrison; Sergeant, 1st Div., 3d Corps, Field Hospital.

McCartin, Michael J., 107 Main; Sergeant, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

McCullough, E. A., 93 Chandler; Assistant Surgeon, 41st U. S. Infantry.

McDonald, Thomas B., 20 Providence; Co. H, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

McDowell, William J., 13 Waldo; Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry.

McGillicuddy, Gerald F., 77 Gage; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

McGuire, Hugh, 60 Vernon; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

MacKay, John C., Spencer; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

McLoughlin, Hugh, 18 Assonet; 12th U. S. Infantry.

Magee, Arthur C., 616 Main; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Malm, Alexander, Hotel Carlyle; 43d U. S. Infantry.

Malm, Oliver W., 311 Main; U.S.N.

Martin, Edward J., 37 Mason; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Martin, Godfrey, 46 Orient; 12th U. S. Infantry.

Martin, J. J., 109 Grafton; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Merrifield, Waldo A., 1 E. Shelby; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Miller, James W. J., 9 Hermon; Co. C, U. S. Infantry.

Miner, Dexter, Grafton; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Mitchell, Patrick, 18 Worth; Sergeant, Co. F, 17th U. S. Infantry.

Moody, William E., 94 Grove; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Morse, William H., 15 Winslow; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Moynihan, Jeremiah J., 1 Wabash Ave.; Captain, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Moynihan, P. J., 64 Mulberry; Sergeant, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Murphy, William H., died Oct. 12, 1964; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Murray, Archie F., 8 Cutler; Corporal, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Murray, John E., 56 Union Ave.; 2d U. S. Heavy Artillery.

Newton, Albert E., 2 Freeland; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Northridge, Charles, 19 Thomas; Co. I, 9th U. S. Infantry.

O'Callaghan, J. H., 5 Silver; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

O'Flynn, Michael J., 12 E. Shelby; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

O'Hara, Peter J., Hotel Adams; Corporal, U. S. Marine Corps.

O'Keefe, Patrick J., 694 Main; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

O'Leary, Cornelius, 377 Shrewsbury; Sergeant, Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry.

O'Leary, Jeremiah, 61 Ward; Co. B, 9th U. S. Infantry.

Oliver, Ernest G., 126 Canterbury; Co. B, 43d U. S. Infantry.

Osterberg, Gus L., 147 Vernon; Corporal, 1st U. S. Cavalry.

Payne, William F., 10 Oliver; Co. B, U. S. Infantry.

Pembleton, Monzo J., 30 Fountain; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Perkins, Mark A., 26 Pearl; Musician, 6th Mass., U.S.V.

Peterson, C. H., 2 Maxwell Court; 15th U. S. Infantry.

Porter, Walter M., 58 Harrison; Corporal, Co. F, 20th U. S. Infantry.

Potter, Clarence F., 9 Clifton Terrace; Co. G, 1st N. H., U.S.V.

Power, William T., 88 Prospect; Co. I, 20th and 2d U. S. Infantry.

Powers, Edward P., 18 Ingalls; Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Preble, Campbell C., 40 Cutler; Co. C, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Prendergast, Anthony, 49 Park; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Prendiville, Patrick J., Hotel Vernon; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Purinton, A. L., Olive Ave.; Artificer, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Quilty, James F., 17 Bancroft; Co. H, 2d Mass. Volunteers.

Quirk, James J., 15 Thomas; Co. C, 9th U. S. Infantry.

Reinbold, Albert J., 15 Newbury; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Renaud, Louis A., Ware; 12th U. S. Infantry.
Rice, William W., Charlton City; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Reidy, Dennis D., 684 Cambridge; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Rix, George E., 7 Sturgis; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Rogers, S. Walter, Holden; Co. F, 6th Mass., U.S.V.
Russell, Walter M., 37 Catharine; Hospital Steward, U. S. Navy.
Ryan, Paul J., 64 Parker; Battery C, 2d U. S. Artillery.
Sawyer, Elbridge B., 63 King; Sergeant, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Scott, Albert B., 515 Main; Corporal, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Seibert, John W.; Co. G, 8th U. S. Infantry.
Shea, Michael J., 8 Harrison; Co. I, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Shea, Dr. P. O., 183 Green; First Lieutenant and Asst. Surgeon, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Shumway, Edwin R., 10 Hollywood; Lieut.-colonel, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Skerrett, Nicholas J., 10 Meade; Musician, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Sleeper, Charles F., 15 Sylvan; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Smith, Clarence E., 243 Stafford; Q.M. Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Smith, Dr. J. A., 476 Main; Co. K, 21st U. S. Infantry.
Spenser, John J., 130 Washington; Co. L, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Standish, Lewis O., 29 Winfield; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Standish, William G., Belmont-Locust Ave.; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Stearns, E. A., 1381 Main; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Stebbins, George W., 10 Lancaster; Q. M. Sergeant, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Stevenson, John, 19 Jefferson; 2d U. S. Heavy Artillery.
Sullivan, David J., 151 Summer; Corporal, Battery K, 3d U. S. Artillery.
Sullivan, Michael J., 25 Assonet; 12th U. S. Infantry.
Sullivan, Patrick J., 6 Merrifield; Artificer, Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Sullivan, Peter F., 279 Grafton; Musician, 9th Mass., U.S.V.
Sweeney, Thomas M., 18 Assonet; 12th U. S. Infantry.
Taft, Robert, 30 Irving; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Tisdell, Moses H., 37 Vernon; First Lieutenant, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Todd, James E. L., 17 Vine; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Tolson, Harry W., 182 Russell; Co. L, 6th Mass., U. S. V.
Traver, W. A., 1 Ashton; Musician, Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Turner, William T., 4 Chelsea; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Vaughn, Frank L., 148 Highland; Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Vinton, Fred E., rear 27 W. Boylston; Corporal, Co. L, 13th U. S. Infantry.
Vosburg, Edgar H., 51 Belmont; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Walker, Fred C., 96 Maywood; Battery B, 2d U. S. Artillery.
Wallace, Samuel A., 53 Pleasant; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Ware, John C., 21 Florence; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Warren, Herbert H., 12 Columbus; Second Lieutenant, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Wheeler, Dr. Aurelius F., Knowles Building; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
White, Peter N., 608 Park Ave.; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.A.
Whitman, Albert F., Chester, corner Grove; Co. H, 12th U. S. Infantry.
Wilmot, J. L., 40 Dewey; Corporal, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Witham, Charles L., Boston Journal; Co. L, 26th U.S.V. Infantry.
Wood, Arthur, 4 Orchard; 1st Conn., U.S.V.
Young, Harry C., 105 Park Ave.; Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Young, William S., 23 Lincoln; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Zaeder, Emil, 176 Lincoln; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Veterans voted in but not mustered:

Bartlett, Lyman H., 55 Elm; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.
Barton, Charles A., 6 Shawmut; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Chatelain, Edmond C., Worcester; Co. I, 26th U.S.V.

Coates, Herbert A., Hotel Albany; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Cornwell, William G., Norwich, Ct.; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

DeMuth, John, Hotel Kenmore; Co. K, 1st So. Dakota, U.S.V.; 44th Company, Coast Artillery.

Gray, Harry T., 28 Oxford; Second Lieutenant, Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Higginbotham, Charles S., Ansonia; Co. A, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Holbrook, J. Warren, 18 Burncoat; Sergeant, Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Lindsey, Joseph T., 18 Summer; Co. H, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Porter, Leverett W., U.S.A., Worcester; 5th Mass., U.S.V.

Powers, Richard H., 140 Exchange; Co. G, 9th Mass., U.S.V.

Rheutan, Winfield D., Richmond, Va.; Co. C, 2d Mass., U.S.V.

Riordan, Martin, 6 Berkley; First Sergeant, Co. K, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Vezina, Alex., 53 Lamartine; Co. L, 12th U. S. Infantry.

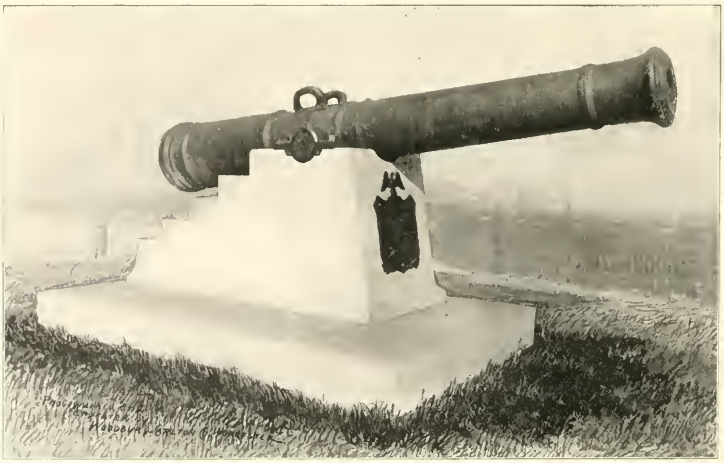
Williams, C. G., 18 Orient; Sergeant, 15th U. S. Infantry.

Early in the command of Daniel E. Denny of Post 10, he set about trying to secure for memorial purposes one of the Spanish guns delivered into American hands at the surrender of Santiago. Assisted in this direction by the late Senator George F. Hoar and by Gov. John L. Bates, he succeeded, and in the early autumn of 1904 the gun arrived.

It is of bronze, 11½ feet long, bore 6½ inches, and was cast in Sevilla, Spain, May 5, 1798. Conspicuous upon the gun, near the breech, is an elaborate monogram, surmounted by a royal crown; the letters C. A. R. O. evidently indicate Charles IV, who was King of Spain in 1798.

It stands in the triangular plot of land in front of the Armory, given by the Hon. Stephen Salisbury; the granite carriage, given by Geo. D. Webb, is from designs by Stephen C. Earle and George T. Tribe; the trucking essential to its placing was donated by Horace F. Ball; the wire fence about the plot was given by the Spencer Wire Company.

It was given in the care and keeping of the city, December 9, 1904, with a great camp-fire in the Armory.



In Commemoration of the Soldiers and Sailors of 1898, this Gun, Surrendered at Santiago, Cuba, is Here Erected by Citizens of Worcester Under the Auspices of George H. Ward Post 10, G.A.R., 1904.

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